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HOUSEHOLD WORDS,

A JOURNAL, COMPILED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

"Familiar to their mouths as household words."

SHAKESPEARE.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. I.—NEW SERIES.]

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[No. 39.]

IDIOTS.

THE popular notion of an idiot would probably be found to vary very little, essentially, in different places, however modified by local circumstances. To the traveller in France or Italy, the name recalls a vacant creature all in rags gibbering and blinking in the sun with a distorted face, and led about as a possession and as stock-in-trade by some phenomenon of filth and ugliness in the form of an old woman. In association with Switzerland, it suggests a horrible being, seated at a chalet door (perhaps possessing sense enough to lead the way to a neighbouring waterfall), of stunted and misshapen form, with a pendulous excrescence dangling from his throat, like a great skin bag with a weight in it. In the highlands of Scotland, or on the roads of Ireland, he becomes a red-haired Celt, rather more unreasonable than usual, plunging ferociously out of a mud cabin, and casting stones at the stranger's head. As a remembrance of our own childhood in an English country town, he is a shambling knock-kneed man who was never a child, with an eager utterance of discordant sounds which he seemed to keep in his protruding forehead, a tongue too large for his mouth, and a dreadful pair of hands that wanted to ramble over everything—our own face included. But in all these cases the main idea of an idiot would be of a hopeless, irreclaimable, unimprovable being. And if he be further recalled as under restraint in a workhouse or lunatic asylum, he will still come upon the imagination as wallowing in the lowest depths of degradation and neglect: a miserable monster, whom nobody may put to death, but whom every one must wish dead, and be distressed to see alive.

Until within a few years, it was generally assumed, even by those who were not given to hasty assumptions, that because an idiot was, either wholly or in part, deficient in certain senses and instincts necessary, in combination with others, to the due performance of the ordinary functions of life—and because those senses and instincts could not be supplied—therefore nothing could be done for him, and he must always remain an object of pitiable isolation. But, a closer study of the subject has now demonstrated that the

cultivation of such senses and instincts as the idiot is seen to possess, will, besides frequently developing others that are latent within him but obscured, so brighten those glimmering lights, as immensely to improve his condition, both with reference to himself and to society. Consequently there is no greater justification for abandoning him, in his degree, than for abandoning any other human creature.

This important truth, a conviction of which led to the establishment of institutions for the care and education of idiots, receives daily and hourly confirmation from the experience of those Institutions. We will lay some of their results before our readers, but will first beg to present the great leading distinction between Idiocy and Insanity as being:—that in the Insane certain faculties which once existed have become obliterated or impaired; and that, in Idiots, they either never existed or exist imperfectly. Dr. VOISIN, in his learned French treatise, defines Idiocy to be "that particular state in which the instincts of reproduction and preservation, the moral sentiments, and the intellectual and perceptive powers are never manifested, or that particular state in which the different essentials of our being are only imperfectly developed."

Dr. ABERCROMBIE, in his interesting book on the Intellectual Powers, has this passage on Idiocy: "It is a simple torpor of the faculties, in the higher degrees amounting to total insensibility to every impression; and some remarkable facts are connected with the manner in which it arises without bodily disease. A man mentioned by Dr. PINEL, was so violently affected by some losses in trade, that he was deprived almost instantly of all his mental faculties. He did not take notice of anything, not even expressing a desire for food, but merely taking it when it was put into his mouth. A servant dressed him in the morning, and conducted him to a seat in his parlour, where he remained the whole day, with his body bent forward, and his eyes fixed on the floor. In this state he continued nearly five years, and then recovered completely and rather suddenly. The account which he afterwards gave of his condition during this period was, that his mind was entirely lost, and that it was only about two months before his final recovery, that he began to have sensations and thoughts of any

kind. These at first served only to convey fears and apprehensions, especially in the night-time. Of perfect idiocy produced in the same manner by a moral cause, an affecting example is given by Pinel. Two young men, brothers, were carried off by the conscription, and, in the first action in which they were engaged, one of them was shot dead by the side of the other. The survivor was instantly struck with perfect idiocy. He was taken home to his father's house, where another brother was so affected by the sight of him, that he was seized in the same manner; and, in this state of perfect idiocy, they were both received into the Bicêtre. For the production of such an extraordinary result, it is not necessary that the mental impression should be of a painful description. Pinel mentions an engineer, who, on receiving a flattering letter from Robespierre respecting an improvement he had proposed in the construction of cannon, was struck motionless on the spot, and soon after conveyed to the Bicêtre in a state of complete idiocy." It may be questioned, we think, whether in all these cases there was not a strong predisposition to the melancholy state thus superinduced by circumstances, and it is to be observed that the general question of idiocy has received some light since Dr. Abercrombie's time.

It was not supposed until recently that a child who wanted the sense to feed itself, could ever be taught to write; or that one incapable of dressing or undressing, could ever learn arithmetic; yet, the faculties required for each of these two sets of operations are distinct, and this is known to be a mistake. Patients with natural instincts too weak to eat with decency, or to perform other daily functions properly, have been found to possess intellectual perceptions sufficiently strong to enable them to acquire one or more of the imitative and mechanical branches of art or science, with perfect success; and the cultivation of the best faculty has in nearly all cases improved the other faculties. Dr. Fodère (*Traité du goût et du crétinisme*) had met, he says, with idiots gifted with especial talents for copying designs, for finding rhymes and for performing music. "I have known others," he adds, "put watches together and other pieces of mechanism; yet these individuals not only were unable to read books which treated of their arts, but were utterly incoherent when spoken to about them." At the Essex Hall Asylum for Idiots, near Colchester, there is a youth whose case, when first admitted, was looked upon as quite hopeless. He was deaf, incapable of articulating although not dumb, and appeared to have no sense of change of place or change of the circumstances surrounding him. Yet his tutors gradually found out that, like Dr. Fodère's mechanists, he had a latent power of construction. This being assiduously encouraged, he presently made a neat model of a ship, with

nothing to copy it from, but the figure of a vessel printed on a cotton pocket-handkerchief. He is now the glazier and carpenter of the establishment, and does his work admirably. It is predicted of this once deaf and speechless creature, who now speaks and hears perfectly, that if he be placed under the roof of some carpenter and his wife, or on an estate, he will make a valuable journeyman, and be an amiable, gentle, and attached dependant. Another boy in the same asylum could do nothing at first but tailor's work. He has now acquired a passion for sewing on buttons. He always carries a bag, containing needles and thread, a thimble, and a large supply of buttons. Whenever a male visitor appears, this boy scrutinizes the state of his buttons with the deepest interest. If he can only find a visitor with a loose button or with a button wanting, he is happy, and instantly sets to work to sew it on again with the greatest dexterity. The Reverend Mr. Sidney reports of this lad: "He was so anxious to exhibit his skill to me, that he wanted to cut off one of my buttons to show how well he could restore it; but, luckily, I happened to observe one nearly off a boy's jacket, and he sewed it on as neatly and firmly as you could conceive."

The devoted and distinguished founder of the asylum on the Abendberg, in Switzerland, Dr. Guggenbühl—whose name has a peculiar attraction for us as being what an uneducated idiot might hit upon, in trying to say Jones—is inclined to think that no special aptitude is so frequently developed among idiots as one for mental arithmetic. It is remarkable that among these disordered intellects, order and numbers should often be, of all other accomplishments, the most readily acquired. A patient admitted into the Park House Asylum for Idiots, at Highgate—at first useless and generally incapable—was gradually trained to set out all the Sunday clothes for the rest of the inmates; and this duty (in which he is assisted by one or two of his school-fellows) he directs and performs with curious exactness. There is a boy at Essex Hall who cleans and takes care of all the knives and forks; he counts them carefully at stated times, and, if he misses one, never rests until he finds it. Several calculating boys are mentioned in the reports of the various asylums. They work out in their minds arithmetical problems of a by no means easy nature, that are put to them; but they are wholly unable to calculate on paper or slate, or to describe how they get at their results. Distinctive specialities belong to some idiots, so fine and curious as to be scarcely credible. A youth at the Highgate Asylum has the extraordinary gift of invariably knowing the time, within a minute or two, at any period of the day. On our asking him what o'clock it was, he instantly informed us; and he "went" better than our watch, though it is a watch of reputation. At Dr.

Guggenbühl's establishment, there is a pupil who has never been able to acquire the correct pronunciation of his own native German language, but who has learned to speak and to read French correctly, and who writes it very well, as we have seen with our own eyes. Another youth was brought into the same Asylum, to whom for a long time it was impossible to teach the difference between various objects, however opposite; it is doubtful whether he knew any distinction between a flower and a table. At last, he identified a cat; and from that moment cats became the special business and pleasure of his life. After continually playing with the cat belonging to the asylum, and with her kittens, he improved sufficiently to be taught to draw. He could draw nothing but cats, and can draw nothing but cats. He produces drawings of cats and kittens in every conceivable variety of attitude and frolic, with astonishing expression. And although he cannot get beyond cats, still, as he has advanced in cats, so he has advanced in his habits and in his general intelligence.

Changes of a remarkable nature have been effected in the external appearance of idiots by training and culture. Dr. Guggenbühl tells us of a little child brought to his establishment in a state "truly dreadful; the bodily organisation was that of a stunted, withered skeleton, covered with a livid, wrinkled, cold skin. Where there were some traces of muscles, elasticity was wanting; the extremities were very small, the countenance deadly pale, the cheeks and forehead wrinkled, the eyes small and dark, and the whole expression of the face that of an old woman. In the spring, when fine weather adds to the favourable effect of the pure mountain air in the cure of these miserable children, she was brought to the Abendberg. The natural advantages of the situation were aided by the most careful medical treatment and diet. Although this poor creature had been gradually becoming more dwarf-like and deformed ever since her birth, she now advanced rapidly towards a perfect development. Three months worked a visible improvement; the muscles strengthened with her growth, the skin became elastic, and attained the usual degree of warmth, the wrinkles of the face vanished, the old-woman expression disappeared, and the pleasing traces of youth became apparent."

We presume the bodily sensitiveness of this afflicted class to be increased, as their deprivations are diminished. However this be, idiots often suffer less from physical pain than beings of a finer organisation. A boy, now at Highgate, was once found by his mother with a species of buckle thrust through his tongue. He had made this experiment merely to amuse himself, and testified no inconvenience whatever—was vain of the ornament, but not otherwise moved by it. Idiots are found below the average sensitiveness to the electric battery; and yet, so remarkable are the

contradictions in their nature, they are invariably affected by thunder and lightning. The mere approach of a thunderstorm is observed to disorder the stomachs of a whole idiot asylum. They generally like music—bright colours almost always—and are remarkably susceptible to the influence of sunlight. Such things as they do, they do, as an established rule, best on a bright day, and worst on a dark one. In respect of mental pain, as of physical, they have their compensation. Separation from friends does not affect them much, grief and sorrow hold but slight dominion over them, and the contemplation of death does not distress them. They are very fond of attending prayers in a body. What dim religious impressions they connect with public worship, it is impossible to say, but the struggling soul would seem to have some instinctive aspirations towards its Maker.

The Institutions from which these facts are derived, are, as we have mentioned, of recent establishment. In eighteen hundred and twenty-eight M. FERRUS, Chief physician of the hospital for the Insane at Bicêtre, near Paris, selected from the eight hundred cases under his care, such as were idiots, and organised a school where, each morning, they were taught habits of order and industry, reading, writing, cyphering, and gymnastics. In eighteen hundred and thirty-one M. VALRET followed the example in the Salpêtrière lunatic asylum for females of which he had charge. In eighteen hundred and thirty-nine Dr. Guggenbühl, then a young physician at Zurich, observed a poor Crétin muttering a prayer before a crucifix, not comprehending what he was doing. He was so deeply affected by this sight, that he entered a cottage near, for the purpose of ascertaining some particulars; and learned, from the mother of the Crétin, that she had taught him the prayer when he was a little child. Dr. Guggenbühl became convinced, from that time, that there was a dormant mind in the Crétins; and resolved to make them his peculiar study. He succeeded, by dint of great perseverance, in establishing the asylum already several times referred to, on the Abendberg above Interlaken, and three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and above the level at which Crétinism, so prevalent in Switzerland, is known to exist. The establishment has flourished under Dr. Guggenbühl's care; and he has travelled successfully into other countries to urge the foundation of other asylums. They were set on foot in various parts of Germany, in Sardinia, and in the United States, before they were thought of in England. But in eighteen hundred and forty-six some ladies in Bath, having read an account of Dr. Guggenbühl's efforts, established a school for Idiots in that city; which was, in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, removed to Belvedere, a more elevated and airy situation. At the end of the year eighteen hundred and forty-seven, Dr.

ANDREW REED and DR. CONOLLY excited public attention to the want of such an asylum in London, and so successfully, that they were soon enabled, by voluntary subscriptions, to take Park House, Highgate. The same society, accredited to the public by the same two eminent and respected names, now holds Essex Hall near Colchester, likewise. The first report thus graphically describes the opening of Park House.

"The first gathering of the idiotic family was a spectacle unique in itself, and sufficiently discouraging to the most resolved, and not to be forgotten in after time by any. It was a period of distraction, disorder, and noise of the most unnatural character. Some had defective sight; most had defective or no utterance; most were lame in limb or muscle; and all were of weak or perverted mind. Some had been spoiled, some neglected, and some unconscious and inert. Some were screaming at the top of the voice; some making constant and involuntary noises from nervous irritation; and some, terrified at scorn and ill-treatment, hid themselves in a corner, from the face of man, as from the face of an enemy."

To this establishment we paid a visit within a few weeks of the present date. It is a fine detached house, beautifully situated at a considerable elevation above the metropolis—high ground is indispensable for the purpose—and looking down upon the spot where Richard Whittington heard the bells summon him to his glorious destiny of being thrice Lord Mayor of London. We found the school-room for male pupils—and full of pupils too—as quiet and orderly as any school-room we have ever seen. Writing was in progress, and the copies were clean, plain, and good. Drawing appeared to be the favourite pursuit. Barns, gables, gates, houses, walls, hay-stacks, churches, fences, and the usual compositions, were in many cases exceedingly well executed. One pupil was very proud of a pump—a portrait, as we conceived—with the legend "Stick no Bills," on it. Two young men—one, a curiously slow deep-voiced dark youth, and the other a round shouldered healthy-looking fellow, rather overgrown and heavy—stood before a map of England, pointed out towns with a wand as they were named, and told what they were famous for—frequently correcting each other as the occasion arose; they also achieved some simple arithmetic. In a second room, likewise perfectly quiet and placid, were some little fellows busily plaiting straw of various colours. In a third, the whole male body turned out on parade, and were drilled by an old soldier; going through their exercise with such precision, that we were disposed to suggest the addition of an Idiot Corps to the Militia. We found a work-room full of girls, sewing, and making little fancy ornaments with beads and parti-coloured strips; some of the faces among

them were extremely pretty and gave little or no indication of the blank within. We found rooms full of children of all ages, in the keeping of female attendants whose pleasant and patient countenances were a strong assurance of their being well selected, except in only one instance where we certainly derived a less agreeable impression. We found a capital gymnasium, which is of the first importance, as the mental faculties of these poor creatures can only be approached by strengthening their bodies and enlivening their spirits. There was but one child in bed. Every room was airy, orderly, and cheerful; and everybody seemed devoted heart and soul to the good work in hand.

That class of persons, unhappily always too large a one for this world, who are so desperately careful to receive no uncomfortable emotions from sad realities or pictures of sad realities, that they become the incarnation of the demon selfishness, and are, by their sickly letting-alone, the most intolerably mischievous people in the community, will probably exclaim, "O, but all this must be excessively painful!" To which we reply, that such an affliction considered by itself is very painful; but that, considered with a rational reference to the alleviations and improvements of which it is plainly susceptible under such treatment, it ought to become the reverse of painful, and ought to do the visitor good. Madam, you are a lady of very fine feelings, you are very easily shocked, you "can't bear" a great deal that a higher wisdom than yours would seem to have contemplated your bearing when your little place was allotted to you on this ball. This idiot child of thirteen, sitting in its little chair before the fire—as to its bodily growth, a child of six; as to its mental development, nothing—is an odious sight to you. This idiot old man of eight, with the extraordinarily small head, the paralytic gestures, and the half-palsied forefinger, eternally shaking before his hatchet face as he chatters and chatters, disturbs you very much. But, madam, it were worth while to enquire while the brazen head is yet saying unto you "Time is!" how much of the putting away of these unfortunates in past years, and how much of the putting away of many kinds of unfortunates at any time, may be attributable to that same refinement which cannot endure to be told about them. And, madam, if I may make so bold, I will venture to submit whether such delicate persons as your ladyship may not be laying up a rather considerable stock of responsibility; and you will excuse my saying that I would not have so sensitive a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole corporation.

When we had made the tour of the establishment and had looked at the whole prospect without and within, not forgetting the pet birds, or the idiot woman who was so busy in carrying the dinners about and so delighted to be useful, we came back to the schoolroom,

and had, with the assistance of the master's fiddle, The sea, the sea, in chorus, and likewise All's well! In the course of which latter piece our friend the deep-voiced boy got a chance well known to, and appreciated by, the amateurs of the last generation. Finally, several smoking-hot legs of mutton were served, and grace was said, and all sat down to dinner with a self-restraint and decorum perfectly wonderful.

There cannot be a doubt that these Institutions are deserving of all encouragement and support. They are truly humane, and they also afford opportunities for a most interesting study which may prove exceedingly beneficial to mankind. The causes of idiocy are as yet imperfectly understood. Little is known of the origin of the disorder, beyond the facts that idiocy is sometimes developed during the progress of dentition, and that it would seem to be generally associated with mental suffering, fright, or anxiety, or with a latent want of power, in the mother. These causes, however, are complex, and difficult to trace. A woman with two idiot children happened to mention that her husband was a drunkard and ill-used her. It was then supposed that their condition might be referable to his degraded habits and his treatment of his wife; but, on pursuing the inquiry, it appeared that these two children had been born in his sober and kind days, and that the subsequent children of his later life were healthy and sensible.

The funds of the society who maintain Park House and Essex Hall, are devoted in aid of the maintenance and education of idiots, for whom the parents pay a certain annual sum. This is an admirable means of helping those who help themselves, and who, as the subjects of a peculiar misfortune, have a pressing claim on such aid. But we hope, through the instrumentality of these establishments, to see the day, before long, when the pauper idiot will be similarly provided for, at the public expense. Then may some future Mr. COLLIER—if our friend in his zeal and diligence be destined to have any successor—find in some future annotated copy of SHAKESPEARE, the following happy emendation:

"A tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound instruction,
Signifying something."

THE BORROWED BOOK.

IN that delightful breathing time between the school and the world, while yet the choice of a profession hangs trembling in the balance, I went down to spend a long holiday with an uncle who was a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and the chief officer of a little coast guard station, at a spot called Borley Gap, on the coast of Suffolk. I was in no hurry to settle the question of a profession. Lord Eldon himself could not have been more

inclined to "take time to consider" than I was.

Several months passed; and our people at home, who had been deliberating on this question ever since I was born, were still deliberating. I spent my time in horse-riding on the sands; in deep sea fishing with our chief boatmen; in spearing for eels in salt ditches in the low parts; or in shooting plover, or "pluvver," as we pronounced it, on the heaths. Our station was a low range of wooden buildings, black with pitch and blistered by the sun, consisting of my uncle's house and garden and accommodation for six men and their families. There were no other houses near; except a kind of general store, kept by a man named Bater, where the farmers and some fishermen came sometimes to buy whatever they might want. Round about us for some miles were little hills and dales of gorse and whin, in which adders were said to be plentiful; and just beneath us, stretched the bay where there was a great battle between the English and Dutch fleets in Charles the Second's time. The cliff, at this part, was a kind of sandstone, upon which you could cut letters with a penknife; and the sea was incessantly wearing away its base, bringing down sometimes great masses of the upper cliff, and threatening to bring us down too, at last, if we did not step back a little. The boatmen used to point out a mound in the water, at which they said our signal post had stood not many years before, and some old people could tell you of churches and monasteries, and even towns that now lay under the sea. There were plenty of places in which smugglers might have a chance of a good run if they were bold enough to try it. I had some hopes of an encounter; the men could tell traditions of desperate fights equal to anything ever seen in a play. But the age of bold smuggling, as well as the age of chivalry, is fled. Mr. McCulloch reduces it to a science, and shows the laws that govern it to be the same as affect all other professions, in which risk and profit are nicely balanced. Old Martin, one of our men, who knew my anxiety to see a living specimen of a smuggler, did wake me up early one morning with the exciting intelligence that one had been caught and was actually in the kitchen. I dressed, like a cabin passenger who hears that the vessel has struck upon a rock, and rushed down the stairs. I found our servant Hester—who was a sickly girl, subject to fits—in the kitchen, and asked her, breathlessly, Where the smuggler was? "That's him, sir," said Hester, turning and pointing to a man sitting quietly on the edge of a chair, in the corner of the room. He was as thorough a country lout as you would meet in a show at a fair—a thin, stooping, knock-kneed, freckle-faced, grinning, squinting, red-haired young fellow, in a smock frock, with a Napoleonic tuft of hair in the middle of his forehead, which he

seemed very anxious to be pulling, but his hands were handcuffed. His legs were free, however, and he was quite able to run away; which he would have done, no doubt, but for the fear of our fletcher, in whose charge the watchman had left him. I did not feel enough curiosity to follow him to the watch-house, and I do not remember now what daring act had brought him to that degrading position. I do remember, however, meeting old Martin again that day, and asking him, "How it was that all the smugglers in his stories were such murderous villains, while everywhere else they were as mild as lambs?"

Old Martin did not like any joking upon the subject of his smuggling stories. He shook his head, and merely said, "Wait till next time." Then, to put an end to the conversation, he drew out his spy-glass and began to observe what the men were doing in the Jenny;—a kind of barge, in which lived two look-out men, and which always stood, high and dry, on a part of the beach.

"But," said I (for I would not let him off so cheaply), "they tell me the last man was just such a bumpkin as that fellow you caught this morning."

"I didn't catch him," said the old man, evasively.

"But you caught the last," said I, "and they tell me more by running after him, than by fighting with him."

"Well," said Martin, peevishly. "Smuggling ain't what it was."

"Ay! ay! Martin," said I, "it is the old story. The wonderful times are always past. To-day is never like yesterday."

The old man did not answer my remark; but merely took off his hat, and bending his head downwards bade me "just look at that." I noticed, for the first time, a long line across the back of his head, where the hair was wanting, and the scalp looked quite white, as it will where a wound has healed. He put on his hat again, and said, "It ain't such fellows as that pitiful sneak this morning that'll mark a man like it."

"I never heard of this before," said I. "Where, in the name of all that's fierce! did you get such a wound as that?"

"Never mind," he replied, with an affected obstinacy which I knew would melt away in a moment, "I suppose you'll say I fell asleep on my watch, and dreamed it."

"No," said I, "this is a certificate that you will not lose very easily; tell me something about it."

"It was a son of those Baters, who keep the huckster's," said Martin; "a nest of rascals they are. I have told our commander many a time, that smuggling will always flourish till they are rooted out: and he says he knows it: which being the case, any sensible man would naturally ask, why they don't root them out?"

"You can't do anything till you catch them smuggling, Martin," I interrupted.

"Why, everybody knows they are continually smuggling. The whole family of them has got their living chiefly by it for I don't know how many generations. Ask that child there: ask anybody. But, never mind about that now. I was out on my watch one night—it is full seven years ago—a very dark night it was, and my beat lay along by old Borsted church that stands out, all in ruins, on a point half rubbed away by the sea. It is about the dreariest spot along the coast; but I did not care about that, as far as what harm men could do me; though I don't like the way of those old tumble-down churches at night."

"Pooh," said I, "you don't believe in ghosts."

"Mr. John," said the old man, solemnly, "I could tell you a story would make you think a little different about ghosts: but never mind now. My walk was on the cliff, at that part. I passed the church once; and when I had got to the end of my beat, and had met the next man, and bid him good night, I turned back to go over the ground again. I had left him about twenty minutes when I came to the church again. Dark night as it was, I could see the shape of its rent and ragged walls, and the sky through its windows. My way lay right under the old low wall, and I always walked pretty fast by there; but this time I thought I saw something moving, just this side of the wall. I stopped a moment, and watched it, and then I saw what seemed to me the shape of a man standing upright. I challenged him directly, and ran towards him. I thought I saw him leap over the wall; but when I came up there, and looked about, I could see no one. However, I drew out my pistols, and got over into the church-yard and walked about there for some time; but I could see nothing like a man there, and I began to think I had only fancied it, and was getting over the wall again, just where I got over before, when I stumbled over something on the ground. I stooped down and found it was a large parcel, strapped across and across, like a hawker's pack, and very heavy. I was curious to know what was in it. Luckily I carried a dark lantern in my pocket besides some German tinder, and matches to light my port-fire, if I wanted. Well, I struck a light and lighted my lantern, which I set beside me on the ground, while I began to undo the pack. It seemed to me all fine tobacco, pressed hard—I dare say some thirty pound of it. Perhaps there's something else under this, thought I; but just as I began to turn it over, I heard a foot-step close to me, and before I could get off my knees I felt a blow on the back of the head, which staggered me for a moment. Another blow followed—on the shoulder this time; but my coat was thick just there, and my leather brace protected me, so that it didn't cut through. I got upon my feet, and closed with the

fellow. I was hurt a good deal, and could feel the blood trickling down my neck, inside my cravat; but I never found the man that I was afraid to grapple, and I did not care for losing a little blood. I knew I should master him: but I took time in order to tire him out first. When I felt him getting weaker, I grasped both his wrists, and pressed my chin into his chest, till I brought him down upon his back. He swore at me awfully, like a great bully as he was: I knew him by his voice.

"You don't escape me this time, Jem Bater," said I.

"I kept my knees firm upon him, and when I felt him beginning to struggle, I pressed heavily, and grasped his throat, till he hallooed for mercy. We had kicked over my lantern in the struggle, and it was hardly within reach; but I leaned forward, and snatched it up, before he could throw me. He strove hard to prevent my lighting my port-fire; but I managed it, at last; and up went its bright balls of fire into the air, making everything look blue around us, and as distinct as by day, for a moment. It was a full quarter-of-an-hour before the men who had seen my signal arrived there; and all that time I was kneeling still in the dark on that scoundrel, and struggling with him every now and then. I heard the man approaching, and I hallooed to him; and soon after another man came up, from the other side. Jem Bater never spoke a word after that. We handcuffed him, and took him to the nearest station. I felt very weak, and the next day I had a fever, and was laid up for six weeks."

"And the man?" said I.

"Oh, he was tried at Bury, and sent on a trip to Botany Bay for seven years. That's my story, as concerns this mark upon my head. Now I hope you won't go to laugh at my smuggling stories again."

We had some bad weather soon after that, which put a stop to all open-air amusements. My uncle had no books that I cared to read; but there were a few at the watchhouse for the use of the men, which were more to my liking. Old Martin began to pitch what he called his summer-house, which was the remains of an old boat, set upright, and half buried in the ground. Beside this, he always planted in the spring some scarlet beans, which ran up and covered it, and gradually extending over two projecting poles in front, formed a kind of arbour to which the rotten old boat served for a back. Here he would sit, and smoke, and contemplate his cabbages and onions, when he had time. I offered to put on a pair of tarpauling overhauls and help him with his work, one day; but, although covering everything with pitch or tar was his mania, he did not care for any help. Nothing seemed to my landlubberly understanding more easy than to keep snearing and daubing a piece of wood; but the old man persisted

that "there was a knack in it;" and that I "couldn't do it as it ought to be done." We had strong gales blowing on shore, about this time; and some vessels got aground. Our people saved the whole crew of a Dutch "billy-boy" one night, by means of Captain Manby's line and rocket: and another time Martin and some others (I don't choose to mention names) went off in the life-boat, and rescued several of the crew of a coal-brig, that went to pieces in the bay; but several were drowned and their bodies washed ashore on various points of the beach.

One day I told old Martin that I had read through all the books at the watchhouse; and desired him, after the fashion of my Lord Tom Noddy (who wasn't known then,) to tell me true, what an indolent man could find to do. Martin, with the oracular brevity of an "answer to correspondents," replied immediately, "Send and ask the Inspecting Commander to lend you a book." This was the very thing. Captain Bland had always been very friendly with me; and now I recollected his offering once to lend me Gardner's History of Dunwich, which I did not send for at the time, being entirely devoted to out-door sports at that period; and so I had forgotten all about it.

"But how am I to get a book sent here from a place seven miles away?" said I.

"How? Easy enough. You send a letter to him by the first man whose beat lies that way. He'll meet the next man, and give it to him; and so on: and the book 'll come back the same way."

"So I will, Martin," said I. "If ever I am in a dilemma, and don't come to ask your advice, may I never get out of it!"

"You do many a more foolish thing than that, Mister John," said the old man, slyly.

Old Martin's plan was, as he said, "Easy enough." Each boatman had a beat of about a mile-and-a-half (I think) along the shore—generally on the sands, but sometimes—where the beach was bad walking, or when the water was high—upon the cliff, just above. The men whose beats joined were bound by the regulations to meet each other at certain hours during the night—the first who arrived at the boundary mark having to wait for the other. By this means, therefore, it was possible to send a parcel round the whole kingdom if necessary. I wrote a note to Captain Bland that night, reminding him of his promise, and begging him to forward the book by the means I have mentioned. Captain Bland complied at once with my request; offering me at the same time the loan of any books in his library; an offer of which I at once began to avail myself. Thus a regular book post was established between our house and the principal station for that part.

One wintry afternoon, meeting old Martin about an hour before dark going to his duty—which was, this time, at a spot about half way between us and the inspecting commander's

house— I hailed him, and begged him to look out for a book which I expected that night. It was Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle*, of which I had once read a part, and was very anxious to read the rest.

"Ay, ay, sir," said the old man. "If the next man brings it the first time we meet, I'll send it on at once."

"Thank you, Martin," said I. "Your watch is Borsted way to-night, isn't it? I'll walk a little way with you."

"I can't lag, Mister John," said the old man: "but if you don't mind walking, I'll thank you for your company. It's nigh three miles from here to the beginning of my beat, and I must get there before dark."

"How many men are there between here and you, Martin?"

"Two, sir."

"And between you and the captain's?"

"One, sir."

"Have you got your port-fire all right?" He pulled it out of his coat pocket, showed it to me, and put it back again. "I shall look out for blue stars your way, to-night, Martin," said I, "now I know your walk lies along by the old church wall again."

"I saw something very curious there last night," said he, dropping his voice.

"Nothing that left another scar like that on your head, I hope."

"No, sir. It was no man nor woman either this time. It was a strong light, moving among the old tombs; so bright, that I could see every blade of grass and sprig of nettle where it rested a moment. I stood and looked over the wall, and watched it creeping about from mound to mound, and resting in corners, and running about the broken wall; till, all of a moment, I missed it, and it never came back again."

"But didn't you get over the wall to see what it was?"

"I should as soon think of raking in a pond after the moon."

"Why? What do you suppose it was?"

"I don't know: but I know what my poor old mother would have said, if she had been alive."

"What would she have said?"

"That no man that sees that ever lives long. She would have called it a corpse candle."

"Pooh! I'll tell you what it was. Some fellows who know there's no chance with you in a tussle, have heard of your weak side, and determined to try what a trick will do. Depend upon it, it was only the light from some dark lantern, with which they tried to mystify you, while they were getting clear off with some brandy keg near by. It's a common trick that."

"If I thought so," said the old man, waxing indignant at the bare supposition of his having been taken in, "they should pay for it next time."

"I dare say they won't try it again yet

awhile," said I; "but when they do, just spring over the wall, and give 'em a shot where you think they're likely to be. I leave you here. Good night."

"Good night, sir," said the old man; and I shook hands with him.

I looked after him as he walked along the beach, till I could not see him any longer; for it was beginning to get dusk. I was alone that night, my uncle being gone to Framlingham to spend the evening with a friend there. I took tea by firelight in my uncle's room, and sat for some time afterwards musing and listening to the roar of the tide coming in on the beach, which I could smell in the room. There was hardly any wind abroad; but the night was dark, for there was no moon up, and the sky was rather cloudy. I began to get impatient for the book; and when I heard the house clock strike seven (which was about the time I expected it) I put on my hat, and walked down the beach, to meet the boatman coming in. I walked on for half a mile before I met him, when to my disappointment, I found that he had not got the book. "His comrade had not spoke to him about it," he said; but he could not tell me whether he had seen old Martin or not. I did not care to go back then without the book. I resolved to go on until I met the next man, in the hope of hearing some tidings of it; and so I bade him "good night," and kept on along the beach. There is always some light near the water on the darkest night, and I could see very well to pick my way over the shingle till I came to a part where the walking became difficult, and I was glad to find a place to mount on to the sand cliff. As I ascended, the large full moon seemed to rise slowly out of the sea, just under the line of the clouds. I stood awhile, leaning on the wooden rail near the edge of the cliff, and watching the broad, undulating line of yellow light upon the surface of the waters. I was near a little fishing village, and I was not surprised to hear the voices of some people who were walking on the road, not far behind me. I did not listen to what they said; but as they came nearer, I suddenly caught the words,

"Peerigryne Pickle."

"What?" said a voice that sounded like a woman's.

"Peerigryne Pickle," repeated her companion louder than before. "It's the name of somebody, can't you understand?"

The woman laughed loudly, and I could not catch what followed, for they were too far now for me to hear their words distinctly. I looked back, and saw that the man was a tinker, for he carried a coal fire in an old saucepan which was blazing and smoking out of holes in the side, as he swang it to and fro beside him. I stood looking after them, and wondering at the strangeness of the coincidence, till I lost their voices altogether, and they disappeared down a descent in the road. It struck me at first that one of the men might

have dropped the book by the way, and that it was possible that the tinker had found it. I deliberated a moment whether to walk after him, and question him about it; but I could not expect him to tell me the truth if he had. Besides, what could I have said to the man? That I had overheard him mention the name of a book that I expected to be sent to me from a distance, and that I, therefore, suspected that he had that very book? A favourite novel of Smollett's was not so rare a book that a tinker might not have an old copy of it. The circumstance was extraordinary, and had startled me at first; but I became convinced as I walked on that this was one of those improbable coincidences, of which every man may perhaps remember one or two having happened to himself at some time.

I had now walked some distance upon the beat of the second look-out man, and I began to be surprised at not meeting him; but I would not give it up now. I looked down over the sands at times, but I could see nothing of him there, and the tide was coming in fast. The path at this spot was along a raised causeway, flanked with heaps of shingle, and overgrown with bramble and sloe bushes, and rank sea reeds. There was scarcely any danger from the tide at any of those parts. I looked out for a stile which was the boundary between the beat of the second man and that of old Martin; and I began to be alarmed at not having met the man before. I hallooed once or twice and got no answer, but a little further on I mounted a hillock, and saw the stile at about a hundred yards distance. I thought I noticed a man beside it, and I shouted to him.

"All right, sir," replied the man; and it was a relief to me to recognise the boatman's voice.

"I have been looking for you all along the beach, Mr. Cole," said I. "I began to think you were lost."

"Martin was to meet me here at eight. I have been waiting for him."

"What's the time?"

"A quarter after the hour."

"Is he generally punctual?"

"I have known him as much behind. He's gone watching or wandering after some Jack-o'-Lantern you may depend. You'll hear him in a minute or two."

We waited some time and listened; but we could hear nothing but the noise of the water rushing in and filling up the spaces between the crags as each wave came in. I pulled my watch out, and looking closely at it, saw that it was half past eight. I began to get anxious.

"Have you seen Martin to-night?" said I.

"I parted with him here at five o'clock."

"Did he say anything about a book he was to bring me?"

"No, not a word."

"Cole," said I, "I hope to God nothing has happened to poor old Martin!" and I told him the incident of the tinker. We decided

to walk on for some distance, and look about for him. The light was getting stronger as the moon rose. The boatman kept a look-out over the heath, while I walked along the crag-path, shouting "Martin!" as I went, and hallooing now and then. There was a little cottage on the heath, where we hoped to get assistance; but we found no one at home there, except an old woman. She lent us a horn lantern, which was of use for our search. We were now drawing near Borsted church, and I remembered, with a shudder, my conversation with the old man that very afternoon, and told the boatman of it. We looked all about the old wall, and among the gorse bushes, holding the lantern low; but we did not find any thing there. The boatman would have gone on, but I called to him to stop. "We must look in the church-yard," said I. "I advised him to look about there, if he saw the light again."

We both climbed over the wall, and began to look about among the graves. A moment after, my companion called to me from a little distance. "This way, sir, quick. Look here!" I held down my lantern where he pointed. Poor old Martin! I had been unintentionally the cause of his death. He was lying sideways on the ground, his head bleeding from a large wound, and looking as if he had been beaten with a stick or a stone—the moss beneath soaked with blood. His hands were quite cold; he must have been dead some time. Cole drew his cutlass and gave me one of his pistols, and we walked all about the ruins, but the murderers had left no trace behind. They had robbed him of everything, even to his arms. His pockets were turned inside-out; his watch, and even an old Spanish gold coin with a hole in it, which I knew he always carried about him, were gone. The man lighted his port-fire, and in ten minutes another boatman arrived.

"It's some of that infernal gang's doings," said Cole, "I always knew they run goods at this point. It was close here that that scoundrel Jem Bater set upon the old man before."

"When did you see Martin last?" I asked the new comer.

"At six o'clock. I gave him a book from Captain Bland. It was in a parcel, and addressed to you, sir."

"Cole," said I, "we must not lose a moment. That tinker had some hand in it."

There was only one beat between this point and the captain's house; and several other men arrived shortly after. The body was removed to the chief station, and one of the new comers volunteered to watch on Cole's beat, while we went together in search of the supposed murderer. I quieted Cole's scruples by promising to explain all to my uncle, and we started, walking at a quick pace. We passed again the spot where I had heard the conversation, and followed the road, leaving my uncle's house some distance to the left,

till we emerged on the high road to Saxmundham. We could hardly hope to overtake the man and woman before they got into the town, but we kept on. A toll-gate-keeper told us that a tinker had passed through there nearly an hour before; "he had not noticed any woman with him," he said. But we came to a public-house a little higher up the road; and there we found the tinker's portable fire-place, standing beside the door.

"We've got him now," said Cole. "Hush!" He crept into the passage, and looked through the crack of the door of the tap-room, where there was a noise of men's voices. "That's him sitting apart in the corner," said Cole. "I could have picked the villain out among a thousand. Follow me!"

"Do you belong to that fire outside, Mister?" said my companion.

"Ye-e-s," replied the tinker, yawning and stretching himself.

"That trick won't do," said Cole. "Men don't feel sleepy after such a day's work as you've been doing. Come, you've got a book somewhere about you."

"Me!" exclaimed the tinker. "What do you mean by comin' and bullyin' a man like that? I've got no book."

"What do you call that?" said my companion, thrusting his hand into his side-pocket and drawing out a thick volume. "Isn't that a book?"

"And s'pose it is?" said the tinker, apparently quite unabashed at the exposure.

"You're a cool rascal," said Cole, as he opened it, and we both read the name of Captain Bland on the title page. "Where did you get this?"

"I found it," said the tinker. ff

"You'll come along with us, and tell that story to the police," said Cole.

"I won't, though," replied the man. "Where's your authority? Show me your staff. I'm sure these gen'tlemen won't sit quiet, and see a poor man dealt with like that." But the gentlemen referred to did sit quiet; and seemed to be well acquainted with the proverb about interfering in strangers' quarrels.

"Come; it's no use," continued my companion. "Where's the woman that was with you?"

"With me!" exclaimed the man. "Nobody can say they saw any woman with me, to-day."

"But I can, though," said I, coming forward. "I heard what you were talking about, too."

"Where might that have been, now?" asked the tinker, with the same coolness.

"On the road, along the cliff near Parley."

"I ain't been near Parley," said the tinker. "Say Blyborough or Yoxford, and I grant it you!"

"Come," said Cole, who had been over the house, and ascertained that the woman was not there. "You must go with us to Saxmundham;" upon which the tinker coolly

knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and went with us without speaking a word. At the watch-house, he persisted in saying that he had found the book that morning, and that I was mistaken in saying I had met him with a woman. Captain Bland, however, came the next day before the magistrate, and stated the book had only left his library the evening before; and I was able to swear to the tinker's voice being the same as that of the man who had passed me at Parley. Nothing more was found upon the man. The magistrate remarked that the woman might perhaps have been sent to dispose of the remainder of the property, and directed a search to be made for her; his hypothesis was rendered more probable when we learned that the woman had inquired for the man at the public-house soon after we left, and had not been heard of since. A surgeon, who had examined the body, stated that the wound on the head might have been inflicted by some blunt instrument, similar to the soldering iron which the tinker carried with him. No spots of blood, however, nor any marks of a struggle were found upon him. On the following day, the tinker begged to see the magistrate, to whom he confessed that the stories he had told were false; but he still persisted that he knew nothing of the murder. He accounted for the possession of the book, by saying that as he was walking along the road near Borsted, some time after dark on the night of the murder, he saw by the light of his fire a man standing at the corner of a lane, with several packs and bundles on the ground beside him, as if he had been carrying them and were resting awhile; that the man begged him hurriedly to give him a lift with them, promising to pay him for his trouble; and that he then left the woman in charge of his fire and went up the lane with the stranger, carrying two of the packs; that the stranger told him he had expected a friend to come and help him on with his load, but that he was in a hurry and couldn't wait for him; and that in this way they carried the packs about two miles, the man urging him continually to hasten, to a spot where he put them in a chaise cart, which was waiting there, paying the tinker two shillings for his trouble. He stated further that when he returned to the woman she showed him a book, which she admitted having taken out of one of the bundles while the stranger was talking to him; and that it was of this book that they were talking when they passed me at Parley; for the woman not being able to read was asking him about the nature of the book. The woman, he said, had been travelling with him; and being tired with walking and carrying the pack, he had sent her with one of the shillings to a village at some distance to buy some meat; bidding her join him at the little public-house. He could not say what had become of her; but he supposed she had heard of his being "in

trouble," and absconded. This was his latest account of the matter; but no one believed it; although he brought a friend of his to swear "that he had known Jerry Cutts, the tinker, from a boy; and that he (Jerry Cutts) was always a great liar"—a fact which did not seem to have at all lessened his esteem for him.

Poor old Martin was buried in the parish churchyard, about a week after; we set up a stone there to his memory. No one grieved for his sad fate, or missed him more than I did. The place seemed altogether changed without him, and I should have been glad to return home at once, but for the interest of seeking for evidence of the murderer. Public opinion was strong against the tinker; but the woman had never been found, though we had advertised her in the *Hue and Cry*. I had always some doubts of his guilt, notwithstanding his shuffling, and the suspicious circumstance of the woman absconding; and I mentioned them to my uncle. The tinker persisted in the truth of his last story. He said that his only reason for prevaricating, was his fear of getting into trouble by the woman's theft; but that if he had known that he should be charged with a murder, he would have told the whole truth at once. He declared that the woman could corroborate what he said if she were found: but that she was apparently determined to desert him in his trouble. He even gave us some clue to her probable hiding place; though the officers afterwards lost all trace of her. Enquiries were made into the tinker's history, and it was found that he, as well as the woman, had been long known about the country, and that both had been in jail for theft; a circumstance that told much against them in the minds of the public. Poor Jerry not being yet cured, in spite of his protestations, of his unfortunate propensity, declared that he had "never been inside a prison in his life;" but a jailor from Bury being brought forward, and addressing him with "How do you do, Mr. Cutts?" he was compelled to admit that he knew that gentleman slightly.

A circumstance soon afterwards occurred tending, more than anything before known, to exculpate the tinker. The ground between Borsted church and the spot where he pretended to have met the man with the packs—and along which, if his story was true, the murderer must have passed just before—was thoroughly searched; and the result was the discovery of a heavy "life-preserver" in a dry ditch. Some traces of blood were distinctly noticeable in the crevices of the plaited steel wire. The handle was worn bright, and had other distinguishing marks, by which a dealer in old iron identified it as being one that he had sold to a man, only a few days before the murder; and his description of this man exactly tallied with the account given by the tinker. The surgeon declared the wound to be more likely to have

been made with this weapon than with the soldering iron.

The general conviction that the tinker was the murderer had somewhat relaxed the efforts of the officers in other quarters. But a reaction had now set in, and conferences were held at my uncle's on the probabilities of whatever suppositions might occur to us. The murder appeared not to have been committed for the mere sake of robbery: rifling the old man's pocket was probably an afterthought. This was shown by the fact of the scuffle having evidently taken place in the churchyard, whither he must have pursued the murderer; a fact that at once set aside the hypothesis that the latter had planned and begun the attack. There could be little doubt that Martin had noticed again the light in the churchyard of which he had spoken to me, and that he had sprung over the wall, and found himself at once engaged in a struggle with smugglers—whether one or more—who had concealed some goods there: and that either by force or cunning he had been overcome. This would entirely agree with the tinker's story; and the circumstance of the life-preserver finally convinced us that the man with the packs was the murderer.

It was immediately resolved to search the house of the Baters, who were generally suspected to have a hand in any smuggling done in those parts—a suspicion which old Martin himself, more than any others, had always encouraged. It will be remembered that it was a son of these people who had attacked the old man once before, and had been transported in consequence for seven years. This was nearly eight years before, and it was probable that he had returned to England; although he had not yet been seen in the neighbourhood. Suspicion had not rested upon him—the extraordinary facts of the tinker's capture having diverted people's attention; and the circumstances of the murder preventing the supposition that it had been instigated by feelings of revenge. The description of the man who bought the life-preserver was found to bear little resemblance, except in the matter of height, with my uncle's recollection of Jem Bater: no stranger had been seen lately in the neighbourhood, nor at the Baters' house: indeed, we learned from a man who had lately been there to buy some articles, that Mrs. Bater stated that she had just received a letter from her son, and that she expected him home shortly.

It was, however, determined that a party of us, including an officer, should make an entry there suddenly at night. A search-warrant was procured privately; and a little after dark one night we contrived, by means of a plank, to cross a ditch into a garden at the back of the house; but the doors and windows being bolted we could not obtain an entry that way without alarming the inmates. There were some salt water trenches in the garden,

in which they kept live lobsters and other fish for sale; and it was resolved that one of us who was least known should go round to the front, and feign a desire to purchase some of these. Meanwhile the remainder of our party drew aside. Soon afterwards we heard the bolts of the door withdrawn, and presently saw our companion come out, accompanied by old Bater holding a candle, which he was shading from the wind with his hand. They went down the long garden together, leaving the door open, and we immediately entered the house. Before the old man had perceived our trick, we had discovered a man in one of the upper rooms, whom my uncle at once recognised as Jem Bater. The officer bound him after some resistance, and proceeded to search the place. The room in which we found him had a bed, and had evidently been fitted up for him as a place of close concealment, in which it was probable that he intended to remain till the affair had blown over. The house was searched; and in a cellar were found the pistols and cutlass, with other things that were known to have belonged to the murdered man, besides several packs of smuggled goods.

Mr. Cutts was soon afterwards set at liberty: the woman had been found shortly before, working under an alias in some brick-fields in an adjoining county. Jem Bater was found guilty on the evidence, and sentenced to death. He subsequently confessed his guilt, and the truth of the tinker's last story. It appeared that he had only returned from transportation a few days before the murder, and that he had returned at once to his old occupation of smuggling, or rather of purchasing smuggled goods; which were deposited for him by the smugglers in the ruins of the old church. He denied that he had any thought of murdering Martin; but stated that, being attacked by him in the churchyard, and finding that he was his old enemy, he had used his utmost endeavours to overcome him: that he accordingly grappled with the old man, who stumbled in the struggle over one of the graves: and that as he was falling he had struck him on the head with the life-preserver. The murderer was hung soon afterwards at Bury. The circumstance afforded me great satisfaction, and appeared to my youthful and uninstructed mind to be a subject for congratulation to society generally.

CHOOSING A FIELD-FLOWER.

LET me choose a willing blossom,
Ere we quit the sunny fields;
Fittest for my Lucy's bosom,
Hill, or brake, or meadow yields.

Flag or Poppy we'll not gather,
Briony or Pimpernel,
Scented Thyme or sprouting Heather,
Though we like them both so well.

Purpling Vetches, crimson Clover,
Pea-bloom winglet-, pied and faint,
Bluebell, Windflower, pass them over;
Sober Mallow, Orchis quaint;

Striped Convolvulus in helges,
Columbine, and Mountain Pink;
Lily nymphs among the sedges,
Violets nestling by the brink;

Creamy Elder, blue Germander,
Betony that seeks the shade;
Nor where Honeysuckles wander,
May that luscious balm persuade.

Sad Forget-me-not's a token
Full of partings and mishaps;
Leave the Foxglove spire unbroken,
Lest the fairies want for caps.

Crimson Loose-strife, Crowfoot, Pansy,
Golden Gowan, golden Broom,
Eyebright cannot flx my fancy,
Nor the Meadow-sweet's perfume.

Azure, scarlet, pink, or pearly,
Rustic friends in field or grove,
Each of you I prize full dearly,
None of you is for my Love.

Wild Rose! delicately flushing
All the border of the dale,
Art thou like a pale cheek blushing,
Or a red cheek turning pale?

Do not shed a leaflet slender,
Keep awhile thy fragrant zest;
Fair and sweet, bring thoughts as tender
To a balmier, fairer breast!

HOUSE-TOPS.

PISISTRATIS CAXTON, in one of the philosophical moods which he had inherited from his glorious father, thus apostrophises the house-tops of London:—"The house-tops! What a soberising effect that prospect produces on the mind! But a great many requisites go towards the detection of the right point of view. It is not enough to secure a lodging in the attic; you must not be fobbed off with a front attic that faces the street. First, your attic must unequivocally be a back attic. Secondly, the house in which it is located must be slightly elevated above its neighbours. Thirdly, the window must not be slant on the roof, as is common with attics—in which case you only catch a peep of that leaden canopy which infatuated Londoners call the sky—but must be a window perpendicular, and not half blocked up by the parapet of that fosse called the gutter. And lastly, the sight must be so limoured that you cannot catch a glimpse of the pavements: if you once see the world beneath, the whole charm of the world above is destroyed. Taking it for granted that you have secured these requisites, open the window, lean your chin on both hands, the elbows propped commodiously on the sill, and

contemplate the extraordinary scene that spreads before you. You find it difficult to believe life can be so tranquil on high, while it is so noisy and turbulent below." One feature in the prospect especially strikes Pisistratus:—"What fantastic variety in the heights and shapes of the chimney-pots! Some all level in a row, uniform and respectable, but quite uninteresting; others again, rising out of all proportion, and imperatively tasking the reason to conjecture why they are so aspiring. Imagination steps in, and represents to you all the fretting and fuming, and worry and care which the owners of that chimney, now the tallest of all, endured before, by building it higher, they got rid of the vapours. You see the distress of the cook, when the sooty invader rushed down like a wolf on the fold, full spring on the Sunday joint. You hear the exclamations of the mistress (perhaps a bride-house newly furnished), when, with white apron and cap, she ventured into the drawing-room, and was straightway saluted by a joyous dance of those monads called, vulgarly, *smuts*. . . . All this might well have been, till the chimney-pot was raised a few feet nearer heaven; and now, perhaps, that long-suffering family own the happiest house in the Row."

Pisistratus is right. There is much to be learned in the house-tops; much that reveals the habits and customs of the people; much that depends on the temperature and moisture of the climate. Shall our house-top be flat or ridged; shall it have chimney-pots or not? The answers to these questions depend not so much on ourselves as on the position of the country which we inhabit; and the house-top thus becomes an indicator of natural characteristics.

Let us call up the old Romans, or, at least, their house-tops. These house-tops, according to the evidence yet left to us at Pompeii, were very odd house-tops indeed, judged by English habits and English wants. In the best mansions was a central hall called the *atrium*, usually the most splendid apartment in the house, in which the host received his morning visitors. This *atrium* was open to the sky overhead—not entirely, but so far as regarded one square compartment called the *compluvium*, in the middle of a richly decorated ceiling. There were no windows to this *atrium*; and the light was there admitted through this aperture. But, even in Italy, rain falls sometimes; and when rain *did* fall, it rattled through this aperture into the *atrium*; it was not allowed, however, to splash about the marble pavement of the hall, but was caught in a kind of tank called the *impluvium*, sunk below the level of the floor just underneath the aperture. The roof of such a house was not flat, but inclined from all sides towards the edges of the *compluvium*.

The house-tops in Asia, and in many parts of Turkey and northern Africa, are living-

rooms, which we can only envy and do without as well as we may. The climate being fine, the weather warm, the sky clear, the terraced roofs become the most acceptable part of an eastern house in the evening; and our travellers have given us abundant descriptions of these very pleasant house-tops. These flat roofs are generally covered with plaster, and are surrounded either by low walls, or by balustrades. Beauteous ladies and lazy smokers lounge on these roofs; linen is there hung up to dry; figs and raisins are there sun-dried; and the roof is also a frequent oratory or place of devotion. In Asia Minor, and many other parts of Asiatic Turkey, the inmates of houses are very much accustomed to sleep on the terraced house-tops, so genial are the sky and climate of those regions; and thus two open-air bed-rooms are only separated by a wall between two adjoining roofs. The European dwellers in those cities do not often thus go to bed *al fresco*, and they, therefore, have no such urgent need of screening walls between the roofs of adjacent houses. There are often doors of communication in these walls, and thus an inhabitant might roam over a wide area of the city on the flat roof of his neighbours' houses. These Orientals take great care of their flat-terraced roofs; they employ tar, ashes, sand, lime, and straw—some or all of these—and endeavour sedulously to make of these a mortar or cement, which shall bear the weight of walkers, and shield the rooms beneath.

Doctor Kitto has brought his Oriental knowledge to bear upon a curious inquiry concerning the house-tops of that part of the East to which the Bible narrative chiefly refers. A palsied man was "let down through the tiling" from the house-top. How was this effected, and over what kind of area was the tiling placed? After noticing the suggested explanations of many commentators, Dr. Kitto gives his own, which throws much light upon the domestic architecture of the East. Supposing, he says, the house to have a central court, the buildings around it have, on the ground floor, cellars, offices, store-rooms, and servants' rooms; all the better apartments being above them. All these better apartments open into a gallery, from five to eight feet wide, and fronting the court, having a roof, a floor of squared stones, and a strong wooden balustrade in front. The roof of the gallery is on a level with that of the house itself; but the two are very different in character. The roof of the house has no tiling, no thatch, no lath and plaster; it is usually composed of reeds, branches, and twigs laid over the rafters, the whole trodden into a somewhat compact mass, and covered externally with earth or plaster, more or less tempered. The roof of the gallery, however, is far less firm and substantial; it is built of slight materials, and in a slight manner, being intended merely to cover the gallery beneath, whereas the flat terraced roof of the house is

made strong enough to walk upon. It was through this gallery-roof Doctor Kitto supposes the descent to have been made.

Do not suppose, good reader, that the house-top is below (or above) the notice of the architect. Some palace-builders attach very much importance to this feature in the general façade. Allan Cunningham, in speaking of Vanbrugh, who combined architecture with dramatising in a very unusual degree, and who rendered himself famous by building Blenheim palace, says that, in working out the details of that structure, he "grouped his cupolas, pediments, pavilions, clustered chimneys and statues, in a way at once original and harmonious, and which gratifies all admirers of picturesque magnificence. . . . It has been justly remarked by Dallaway, that he had the art of grouping his chimneys until they resembled pinnacles, or of connecting them into an arcade, by which the massiveness of the building was much relieved. He was, indeed, a great master of perspective, and nothing can be finer than the summits of his houses; he always raises a central point of attraction, and groups pinnacles, peaks, pillars, towers, and domes around it, uniting them into a splendid whole, regarding little the rules of classic art, but obeying those of poetic composition." The house-top thus brought in a little stock of praise to one whose heavy masses had given birth to a satirical epitaph:

"Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee."

Certainly, it is difficult to look at Blenheim itself, or at a picture of it, without being struck with the extraordinary house-top diversity. Not much terrace roof, here, at any rate.

Our London house-tops tell us very little concerning the lofty roofs which have dormer windows, and which were so prevalent in French and Scotch houses two or three centuries ago. Very singular summits there were, to the old mansions. In the real old French château there were turrets and towers almost without number, strangely connected, and sometimes as strangely disconnected, leaving the beholder a little bewildered to determine whether they belonged to a defensive castle or to a domestic house. And then the roomy old house was covered by an immense roof, which told plainly that it was not disposed to be thrown out of sight, or levelled to a few feet, or be poked behind a parapet; not only was it a roof, but a roof so formidable as to occupy in many cases one-third of the whole height of the house. And then what windows! It was no mere garret, for there were several distinct floors or stories or flats or *étages* in the roof. Some of the windows were *greniers*—they lighted granaries; some were *dormers* or *dormiers*—these lighted bed-rooms; and hence we have come to appropriate the name of dormer, not to a

bed-room window *par excellence*, but to garret windows which struggle into sight in front of our roofs. But our English roofs are pigmies; the great French and Flemish roofs which so often meet the eye of a traveller, they *are* roofs—something to look at there—something like a house-top. The Hôtel de Ville, at Brussels, is an instance in which four tiers of dormer windows appear in the roof.

The house-tops of Bethnal-Green: what a picture, what a page in social history are they! No common house-tops these, nor do the houses shelter men and women and children exactly like those met with in other crowded parts of London. The inhabitants of these house-tops are silk-weavers and pigeons, and pigeons and silk-weavers, according as we reckon from below upwards or from above downwards. Spitalfields weavers the men are called, and Spitalfields weavers their forefathers were; for Spitalfields, in years gone by, was the home both of the men who executed the work, and of the masters who gave out the work to be executed. But the workers have emigrated further east, to that wide prairie of small streets of small houses which goes by the name of Bethnal Green. Bethnal has a Green, still; and there may be a Blind Beggar and a beautiful daughter on or near that Green, for aught we can tell; but the Bethnal Green of the house-tops and the chimney-pots, of the dove-cotes and the weavers' rooms, has very little green about it. If you want to see nature's Bethnal Green, trudge it on foot; but if man's Bethnal Green be the object of your search, take a run on the Eastern Counties' Railway, and look right and left at the wondrous dingy medley that presents itself. Who shall number the little streets which the first mile points out to us, and who shall remember their names? No "genteel" houses; no large schools; no plate-glass windows (except to the gin-palaces); no squares with grass and trees, and "genteel" little children with hoops and skipping ropes; no picture-galleries or museums; no omnibuses, and very few cabs; few umbrellas in wet weather, and few parasols in fine; few carts for retail trade, and few waggons for wholesale; no smart people, and no high-born whether smart or not—but hard-working, very very hard-working, are the sights which meet the eye during the first mile and a half of this railway ride. That is, the street-sights would be such, if we could see down to the pavements; but, bating that, we study the house-tops. Here we see that most of the houses in most of the streets have very wide windows; silk-weavers live in those rooms, and, as a means of obtaining as much light as they can, prefer windows which stretch sometimes the whole width of the house. And not only is this so among the old streets; there have lately been formed whole streets of new houses, with windows in this form, built by speculators who—knowing that the Spitalfields weavers

will rather live and starve near the old spot than emigrate elsewhere—calculate on the rooms being let to the poor silken fraternity; and in this calculation they are not disappointed. The house-tops exhibit these windows as near the roof-ridge as is practicable. The weaver loves flowers (praise be to him for it), and often places them at his window; he loves pigeons, and builds a cote for them on the roof; he loves linnets and othersong-birds, and builds cages for them, and thus the men, their rooms, their windows, their flowers, their pigeons, and their birds, form the elements of the house-top prospect in Bethnal Green.

But there are far humbler house-tops than these, as all who look about them a little in the world may easily see. There is the house-top of poverty and misery. The house-top in Ireland and in the Hebrides is too often a sorry substitute for a real rain-repelling, cold-excluding covering. Eaves to the roof we may find if we can. There is a scanty sort of wooden roof, covered with a thatch made of stubble or potato-stalks, bound by leather or rope straws, which bands are fastened by heavy stones to the top of the broad wall. The woodwork is too slight to bear more than a thin layer of thatch; and the rain tumbles in a free-and-easy sort of way, until finally excluded by the coating of soot which rises from the turf fire beneath. Poor Paddy often finds the rain peppering down upon him in the middle of the night, and has to shift his straw to a part of the cabin where the thatch may possibly be in a little more kindly humour. Sometimes he has not even the dignity of a bit of thatch over his head; he has to content himself with a layer of sods, pretty nearly in the same state in which he dug them up from the ground. By many degrees better than this is the snowy covering of the snow hut of the Laplander and the Esquimaux; for, despite our usual prejudice in this matter, snow is really a warm material; the external cold finds some difficulty in insinuating itself through a snow wall or roof; and the furl-clad Esquimaux, with his four-feet high gentle partner, coddle themselves up in their beehive sort of a hut, defy the external cold, and feast upon train-oil to their hearts' content.

Our English house-tops put on almost as great a variety of attire as the men and women who are roofed in thereby. Slates reign paramount in modern London, although their dominion is less decided in the country. And let not the uninitiated turn up the nose of scorn at slates; they are, in their own peculiar technical career, princesses, duchesses, and countesses, according to the sizes and prices; and a slater thus mixes with the aristocracy on terms more familiar than falls to the lot of most artisans. Some house-tops dress themselves in brick-coloured garments, yclep'd tiles; and these tiles, convex at one part of their width, and concave at another, afford means for lapping one over another,

and for leaving channels down which rain can descend. In some instances, the house-top apes the terrace form of the East; and then it requires flat quadrangular tiles, which are cemented together very artistically. The age of iron demands that iron should be tried for or by the house-tops—and tried it is. Sometimes plates of iron are lapped slightly one over another, and made into a roof which may be very nearly flat; sometimes corrugated sheet-iron is made to do duty—and wonderfully well does a small weight of iron in this form support itself, and furnish a shelter for all beneath it. Our iron-roofs are bagatelles, however, to those of Russia: most of the new buildings at Petersburg and Moscow are now, as a precaution against fire, roofed with sheet-iron; and this iron being painted bright red, or bright green, displays the vanity of the house-tops very conspicuously. Sometimes iron gives way to a younger brother, zinc—as being not so heavy as lead, and not so soon corroded as iron. Sometimes (but not much in England) wooden roofs are adopted—and very ingeniously they are arranged—the trunks of trees are split down the middle, and hollowed out; one layer of these trunks is laid down side by side, with the concave side uppermost, and then another layer upon these with the convex side uppermost, covering the vacant spaces between the trunks of the undermost layer. Sometimes asphaltum is taken into favour by the house-tops; it is applied either as a liquid cement to form a terrace-roof, or is combined with hat-manufacturers' refuse felt to form a "flexible asphaltic roofing," to which a very learned Greek name is applied. And if this list of substances be not enough, we will mention another—paper; house-tops have, occasionally, not refused to be covered with a paper cap. The late Mr. London, always searching for the useful, showed how roofs might be formed of very slight rafters, with laths or very light pine boards upon them, and sheets of brown paper on the laths; the sheets have previously been twice saturated with boiling tar and pitch, and after being nailed on like slates, they are fed from a hot delicate dish of tar, pitch, whiting, and charcoal, with a crowning sprinkling of sand or ashes.

Thus do the house-tops clothe themselves, some sternly, some daintily. But there is one kind of garment more characteristic of a real old English country house-top than any other; this is the thatched roof, the garment of reeds and straws. A thatched cottage has afforded stanzas to scores of pretty songs, pretty poems, and pretty stories—the very humility of the thoughts associated with it, being the source of value to the poetasters. But its merits are not to be so summarily despatched. A thatched roof is a clever production; Ralph the Thatcher has to show more judgment than Teddy the Tiler, who gives a red covering to some of our house-

tops. Ralph selects hollow straw if he is about to thatch a rick or a stack; but rye-straw, with a solid and more lasting stem, is preferred for thatching buildings. Ralph moistens the straw that it may more easily bend without breaking, and he forks it up in a loose heap, which is afterwards separated into small convenient bundles of parallel straws. These bundles, or rather handfuls, are laid on a lathed roof, and are kept down by means of long rods, which are tied to the laths by means of strong tarred twine; and he thus lays several handfuls side by side. He begins with the lower edge of the roof, and at once covers, and allows the thatch to hang over sufficiently to form eaves to the roof. He then lays another row, allowing the lower ends of these straws to hang over the upper ends of those in the first layer. Thus he proceeds upwards till he arrives at the ridge of the roof, securing each handful to that which preceded it, pressing it down to render it rain resisting, and further fixing it by the long rods. Arrived at the top, the highest layer of straw is made to extend beyond the ridge on both sides, and the ends are brought together and made to stand up like the bristles on a hog. A split willow or a straw rope is wound round a series of short rods stuck in just below the ridge; and the upper layers of straw become thus so fixed, that Ralph can trim the extreme ends, and make the ridge appear straight and symmetrical. Ralph carries on his trade in a diversified way; he uses the straw of wheat, rye, or any other grain, or reed, or stubble, or heather—according to the kind of roof which he is expected to produce; stubble and heather are the poorest, barley and oat straw the next in rank, wheat and rye straw the next; but if Ralph be a Norfolk thatcher, he is a first-class man in his trade, and he thatches with reed. In this kind of house-top there are no laths, a few of the largest and stoutest reeds being employed to form a light frame-work to support the thatch. The thatch doctors say that a reed roof will be fifty years without requiring repair; and that, with very slight attention, it will last a whole century.

But what would a house-top be without the chimney-pots? They form the salient points in the picture. And what a medley are they! Some times we see them ranged in a row, like soldiers at drill; sometimes they are scattered about the roof as if in search of each other; some times one big fellow is overlooking a number of little fellows, as if in marvel at their impertinence in smoking by his side; this one has a night-cap very much like a coal-scuttle, while another's cap bears a nearer resemblance to a monk's cowl, and a third seems to show a preference for the form of the letter T. What to do with the chimney-pots is a question that troubles many an architect. Whether to try to hide them, or to make them a marked feature in the construction, is a knotty problem. In many parts

of Italy, as at Florence, the mansions have flat roofs, with deep cornices and bold projecting soffits; the chimneys are usually grouped into stacks, the tops of which, increasing in bulk as they rise in height, resemble a crown; and the slates with which these chimneys are built are ranged so as to act as ventilators. If we wish to know how the Italian or Palladian style of Architecture appears when chimney-pots are stuck upon it without taste or judgment, let us jump into a penny boat at Hungerford, and glance at the river front of Somerset House as we pass along; anything more provoking, in its way, we need not seek for—little rickety, crooked, rheumatic, ungainly, discordant, unsymmetrical smoke-pipes, frittering away whatever there is of dignified character in the façade beneath. How different is all this from the Tudor and Elizabethan styles! Here the chimney-stacks and chimney-pots are real features in the architecture of the building; and we almost love the chimney-pots for the associations which they suggest with the delightful old halls and kitchens beneath—kitchens which have fire-places large enough to swallow up a modern kitchen itself. Long may it be before reforms and improvements go so far as to deprive us of our old county mansions, with their delightful old house-tops and chimneys.

A curious item in the history of the house-tops is that connected with the poor little chimney-sweepers. The black-tattered, black-skinned, barefooted, white-teethed climbers, who groped their way through life in a mode not much more pleasant than that of the rat-catchers who permeate the London sewers, were the victims of a system which involved much commercial waste as well as moral wrong. If we had close stoves, like our continental neighbours, there would not be much smoke to ascend the chimney, and if not much smoke, then would sweeping be less frequently necessary; and if less sweeping, then fewer sweepers. Philosophers tell us that, in an ordinary English open fire, seven-eighths of all the fuel are wasted, inasmuch as some of the heat goes whither it is not wanted, and some of the coal goes off in smoke without giving out any heat at all. Hence have arisen the numerous and varied family of close stove: the Dutch stove and the American stove, the Russian stove and the Swedish stove, the Franklin stove and the Beaumont stove, the cockle stove, and the Sylvester stove, and the Arnott stove—all profess to be antagonistic to chimney-pots and climbing boys. Good men, clever men, clever and good men, laboured hard and frequently to diminish the house-top cruelty. Jonas Hanbury tried a great deal, and effected a little to befriend the climbing boys seventy years ago. Twenty years afterwards the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor sought to ameliorate the system by raising the sympathies of the masters. Soon

afterwards a distinct society was formed with express reference to this subject; and those statistical and personal examinations were instituted which have since formed such a striking feature in connection with the condition of the humbler classes. Some of the poor little sweepers were found to be less than five years old, some apprenticed by parishes, some actually sold by their parents for four or five guineas, and some kidnapped. The Society tried to carry a reformatory bill through Parliament, but failed. They next offered premiums for the invention of chimney-sweeping machines, and rendered a large amount of service thereby. In 1817 a Committee of the House of Commons strongly recommended the prohibition of chimney-sweeping by other than mechanical aid; but a long series of years elapsed before the realisation of this plan. In 1834 a step was made in this direction, by passing an Act which greatly lessened the power of the masters to ill-use the boys, and in 1840 another Act, coming into operation in 1842, settled the matter by prohibiting, under heavy penalties, the employment of human beings in this exploratory journey up a sooty chimney. Then came the days of *ramoneurs* and sweeping machines. We may remark, *en passant*, that the chimney-sweepers of Paris are said to be almost entirely Savoyards or Piedmontese, chiefly from Domo d'Ossola. Since 1842 our house-tops have reformed themselves; little black boys do not rattle the chimney-pots and cry "Sweep—sweep!"

HOLIDAY TIMES.

We have hardly a real holiday in England; executions and races make the nearest approach to one, but they are both too much in the way of business. A Sunday's holiday is looked upon as a heinous sin by so many worthy and respectable people, that it cannot be indulged in with impunity. Good Friday, leaving its religious aspect unconsidered, is to thousands upon thousands, a welcome day of rest; and moreover as, unlike Christmas Day, it never falls upon a Sunday—not even in an Irish calendar—the worn-out trafficker may calculate upon stealing one twelve hours' bodily and mental repose in the midst of the hard-working unpausing twelvemonth. But a mere day of rest is not what is understood by a genuine holiday. A real good holiday is anything but rest; on the contrary, it is a pretty sharp exercise of the faculties and feelings in an utterly unwonted and out-of-the-common-way mode. Christmas Day is a private solemnity, rather than a holiday. It is consecrated as strictly, though in a different way, to family affection and to the household gods, as if we made it a duty on that anniversary to visit the graves of our dead relations. And who does not know that the successive vacant seats around the dinner-table on Christmas Day, are perhaps the most im-

pressive *memento mori* of all that we meet with? Fairs, as holidays, are nothing new to the inhabitants of cities. In the country, their amusements mostly commence with horse-chauunting and pig-jobbing, to terminate in much that is still less to be boasted of. There is little to cheer, and nothing to elevate, but quite as much cause for melancholy as for mirth. Assize Balls, Musical Festivals, and Horticultural Shows, are well enough for the rich; but some rich people stand in greater need of a workday than a holiday. After all, I think, it may be safely asserted that we have no real holidays in England. This deficiency, indeed, is not our fault, because it is the consequence of our inborn national disposition. We are what we are—worthy folks at bottom—a little too careful about committing ourselves by gaiety. We are rather too fond of the dark side of things; and you can't get flour out of a coalsack. But I must, nevertheless, take the liberty of believing the absence of holidays to be a national misfortune. For it acts as a sort of mental bath—a pleasant refreshment to the spirits—to see an entire people indulging in a general smiling carelessness, and throwing off everyday anxieties, if it only be for a few short hours. To-morrow will come afterwards, quite fast and sure enough, to hold each weary toiler's nose to the wear and tear of his own private grindstone.

Sunday, in France, is more or less observed as a holiday, even when hard work is done in the morning. Shops, it is true, are kept open all day long, but not so much (except in Paris, perhaps,) for the sake of sale, as to avoid the dull and death-like look of a house-front mourning behind closed shutters. But Ascension Day, throughout the Empire, is regarded as a real holiday. It is more of a fête-day, more determinedly seized upon as an opportunity of enjoyment than even Sunday itself in general. During the forenoon, both in town and country, less work is going on; and in the afternoon people are universally *en dimanche*, smartly dressed, and taking their pleasure. In everybody's face, and on everybody's back, you read plainly written, "To-day is fête-day." Amongst the latter symptoms of the time, you are compelled to admire the taste and fancifulness with which the children are bedecked in their Sunday's best. Girls and boys flutter with delight, as they display for the first time some whimsical costume, which is as becoming to them as it would be absurd on an older wearer; while here and there more demurely walks, under the protection of her mamma or her aunt, a staid and white-robed little lady, whose ample lace or muslin veil, as well as all the rest of her attire, denotes that she has lately attended her first communion.

Religious duties are first performed, and then the day is devoted to pleasure, music entering largely into the programme. I was present at Calais one Holy Thursday at a

Musique given by the Philharmonic Society after they had assisted at Mass, and had attracted a congregation who gave to the poor. Something which I had heard of its reputation, curiosity, and a brilliant morning, had tempted me to emerge from my quiet home in the interior. Church over, the company assembled for the *matinee*, and I found myself in the midst of the cream of the Calaisiens. The concert room is an elegant apartment, built on a not very common plan. It is circular, and lighted from above in the centre by a lantern sky-light during the day, and by a handsome chandelier at night performances. Its decoration, though a little faded—for the society is now in its twenty-fifth year—is still of a lively and cheerful character. The colouring is mixed, on the same principles as prevailed in the interior of the Crystal Palace. An oblong ante-room communicating with it, breaks the uniformity of a circular plan. Opposite to the ante-room is the orchestra; around, next the walls, is an amphitheatre of raised seats, which admirably display the fair occupants thereof. In the middle are benches, as in the pit of a theatre, only upon a level floor. To this simple and comfortable arrangement, is added the great merit that the room is not too large for its usual orchestra and audience. Better a little crowding now and then, than a thin-sounding *tutti*, a feeble *fortissimo*, and long ranges of empty benches upon all ordinary occasions. The beginning was fixed for half-past twelve; but a little delay allowed me to look around, and admire the ladies, as well as their adornments, the flower of which were the delicious head-dresses.

It is difficult for the French and English to discuss the important subject of head-gear, without falling into mutual misunderstanding. Bonnet is the French word for a woman's cap, and for a gentleman's night-cap also. What our ladies call "a bonnet," in France is always styled a hat (*chapeau*);—and the difference of rank implied by the wearing a *bonnet* or a *chapeau*, respectively, is a distinction quite unknown in England. At this *Matinee*, there were no *bonnets*. Our word "cap" is equally applicable to those worn by females, and to the ugly thing of cloth with a leathern peak (in French a *casquette*), which serves as a thatch for the brain boxes of men. Many other such occasions of quarrel exist. Conjurors and players of leger-main tricks, here call themselves *Physiciens*. What would a fashionable London physician think, if one of these amusing persons were introduced, by mistake, to the part in a consultation? The French verb *remercier* means both "to thank," and "to dismiss, or take leave of." I once heard a Frenchman say in English to an acquaintance who had obliged him, "I do not thank you," when he intended to say, "I do not bid you farewell now; I shall see you again before you go." His words bore a sense the very reverse of what

he really intended them to bear. He did mean to express thanks; but a civil phrase incorrectly rendered, had all the appearance of an affront. There is no doubt that between French and English individuals, coolness and dislike often arise from such foolish and obvious errors as these. Captious people take offence at what the opposite party considers a politeness. *Tantum animis celestibus ira?* Can two great and high-minded nations entertain a serious quarrel without being first assured that their antagonist truly and *bonâ-fide*-ly has malice prepense in his heart? These very words, *malice* and "malice," are instances in the two languages where the same combinations of letters bear quite a different meaning and spirit.

Three young ladies amongst the audience appeared without *chapeau* or other head-dress. They had come to delight us with the contribution of their skill and talent. The concert began; and having begun, proceeded. My first emotion was pleasure; my second, surprise. Thankfulness was the last sentiment excited; for good music is such a real enjoyment. Then arose the doubt whether many towns in England, with the same population of twelve thousand souls, could produce the same variety of amateur ability.

A leading performance this Ascension morning was a piano-forte duett, by sisters—two of the ladies who appeared without *coiffure*, the third grace being contralto of the day. It is exactly in such pleasant little concerts as this, that the piano best asserts its right to be heard as an instrument. There is no crowding about the performer; to watch the finger-work, as in too many London drawing-rooms, where the sounds are unfairly walled in, and muffled, by a thick curtain of human bodies. The area, too, is not so large that the richness of the chords and the sweetness of the tone are diluted by traversing an absorbent extent of space. Our pianistes gave their duett exceedingly well—with neither the power of Thalberg nor the magic brilliancy of Liszt—but neatly, accurately, and with that perfect lady-like manner which, in public as well as in private, has the most certain charm of all. They were warmly applauded; and, I am proud to add, they were English girls. They also, as well as the rest of their coadjutors, followed the fashion of the French stage, in abstaining from any acknowledgment of the applause bestowed upon them. I may likewise mention that, on appearing in the orchestra, they were equally free from any bashful awkwardness or fear, but prepared to utter their inspiration with all the quiet composure of artists. The same true artistic spirit was manifested by the lady who sang; she entered at once into the feeling of her *scena*, and thence derived the main beauty of her performance. She

neither tore the passion to rags, nor fell into a dead and spiritless calm. But complete presence of mind in the midst of the excitement of art, and the attentive gaze of an audience, is one characteristic of a great artist. He flies upon the wings of inspiration without ever losing the control of his flight. And the exercise of this command of his powers gives vivid pleasure to the artist himself, independent of either the plaudits, or the payment, which are the after-consequences of his efforts.

A one-act concert of two hours' duration is a pleasant thing in holiday time: this was the last performance of the season. In the evening the church of Nôtre Dame was again made vocal by the Philharmonics, who had played and sung for the poor in the morning. As a local journal justly observes, "Our Society could not finish in better style; it will ensure them good fortune for coming years."

Another French holiday, although occurring at a cooler season than Ascension-tide, is attended with a much greater amount of feverishness. On and before the sixth of December, the whole child population of the country do nothing but tease and worry poor Saint Nicholas, who, in an unguarded hour, undertook the responsibility of being considered as the Friend of Babes. In return for which complaisance, he has the pleasure of hearing thousands of little voices, melodious with autumnal colds and coughs, repeating over and over again,

"Saint Nicholas, my good patron,
Send me something very *bon*!"

The incantation is generally effective in the end. But besides sending something *bon*, he now and then forwards something utterly the reverse of *bon*. It is rare indeed that he risks his popularity so far as to present his petitioners with nothing at all. It might lead to scepticism in the infant mind. On the eve of his day, expectant children hang up their stockings in the chimney corner, and then retire to rest, if rest is possible. If children have been good and sage, more or less, during the previous year, toys and bonbons are found to have been miraculously concealed within the stocking; but if naughtiness has been the ruling star, nothing is to be discovered therein but a rod and a cane. In general, however, the pleasant things are accompanied by an emblematic rod—half-a-dozen little birch twigs tied together with an end of pink ribbon—to be kept and looked at from time to time, as a hint that St. Nicholas has his eyes open upon what is going on in nurseries and schools. It would not be at all a bad thing, if he could administer the rod to some of the masters and mistresses.

This Saint is always represented in episcopal robes, with mitre and crosier and a long black beard. At his feet there stands a tub, in which three naked children are sitting

upright;—though sometimes one child is made to do duty for three. In country churches you will often find a grotesquely painted wooden statue of this canonised worthy, with the three attendant tub-imprisoned babies beside him. If memory does not deceive me, one of his numerous miracles was this: Some cruel Jews in Italy had slain three Christian children, and salted their divided members in a tub. Application being made to St. N., he kindly restored them to life again; upon which agreeable improvement in their prospects, they sat up in their pickle, without getting out of their tub, and returned him thanks, as they were bound to do. If any one ventures to doubt the story, all I can say is that I have seen it beautifully painted in the Vatican itself. In consequence, St. Nicholas's day is the grand fête-day of children in general; and as he is also the patron of fishermen and sailors, he must have a considerable amount of business upon his hands. On the eve of St. Nicholas, every toy-shop bursts out suddenly into full bloom. A toy-shop, which I avoid passing more frequently than I am compelled to, used to have, and may have still, a wooden St. Nicholas the size of life, exactly like a tobacconist's Highlander. He figures in the shop for a few days in the year, to listen to the sincere devotions of his votaries, and then retires, or is laid up in lavender, till another December comes round again.

Of course there is great anxiety in the morning to inspect the stockings, and ascertain whether St. Nicholas has brought any thing or not. Before it is light, you may hear scores of little boys in the streets shouting out "St. Nicholas!" One young lady, come to search the chimney corner, beheld a box slowly descending. She stopped in astonishment; the box stopped too, and then began to mount up the chimney again. She remembered that she had been rude and disobedient on various occasions, and resolved, that if the box would but come down, she never would do so any more again. The casket of treasure did reach the ground by a string held by invisible hands; and it is to be presumed that she kept her word, and never was naughty afterwards. As a proof how liberal St. Nicholas is, he last year filled a young friend's stockings with oranges, liquorice, and preserved fruits; a donkey and a cow were next discovered, besides a shepherdess and her flock, consisting of a couple of sheep; not the least esteemed token of regard being a striking likeness of himself, in gingerbread.

Our third holiday is a Dunkerquian freak, full of Flemish whim and childish absurdity. A curious old local legend is practically translated into a piece of utter and bare-faced folly. Saint Martin, afterwards Bishop of Tours, was born in 316, in Pannonia. His early career was a military one, which did not prove in accordance with his taste. One of the best known anecdotes of his life is his

dividing his army-cassock in two, and that in winter time, to share it with a naked and shivering wretch. But that is not the story which concerns us now. Somewhere about the year of grace three hundred and eighty-six, Saint Martin on his travels through Gaul, happened to arrive one evening at Dunkerque, or rather, at the spot on which Dunkerque stands. He proceeded leisurely on donkey-back, in consequence of the wounds he had formerly received; but, without that very reasonable excuse, he assuredly had a right to make use of a donkey, while out on his missionary enterprise. Saint Martin, it is said, stopped at a little chapel near the Dunes, and left his ass waiting at the gate. There are doubts whether such a chapel existed then, but we will not stop to discuss the anachronism. Saint Martin entered some chapel or house. While he was saying his prayers within-doors, the animal strayed away to search for the prickly eringo, or sea-holly, which had caused his mouth to water along the road. But his master, missing him, and not approving his taking French leave, begged the neighbouring fishermen to lend their aid to recover him. The worthy fellows started at once, regardless of its being night; some, with resin torches in their hands; some, with the lanterns belonging to their fishing-boats; while others blew the horn which still announces the arrival of a boat at the beach, and which may be made to give a not bad imitation of a donkey's bray, when it tries to sing small. At last the gluttonous ass was found and brought back to the village under the escort of a troop of children, who, as they travelled along the road, were treated by Saint Martin's intervention and the donkey's keep, with an unexpected supply of exquisite spice bread.

In modern times, on the evening of Saint Martin's day at Dunkerque—and at Dunkerque only—the whole population claims the privilege of going mad from five o'clock till seven, in commemoration of the finding of Saint Martin's ass. The next day, at the same hour, a second paroxysm returns; and then the town remains sane for a twelve-month. The professed actors in the farce are all the children of the place, little and big, boys and girls, from babies at the breast to overgrown bearding-school masters and misses. But as the youngsters do not turn out alone, and the old folks enjoy the fun as thoroughly as their juniors, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the whole city makes a good-natured fool of itself. As the school-master boasted that he governed the parish because he governed the children, who governed the mothers, who governed the fathers, who governed the servants; so St. Martin may assert that he converts the great body of Dunkerque folk into temporary lunatics. Fancy the streets crowded with children from three to a hundred-and-eighty months old, and every one of them carrying

in his hand a paper lamp of some fashion. Flowers of all colours and shapes, churches, houses, and fantastical figures, are illuminated by a candle's-end that is stuck on a save-all at the extremity of a stick. The usual gas-lights are perfectly unnecessary; for the rays sent forth by the thousands of lanterns produce a brilliant substitute; and by way of musical accompaniment to the scene, there are hundreds of penny trumpets, which are expressly prepared for this occasion only.

As soon as the juvenile orgy begins, no carriage is permitted to pass through the streets; nor *could* it, without committing a Juggernautian slaughter of innocents. The crowd, which eddies and flows in all directions, treads so closely and compactly on one another's heels, that a pin could not fall to the ground between them. It is one of the many things of which it may be truly observed, that to be believed, it must be seen and heard.

But as all the principal performers are children, and as children go to bed at an early hour, at seven o'clock the throng begins to thin; at half-past seven, it is thoroughly ashamed of itself; at eight the town is as sober as usual. The gas is lighted, the vehicles roll along, and the young rogues munch their *croquandoules*, or donkey-nuts, while they undress themselves and jump into bed.

Some years since the Duc de Nemours happened to come to Dunkerque on Saint Martin's day. Unlike the Turkish ambassador, who believed that London was lighted with gas in honour of his own dazzling presence, the less confident prince took it into his head that he was being treated to the peculiar mode of insult which is known in France as a *charivari*. He soon, however, discovered his mistake, and enjoyed the joke, like a man of sense.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHEN Mary Queen of Scots arrived in England, without money and even without any other clothes than those she wore, she wrote to Elizabeth, representing herself as an innocent and injured piece of Royalty, and entreating her assistance to oblige her Scottish subjects to take her back again and obey her. But, as her character was already known in England to be a very different one from what she made it out to be, she was told in answer that she must first clear herself. Made uneasy by this condition, Mary, rather than stay in England, would have gone to Spain, or to France, or would even have gone back to Scotland. But, as her doing either would have been likely to trouble England afresh, it was decided that she should be detained here. She first came to Carlisle, and, after that, was moved about from castle to castle, as was considered necessary; but England she never left again.

After trying very hard to get rid of the necessity of clearing herself, Mary, advised by LORD HERMES, her best friend in England, agreed to answer the charges against her, if the Scottish noblemen who made them would attend to maintain them before such English noblemen as Elizabeth might appoint for that purpose. Accordingly, such an assembly, under the name of a Conference, met, first at York, and afterwards at Hampton Court. In its presence Lord Lennox, Darnley's father, openly charged Mary with the murder of his son; and whatever Mary's friends may now say or write in her behalf, there is no doubt that when her brother Murray produced against her a casket containing certain guilty letters and verses, which he stated to have passed between her and Bothwell, she withdrew from the inquiry. Consequently, it is to be supposed that she was then considered guilty by those who had the best opportunities of judging of the truth, and that the feeling which afterwards arose in her behalf was a very generous, but not a very reasonable one.

However, the DUKE OF NORFOLK, an honourable but rather weak nobleman, partly because Mary was captivating, partly because he was ambitious, and partly because he was overpersuaded by artful plotters against Elizabeth, conceived a strong idea that he would like to marry the Queen of Scots—though he was a little frightened, too, by the letters in the casket. This idea being secretly encouraged by some of the noblemen of Elizabeth's court, and even by the favourite Earl of Leicester (because it was objected to by other favourites who were his rivals), Mary expressed her approval of it, and the King of France and the King of Spain are supposed to have done the same. It was not so quietly planned, though, but that it came to Elizabeth's ears, who warned the Duke "to be careful what sort of pillow he was going to lay his head upon." He made a humble reply at the time, but turned sulky soon afterwards, and, being considered dangerous, was sent to the Tower.

Thus, from the moment of Mary's coming to England she began to be the centre of plots and miseries.

A rise of the Catholics in the north was the next of these, and it was only checked by many executions and much bloodshed. It was followed by a great conspiracy among the Pope and some of the Catholic sovereigns of Europe to depose Elizabeth, place Mary on the throne, and restore the unreformed religion. It is almost impossible to doubt that Mary knew and approved of it; and the Pope himself was so hot in the matter that he issued a bull, in which he openly called Elizabeth the "pretended Queen" of England, excommunicated her, and excommunicated all her subjects who should continue to obey her. A copy of this miserable paper got into London, and

was found one morning publicly posted on the Bishop of London's gate. A great hue and cry being raised, another copy was found in the chamber of a student of Lincoln's Inn, who confessed, being put upon the rack, that he had received it from one JOHN FELTON, a rich gentleman who lived across the Thames, near Southwark. This John Felton, being put upon the rack too, confessed that he had posted the placard on the Bishop's gate. For this offence he was, within four days, taken to St. Paul's Churchyard, and there hanged and quartered. As to the Pope's bull, the people by the Reformation having thrown off the Pope, did not care much, you may suppose, for the Pope's throwing off them. It was a mere dirty piece of paper, and not half so powerful as a street ballad.

On the very day when Felton was brought to his trial, the poor Duke of Norfolk was released. It would have been well for him if he had kept away from the Tower evermore, and from the snares that had taken him there. But, even while he was in that dismal place he corresponded with Mary, and as soon as he was out of it he began to plot again. Being discovered in correspondence with the Pope, with a view to a rising in England which should force Elizabeth to consent to his marriage with Mary, and to repeal the laws against the Catholics, he was re-committed to the Tower and brought to trial. He was found guilty by the unanimous verdict of the Lords who tried him, and was sentenced to the block.

It is very difficult to make out, at this distance of time, and between opposite accounts, whether Elizabeth really was a humane woman, or desired to appear so, or was fearful of shedding the blood of people of great name who were popular in the country. Twice she commanded and countermanded the execution of this Duke, and it did not take place at last, until five months after his trial. The scaffold was erected on Tower Hill, and there he died like a brave man. He refused to have his eyes bandaged, saying that he was not at all afraid of death; and he admitted the justice of his sentence, and was much regretted by the people.

Although Mary had shrunk at the most important time from disproving her guilt, she was very careful never to do anything that would admit it. All such proposals as were made to her by Elizabeth for her release, required that admission in some form or other, and therefore came to nothing. Moreover, both women being artful and treacherous, and neither ever trusting the other, it was not likely that they could ever make an agreement. So, the Parliament, aggravated by what the Pope had done, made new and strong laws against the spreading of the Catholic religion in England, and declared it treason in any one to say that the Queen and her

successors were not the lawful sovereigns of England. It would have done more than this, but for Elizabeth's moderation.

Since the Reformation, there had come to be three great sects of religious people—or people who called themselves so—in England; that is to say, those who belonged to the Reformed Church, those who belonged to the unreformed Church, and those who were called the Puritans, because they said that they wanted to have everything very pure and plain in all Church service. These last were for the most part an uncomfortable people, who thought it highly meritorious to dress in a hideous manner, talk through their noses, and oppose all harmless enjoyments. But they were powerful too, and very much in earnest; and they were, one and all, the determined enemies of the Queen of Scots. The Protestant feeling in England was further strengthened by the tremendous cruelties to which Protestants were exposed in France and in the Netherlands. Scores of thousands of them were put to death in those countries with every cruelty that can be imagined, and at last in the autumn of the year one thousand five hundred and seventy-two, one of the greatest barbarities ever committed in the world took place at Paris.

It is called in history, *THE MASSACRE OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW*, because it took place on Saint Bartholomew's Eve. It fell on Saturday the twenty-third of August. On that day all the great leaders of the Protestants (who were there called *HUGUENOTS*) were assembled together, for the purpose, as was represented to them, of doing honour to the marriage of their chief, the young King of Navarre, with the sister of *CHARLES THE NINTH*: a miserable young king who then occupied the French throne. This dull creature was made to believe by his mother and other fierce Catholics about him that the Huguenots meant to take his life; and he was persuaded to give secret orders that, on the tolling of a great bell, they should be fallen upon by an overpowering force of armed men, and slaughtered wherever they could be found. When the appointed hour was close at hand, the stupid wretch, trembling from head to foot, was taken into a balcony by his mother to see the atrocious work begin. The moment the bell tolled, the murderers broke forth. During all that night and the two next days, they broke into the houses, fired the houses, shot and stabbed the Protestants, men, women and children, and flung their bodies into the streets. They were shot at in the streets as they passed along, and their blood ran down the gutters. Upwards of ten thousand Protestants were killed in Paris alone; and in all France four or five times that number. To return thanks to heaven for these diabolical murders, the Pope and his train actually went in public procession at Rome; and as if this were not shame enough for

them, they had a medal struck to commemorate the event. But, however comfortable the wholesale murders were to those high authorities, they had not that soothing effect upon the *doll-King*. I am happy to state that he never knew a moment's peace afterwards; that he was continually crying out that he saw the Huguenots covered with blood and wounds falling dead before him; and that he died within a year, shrieking and yelling and raving to that degree that if all the Popes who had ever lived had been rolled into one, they would not have afforded his guilty Majesty the slightest consolation.

When the terrible news of the massacre arrived in England, it made a powerful impression indeed upon the people. If they began to run a little wild against the Catholics at about this time, this fearful reason for it, coming so soon after the days of Bloody Queen Mary, must be remembered in their excuse. The Court was not quite so honest as the people—but perhaps it sometimes is not. It received the French ambassador, with all the lords and ladies dressed in deep mourning and keeping a profound silence. Nevertheless, a proposal of marriage which he had made to Elizabeth only two days before the eve of Saint Bartholomew, on behalf of the Duke of Alençon, the French King's brother, a boy of seventeen, still went on; while on the other hand, in her usual crafty way, the Queen secretly supplied the Huguenots with money and weapons.

I must say that for a Queen who made all those fine speeches, of which I have confessed myself to be rather tired, about living and dying a maiden Queen, Elizabeth was "going" to be married pretty often. Besides always having some English favourite or other, whom she by turns encouraged, and swore at, and knocked about—for the maiden Queen was very free with her fists—she held this French Duke off and on through several years. When he at last came over to England, the marriage articles were actually drawn up, and it was settled that the wedding should take place in six weeks. The Queen was then so bent upon it, that she prosecuted a poor Puritan named *STUBBS*, and a poor bookseller named *PAGE*, for writing and publishing a pamphlet against it. Their right hands were chopped off for this crime; and poor Stubbs—more loyal than I should have been myself under the circumstances—immediately pulled off his hat with his left hand and cried, "God save the Queen!" Stubbs was cruelly treated, for the marriage never took place after all, though the Queen pledged herself to the Duke with a ring from her own finger. He went away, no better than he came, when the courtship had lasted some ten years altogether; and he died a couple of years afterwards, mourned by Elizabeth, who appears to have been really fond of him. It is not much

to her credit, for he was a bad enough member of a bad family.

To return to the Catholics. There arose two orders of priests, who were very busy in England, and who were much dreaded. These were the JESUITS (who were everywhere, in all sorts of disguises), and the SEMINARY PRIESTS. The people had a great horror of the first, because they were known to have taught that murder was lawful if it were done with an object of which they approved; and they had a horror of the second because they came to teach the old religion, and to be the successors of "Queen Mary's priests," as those yet lingering in England were called, when they should die out. The severest laws were made against them, and were most unmercifully executed. Those who sheltered them in their houses often suffered heavily for what was an act of humanity; and the rack, that cruel torture which tore men's limbs asunder, was constantly kept going. What these unhappy men confessed, or what was ever confessed by any one under that agony, must always be received with great doubt, as it is certain that people have frequently owned to the most absurd and impossible crimes, only to escape such dreadful suffering. But I cannot doubt it to have been proved by papers, that there were many plots, both among the Jesuits, and with France, and with Scotland, and with Spain, for the destruction of Queen Elizabeth, for the placing of Mary on the throne, and for the revival of the old religion.

If the English people were too ready to believe in plots, there were, as I have said, good reasons for it. When the massacre of Saint Bartholomew was yet fresh in their recollection, a great Protestant Dutch hero, the PRINCE OF ORANGE, was shot by an assassin, who confessed that he had been kept and trained for the purpose in a college of Jesuits. The Dutch, in this surprise and distress, offered to make Elizabeth their sovereign, but she declined the honour, and sent them a small army instead, under the command of the Earl of Leicester, who, although a capital Court favourite, was not much of a general. He did so little in Holland, that his campaign there would probably have been forgotten, but for its occasioning the death of one of the best writers, the best knights, and the best gentlemen, of that or any age. This was SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, who was wounded by a musket ball in the thigh as he mounted a fresh horse, after having had his own killed under him. He had to ride back, wounded, a long distance, and was very faint with fatigue and loss of blood, when some water, for which he had eagerly asked, was handed to him. But he was so good and gentle even then, that seeing a poor badly wounded common soldier lying on the ground, looking at the water with longing eyes, he said, "Thy necessity is greater than mine," and gave it up to him. This touching action of a noble heart

is perhaps as well known as any incident in history—is as famous far and wide as the blood-stained Tower of London, with its axe, and block, and murders out of number. So delightful is an act of true humanity, and so glad are mankind to remember it.

At home, intelligence of plots began to thicken every day. I suppose the people never did live under such continual terrors as those by which they were possessed now, of Catholic risings, and burnings, and poisonings, and I don't know what. Still, we must always remember that they lived near and close to awful realities of that kind, and that with their experience it was not so difficult to believe in any enormity. The government had the same fear, and did not take the best means of discovering the truth; for besides torturing the suspected, it employed paid spies, who will always lie for their own profit; and it even made some of the conspiracies it brought to light, by sending false letters to disaffected people, inviting them to join in pretended plots, which they too readily did.

But, one great real plot was at length discovered, and it ended the career of Mary, Queen of Scots. A seminary priest, named BALLARD, and a Spanish soldier named SAVAGE, set on and, encouraged by certain French priests, imparted a design to one ANTONY BABINGTON—a gentleman of fortune in Derbyshire, who had been for some time a secret agent of Mary's—for murdering the Queen. Babington then confided the scheme to some other Catholic gentlemen who were his friends, and they joined in it heartily. They were vain, weak-headed young men, ridiculously confident, and preposterously proud of their plan; for they got a gimcrack painting made, of the six choice spirits who were to murder Elizabeth, with Babington in an attitude for the centre figure. Two of their body, however, one of whom was a priest, kept Elizabeth's wisest minister, SIR FRANCIS WALSHINGHAM, acquainted with the whole project from the first. The conspirators were completely deceived to the final point, when Babington gave Savage, because he was shabby, a ring from his finger, and some money from his purse, wherewith to buy himself new clothes in which to kill the Queen. Walshingham, having then full evidence against the whole band, and two letters of Mary's besides, resolved to seize them. Suspecting something wrong, they stole out of the city, one by one, and hid themselves in St. John's Wood, and other places which really were hiding places then; but they were all taken, and all executed. When they were seized, a gentleman was sent from Court to inform Mary of the fact, and of her being involved in the discovery. Her friends have complained that she was kept in very hard and severe custody. It does not appear very likely, for she was going out a hunting that very morning.

Queen Elizabeth had been warned long ago, by one in France who had good information of what was secretly doing, that in holding Mary alive, she held "the wolf who would devour her." The Bishop of London had, more lately, given the Queen's favourite minister the advice, in writing, "forthwith to cut off the Scottish Queen's head." The question now was, what to do with her. The Earl of Leicester wrote a little note home from Holland, recommending that she should be quietly poisoned; that noble favourite having accustomed his mind, it is possible, to remedies of that nature. His black advice, however, was disregarded, and she was brought to trial at Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire, before a tribunal of forty, composed of both religions. There, and in the Star Chamber at Westminster, the trial lasted a fortnight. She defended herself with great ability, but could only deny the confessions that had been made by Babington and others; could only call her own letters, produced against her by her own secretaries, forgeries; and, in short, could only deny everything. She was found guilty, and declared to have incurred the penalty of death. The Parliament met, approved the sentence, and prayed the Queen to have it executed. The Queen replied that she requested them to consider whether no means could be found of saving Mary's life without endangering her own. The Parliament rejoined, No, and the citizens illuminated their houses and lighted bonfires, in token of their joy that all these plots and troubles were to be ended by the death of the Queen of Scots.

She, feeling sure that her time was now come, wrote a letter to the Queen of England, making three entreaties; first, that she might be buried in France; secondly, that she might not be executed in secret, but before her servants and some others; thirdly, that after her death her servants should not be molested, but should be suffered to go home with the legacies she left them. It was an affecting letter, and Elizabeth shed tears over it, but sent no answer. Then came a special ambassador from France, and another from Scotland, to intercede for Mary's life; and then the nation began to clamour, more and more, for her death.

What the real feelings or intentions of Elizabeth were, can never be known now; but I strongly suspect her of only wishing one thing more than Mary's death, and that was to keep free of the blame of it. On the first of February, one thousand five hundred and eighty-seven, Lord Burleigh having drawn out the warrant for the execution, the Queen sent to the secretary DAVISON to bring it to

her, that she might sign it; which she did. Next day, when Davison told her it was sealed, she angrily asked him why such haste was necessary? Next day but one she joked about it, and swore a little. Again, next day but one, she seemed to complain that it was not yet done, but still she would not be plain with those about her. So, on the seventh, the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury, with the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, came with the warrant to Fotheringay, to tell the Queen of Scots to prepare for death.

When those messengers of ill omen were gone, Mary made a frugal supper, drank to her servants, read over her will, went to bed, slept for some hours, and then arose and passed the remainder of the night saying prayers. In the morning she dressed herself in her best clothes, and at eight o'clock, when the sheriff came for her to her chapel, took leave of her servants who were there assembled praying with her, and went down stairs, carrying a Bible in one hand and a crucifix in the other. Two of her women and four of her men were allowed to be present in the hall, where a low scaffold, only two feet from the ground, was erected and covered with black; and where the executioner from the Tower and his assistant stood, dressed in black velvet. The hall was full of people. While the sentence was being read she sat upon a stool, and when it was finished she again denied her guilt, as she had done before. The Earl of Kent and the Dean of Peterborough, in their Protestant zeal, made some very unnecessary speeches to her, to which she replied that she died in the Catholic religion, and they need not trouble themselves about that matter. When her head and neck were uncovered by the executioners, she said that she had not been used to be undressed by such hands, or before so much company. Finally, one of her women fastened a cloth over her face, and she laid her neck upon the block, and repeated more than once in Latin, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!" Some say her head was struck off in two blows, some say in three. However that be, when it was held up, streaming with blood, the real hair beneath the false hair she had long worn was seen to be as grey as that of a woman of seventy, though she was at that time only in her forty-sixth year. All her beauty was gone.

But she was beautiful enough to her little dog, who cowered under her dress, frightened, when she went upon the scaffold, and who lay down beside her headless body when all her earthly sorrows were over.

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[No. 40.]

THE NOBLE SAVAGE.

To come to the point at once, I beg to say that I have not the least belief in the Noble Savage. I consider him a prodigious nuisance, and an enormous superstition. His calling run fire-water, and me a pale face, wholly fail to reconcile me to him. I don't care what he calls me. I call him a savage, and I call a savage a something highly desirable to be civilised off the face of the earth. I think a mere gent (which I take to be the lowest form of civilisation) better than a howling, whistling, clucking, stamping, jumping, tearing, savage. It is all one to me, whether he sticks a fish-bone through his visage, or bits of trees through the lobes of his ears, or birds' feathers in his head; whether he flattens his hair between two boards, or spreads his nose over the breadth of his face, or drags his lower lip down by great weights, or blackens his teeth, or knocks them out, or paints one cheek red and the other blue, or tattoos himself, or oils himself, or rubs his body with fat, or crimps it with knives. Yielding to whatsoever of these agreeable eccentricities, he is a savage—cruel, false, thievish, murderous; addicted more or less to grease, entrails, and beastly customs; a wild animal with the questionable gift of boasting; a conceited, tiresome, bloodthirsty, monotonous humbug.

Yet it is extraordinary to observe how some people will talk about him, as they talk about the good old times; how they will regret his disappearance, in the course of this world's development, from such and such lands where his absence is a blessed relief and an indispensable preparation for the sowing of the very first seeds of any influence that can exalt humanity; how, even with the evidence of himself before them, they will either be determined to believe, or will suffer themselves to be persuaded into believing, that he is something which their five senses tell them he is not.

There was Mr. Catlin, some few years ago, with his Ojibbeway Indians. Mr. Catlin was an energetic earnest man, who had lived among more tribes of Indians than I need reckon up here, and who had written a picturesque and glowing book about them. With his party of Indians squatting and spitting on the table before him, or dancing

their miserable jigs after their own dreary manner, he called, in all good faith, upon his civilised audience to take notice of their symmetry and grace, their perfect limbs, and the exquisite expression of their pantomime; and his civilised audience, in all good faith, complied and admired. Whereas, as mere animals, they were wretched creatures, very low in the scale and very poorly formed; and as men and women possessing any power of truthful dramatic expression by means of action, they were no better than the chorus at an Italian Opera in England—and would have been worse if such a thing were possible.

Mine are no new views of the noble savage. The greatest writers on natural history found him out long ago. BUFFON knew what he was, and showed why he is the sulky tyrant that he is to his women, and how it happens (Heaven be praised!) that his race is spare in numbers. For evidence of the quality of his moral nature, pass himself for a moment and refer to his "faithful dog." Has he ever improved a dog, or attached a dog, since his nobility first ran wild in woods, and was brought down (at a very long shot) by PORE? Or does the animal that is the friend of man, always degenerate in his low society?

It is not the miserable nature of the noble savage that is the new thing; it is the whimpering over him with maudlin admiration, and the affecting to regret him, and the drawing of any comparison of advantage between the blemishes of civilisation and the tenor of his swinish life. There may have been a change now and then in those diseased absurdities, but there is none in him.

Think of the Bushmen. Think of the two men and the two women who have been exhibited about England for some years. Are the majority of persons—who remember the horrid little leader of that party in his festering bundle of hides, with his filth and his antipathy to water, and his straddled legs, and his odious eyes shaded by his brutal hand, and his cry of "Qu-u-u-aaa!" (Bosjesman for something desperately insulting I have no doubt)—conscious of an affectionate yearning towards that noble savage, or is it idiosyncratic in me to abhor, detest, abominate, and abjure him? I have no reserve on this subject, and will frankly state that, setting aside that stage of the entertainment when

he counterfeited the death of some creature he had shot, by laying his head on his hand and shaking his left leg—at which time I think it would have been justifiable homicide to slay him—I have never seen that group sleeping, smoking, and expectorating round their brazier, but I have sincerely desired that something might happen to the charcoal smouldering therein, which would cause the immediate suffocation of the whole of the noble strangers.

There is at present a party of Zulu Kaffirs exhibiting at the St. George's Gallery, Hyde Park Corner, London. These noble savages are represented in a most agreeable manner; they are seen in an elegant theatre, fitted with appropriate scenery of great beauty, and they are described in a very sensible and unpretending lecture, delivered with a modesty which is quite a pattern to all similar exponents. Though extremely ugly, they are much better shaped than such of their predecessors as I have referred to; and they are rather picturesque to the eye, though far from odoriferous to the nose. What a visitor left to his own interpretations and imaginings might suppose these noblemen to be about, when they give vent to that pantomimic expression which is quite settled to be the natural gift of the noble savage, I cannot possibly conceive; for it is so much too luminous for my personal civilisation that it conveys no idea to my mind beyond a general stamping, ramming, and raving, remarkable (as everything in savage life is) for its dire uniformity. But let us—with the interpreter's assistance, of which I for one stand so much in need—see what the noble savage does in Zulu Kaffirland.

The noble savage sets a king to reign over him, to whom he submits his life and limbs without a murmur or question, and whose whole life is passed chin deep in a lake of blood; but who, after killing incessantly, is in his turn killed by his relations and friends, the moment a grey hair appears on his head. All the noble savage's wars with his fellow-savages (and he takes no pleasure in anything else) are wars of extermination—which is the best thing I know of him, and the most comfortable to my mind when I look at him. He has no moral feelings of any kind, sort, or description; and his "mission" may be summed up as simply diabolical.

The ceremonies with which he faintly diversifies his life are, of course, of a kindred nature. If he wants a wife he appears before the council of the gentleman whom he has selected for his father-in-law, attended by a party of male friends of a very strong flavour, who screech and whistle and stamp an offer of so many cows for the young lady's hand. The chosen father-in-law—also supported by a high-flavoured party of male friends—screeches, whistles, and yells (being seated on the ground, he can't stamp) that there never was such a daughter in the market as his daughter, and that he must have six more

cows. The son-in-law and his select circle of backers, screech, whistle, stamp, and yell in reply, that they will give three more cows. The father-in-law (an old deluder, overpaid at the beginning) accepts four, and rises to bind the bargain. The whole party, the young lady included, then falling into epileptic convulsions, and screeching, whistling, stamping, and yelling together—and nobody taking any notice of the young lady (whose charms are not to be thought of without a shudder)—the noble savage is considered married, and his friends make demoniacal leaps at him by way of congratulation.

When the noble savage finds himself a little unwell, and mentions the circumstance to his friends, it is immediately perceived that he is under the influence of witchcraft. A learned personage, called an Inyanger or Witch Doctor, is immediately sent for to Nooker the Untargartie, or smell out the witch. The male inhabitants of the kraal being seated on the ground, the learned doctor, got up like a grizzly bear, appears, and administers a dance of a most terrific nature, during the exhibition of which remedy he incessantly gnashes his teeth, and howls:—"I am the original physician to Nooker the Untargartie. Yow yow yow! No connexion with any other establishment. Till till till! All other Untargarties are feigned Untargarties, Boroo Boroo! but I perceive here a genuine and real Untargartie, Hoosh Hoosh Hoosh! in whose blood I the original Inyanger and Nookerer, Blizzerrm Boo! will wash these bear's claws of mine. O yow yow yow!" All this time the learned physician is looking out among the attentive faces for some unfortunate man who owes him a cow, or who has given him any small offence, or against whom, without offence, he has conceived a spite. Him he never fails to Nooker as the Untargartie, and he is instantly killed. In the absence of such an individual, the usual practice is to Nooker the quietest and most gentlemanly person in company. But the nookering is invariably followed on the spot by the butchering.

Some of the noble savages in whom Mr. Catlin was so strongly interested, and the diminution of whose numbers, by rum and small-pox, greatly affected him, had a custom not unlike this, though much more appalling and disgusting in its others detail.

The women being at work in the fields, hoeing the Indian corn, and the noble savage being asleep in the shade, the chief has sometimes the condescension to come forth, and lighten the labour by looking at it. On these occasions he seats himself in his own savage chair, and is attended by his shield-bearer: who holds over his head a shield of cowhide—in shape like an immense mouse-shell—farfully and wonderfully, after the manner of a theatrical supernumerary. But lest the great man should forget his greatness in the contemplation of the humble works of

agriculture, there suddenly rushes in a poet, retained for the purpose, called a Praiser. This literary gentleman wears a leopard's head over his own, and a dress of tigers' tails; he has the appearance of having come express on his hind legs from the Zoological Gardens; and he incontinently strikes up the chief's praises, plunging and tearing all the while. There is a frantic wickedness in this brute's manner of worrying the air, and gnashing out "Oh what a delightful chief he is! O what a delicious quantity of blood he sheds! O how majestically he laps it up! O how charmingly cruel he is! O how he tears the flesh of his enemies and crunches the bones! O how like the tiger and the leopard and the wolf and the bear he is! O, row row row row, how fond I am of him!"—which might tempt the Society of Friends to charge at a hand-gallop into the Swartz-Kop location and exterminate the whole kraal.

When war is afoot among the noble savages—which is always—the chief holds a council to ascertain whether it is the opinion of his brothers and friends in general that the enemy shall be exterminated. On this occasion, after the performance of an Umsebeuza, or war song,—which is exactly like all the other songs,—the chief makes a speech to his brothers and friends, arranged in single file. No particular order is observed during the delivery of this address, but every gentleman who finds himself excited by the subject, instead of crying "Hear, hear!" as is the custom with us, darts from the rank and tramples out the life, or crushes the skull, or mashes the face, or scoops out the eyes, or breaks the limbs, or performs a whirlwind of atrocities on the body, of an imaginary enemy. Several gentlemen becoming thus excited at once, and pounding away without the least regard to the orator, that illustrious person is rather in the position of an orator in an Irish House of Commons. But, several of these scenes of savage life bear a strong generic resemblance to an Irish election, and I think would be extremely well received and understood at Cork.

In all these ceremonies the noble savage holds forth to the utmost possible extent about himself; from which (to turn him to some civilised account) we may learn, I think, that as Egotism is one of the most offensive and contemptible littleness a civilised man can exhibit, so it is really incompatible with the interchange of ideas; inasmuch as if we all talked about ourselves we should soon have no listeners, and must be all yelling and screeching at once on our own separate accounts: making society hideous. It is my opinion that if we retained in us anything of the noble savage, we could not get rid of it too soon. But the fact is clearly otherwise. Upon the wife and dowry question, substituting coin for cows, we have assuredly nothing of the Zulu Kaffir left. The endurance of

despotism is one great distinguishing mark of a savage always. The improving world has quite got the better of that too. In like manner, Paris is a civilised city, and the Théâtre Français a highly civilised theatre; and we shall never hear, and never have heard in these later days (of course) of the Praiser *there*. No, no, civilised poets have better work to do. As to Nookering Untargarties, there are no pretended Untargarties in Europe, and no European Powers to Nooker them; that would be mere spydom, subornation, small malice, superstition, and false pretence. And as to private Untargarties, are we not in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-three, with spirits rapping at our doors?

To conclude as I began. My position is, that if we have anything to learn from the Noble Savage, it is what to avoid. His virtues are a fable; his happiness is a delusion; his nobility, nonsense. We have no greater justification for being cruel to the miserable object, than for being cruel to a WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE or an ISAAC NEWTON; but he passes away before an immeasurably better and higher power than ever ran wild in any earthly woods, and the world will be all the better when his place knows him no more.

THE MAHOMMEDAN MOTHER.

Mussoorie and Landour, situated in the lower range of the Himalaya mountains, form the favourite sanitarium of the upper part of India. The scenery is more beautiful than that of Simla; for Mussoorie and Landour command a view of Dehra Dhoon, which resembles (except that the Dhoon is grander and more extensive) the plains of Italy as seen from the ascent of the Simplon. The Mall of Mussoorie is crowded every evening with visitors; some on horseback, some on hill ponies, some on foot, and some in the *janpan* (something like a sedan-chair carried by four hill men). A gayer scene it would be impossible to conceive. Every one knows his neighbour; and, in passing along the narrow road stoppages are frequent. Compliments must be exchanged, and the news or scandal of the day gossipped about. Every now and then you hear a cry of "What a shame!" from a terrified lady in a *janpan*, while a couple of lovers gallop past on spirited Arabs, at full speed: sometimes a shriek from a nervous mamma reverberates through the valleys, when she beholds her children in the way of the heedless pair.

Accidents sometimes occur. A few years ago, a lady and a gentleman were riding round a place called the Camel's Back; the road gave way and they fell down a precipice several hundred feet. The horses were killed, but the riders miraculously escaped with only a few severe bruises. On another occasion, a gentleman of the civil service was taking his evening walk, when one of his dogs ran

between his legs, and precipitated him. He was killed on the spot.

On the Mall, every evening, was to be seen a native woman standing by the side of the road, near a large rock, watching those who passed by. She was well dressed, and her face was concealed according to the custom of persons of her apparent station in life. There she stood, attracting general attention. She was a woman of slight, but graceful figure, and rather tall. Many persons were curious to know who she was, and to see her face; but she took care that in this respect none should be gratified. Sometimes she would go away early; at other times she would remain until it was quite dark. Some suspected—and I was amongst the number—that she was the native wife of some European officer who had divorced himself, and visited the "Hills," whither the woman, to annoy, had followed him; and there was no small amount of speculation—as to *whose* wife she could be. Some of the guesses, if they were seriously made, were extremely ungenerous, for they included several elderly officials who could not by any possibility have been married to this mysterious lady. I was determined to know who she was; and one night, when most people were thronged around the band, I approached her, and inquired if I could be of any service to her. She replied, (her face closely covered) "Yes; by going away." She had a very sweet voice; and its sorrowful tones inspired me with pity, when she added, "I am a poor woman; my heart is crushed; do not add to my misery by remaining near me." I obeyed her, after apologising for having intruded. Several other persons had attempted to extract some particulars from the lady, and had received the same sort of reply as that she had given to me.

The rains were about to commence, and storms were not infrequent. The Mall was less frequented; only a few—those who cared little about hearing "heaven's artillery thunder in the skies," or being pelted by hailstones as large as marbles—ventured out; but amongst that few was the native lady; who, punctual as the light of day, visited that huge dismal-looking rock, and gazed upon the road.

I have seen a storm on the heights of Jura—such a storm as Lord Byron describes. I have seen lightning, and heard thunder in Australia; I have, off Terra del Fuogo, the Cape of Good Hope, and the coast of Java, kept watch in thunderstorms which have drowned in their roaring the human voice, and made every one deaf and stupified; but these storms are not to be compared with a thunderstorm at Mussoorie or Landour.

In one of these storms of thunder, lightning, wind, and hail—at about five o'clock in the afternoon—I laid a wager with a friend that the native lady would be found as usual standing near the rock. Something secretly assured me that she was there at that moment, looking on unmoved, except by the

passions which had prompted her pilgrimage. How were we to decide it? "By going to the spot," I suggested. My friend declined, but declared that as far as the bet was concerned, he would be perfectly satisfied with my word, either one way or the other—namely, whether I had won or lost.

I set off upon my journey. The rock was, at least, three quarters of a mile distant from my abode. My curiosity was so much aroused—albeit I felt certain the woman was there—that I walked through the storm without heeding it. Every now and then I saw the electric fluid descend into a valley, then heard that strange noise which huge pieces of rock make when they bound from one precipice to another, tearing up trees, and carrying large stones and the earth along with them in their headlong career—but still my mind was intent on the woman, and nothing else.

Was she there?

Yes; there she sat, drenched to the skin; but I could not pity her wet and cold condition, for I could see that she cared no more about it than I cared about my own. She drew her garment so closely over her face that the outline of her features was plainly discernible. It was decidedly handsome, but still I longed to see her eyes to confirm my impression. I sat beside her. The storm still raged, and presently the lady said "The heaven is speaking, Sahib." I answered "Truly; but the lightning, the parent of that sound which I now hear, I cannot see." She understood me, and gave me a glimpse of her eyes. They were not like the eyes of a native; they were of a blueish hue, almost grey. I said to her, in Hindoostanee, "You are not a native; what do you do here in a native dress?"

"I would I were an European," she answered me. "My feelings, perhaps, would be less acute, and I should be sitting over a bright fire. Oh! how loudly the heaven is speaking! Go home, Sahib, you will catch cold!"

"Why do *you* not go home?" I asked. "You will see no one to-day. No—not even your beloved. I am the only being who will venture out in a storm like this; and I do so only for your sake."

"My heart is as hard as this rock," she said, flipping her finger against the granite, "to all except one being—a child. Oh, how the heaven is speaking, Sahib!"

"Do you not fear the lightning and the hail?" I asked her.

"I did once," she replied. "I trembled whenever it came near; but now, what does it signify? *Bidglee* (lightning), come to me," she cried, beckoning to a streak of fluid which entered the ground within a hundred yards of us. "*Bidglee*, come here, and make a turquoise of my heart."

What pretty feet! She had kicked off her shoes, which were saturated and spoiled.

"Go home, Sahib" (such was the refrain of her conversation). "You will catch cold!"

By degrees I had an opportunity of seeing all her features. She was most beautiful, but had evidently passed the meridian of her charms. She could not have been less than twenty-four years of age. On the forefinger of her left hand she wore a ring of English manufacture, in which was set a red cornelian, whereon was engraved a crest—a stag's head.

I took her hand in mine, and said, "Where did you get this?" pointing to the ring.

She smiled and sighed, and then answered, "Jee, (sir) it belonged to an Ameer (a great man)."

"Where is he?"

"Never mind."

"Do you expect to see him soon?"

"No—never."

"Is he old?"

"No. Not older than yourself. How the heaven is speaking!"

"Let me see you to your home."

"No. I will go alone."

"When do you intend to go?"

"When you have left me."

"You are very unkind thus to repulse my civility."

"It may be so. But my heart's blood is curdled."

I bade her farewell; and through the storm, which still raged, I went home and won my wager.

I could not rest that night. The beautiful face of the native woman haunted me. In vain I tried to sleep, and at last I arose from my bed, and joined a card-party, in the hope that the excitement of gambling would banish her from my brain. But to no purpose. I knew not what I was playing, and ere long I left off in disgust.

Almost every one who visits the Hills keeps a servant called a *tindal*. His duty is to look after the men who carry your janpan, to go errands, to keep up the fire, and to accompany you with a lantern, when you go out after dark. These tindals, like the couriers on the Continent, are a peculiar race, and, generally speaking, are a very sharp, active, and courageous people. I summoned my tindal, and interrogated him about the native lady who had caused so much sensation in Mussoorie. The only information he could afford me was that she had come from a village near Hurdwar; that she was rich, possessed of the most costly jewels, kept a number of servants, moved about in great state on the plains, and for all he knew she might be the wife or slave of some Rajah.

Could she, I wondered, be the famous Ranee Chunda, the mother of Dulleep Singh, and the wife of Runjeet? The woman who, disguised as a soldier, had escaped from the fort of Chunar, where she had been imprisoned for disturbing, by her plots, the imagination of Sir Frederick Currie, when he was Resident at Lahore? The woman I had seen and spoken to, "answered to the description"

of the Ranee, in every respect, excepting the eyes. Dulleep Singh was living at Mussoorie, and he not unfrequently rode upon the Mall. Ranee Chunda had a satirical tongue, and a peculiarly sweet-toned, but shrill voice; and she had remarkably beautiful feet; and so had this woman. Ranee Chunda had courage which was superhuman; so had this woman. Ranee Chunda had a child—an only child; so had this woman.

I asked the tindal where the lady lived. He replied that she occupied a small house near the bazaar, not very far from my own abode. "She is in great grief," the tindal yawned, "about something or other."

"Endeavour to find out the cause of her misfortunes," said I, "and you shall be rewarded according to your success."

Next day the tindal reported to me that I was not the only sahib who was deeply interested in the native lady's affairs; that many wished to make her acquaintance, and had sent their tindals to talk to her; but that she had firmly and laconically dismissed them all, just as she had dismissed him. "Tell your master that the sufferings of an object of pity, such as I am, ought not to be aggravated by the insulting persecution of gay and light-hearted men."

The day after the storm brought forth the loveliest afternoon that can be imagined. The sun shone out brightly, the clouds were lifted from the Dhoon, and the vast panorama resembled what we read of in some fairy tale. All Mussoorie and Landour turned out. The Mall was so crowded that it was difficult to thread one's way through the throng.

Was the lady at the rock?—Yes; there she stood as usual, watching those who passed. The Maharajah with his suite appeared. I was convinced that the woman was the Maharajah's mother; but I did not breathe my suspicions lest I might cause her to be arrested. When it became dusk, and the visitors were taking their departure, I again approached the lady, and made my "salaam," in that respectful phrase which is always adopted when addressing a native woman of rank. She at once recognised me as the person who had spoken to her during the storm on the previous afternoon, for she alluded to its fury, and said she had taken a wrong road, had lost her way, after I had left her, and did not reach home till nearly midnight. She concluded her little speech with a hope that I had been more fortunate.

"You should have allowed me to escort you," said I. "I would have helped to carry your load of sorrow."

She looked at me, and suddenly and abruptly said: "Your name is Longford."

"You are right," said I.

"About three or four years ago you stayed for several days with a friend in a tent near Deobund? You were on your way to these mountains?"

"I did."

"You had a little dog with you, and you lost it at Deobund?"

"I did lose my dog, and made a great noise about it. But how do you know all this?"

She smiled and sighed.

I was bewildered. My belief that she was the Rancee Chunda was almost confirmed. It was close to the encampment of the Rancee, when she was on her way to Chumar, that my dog was lost, and my servants and the officers of police declared that it must have been some of the Rancee's people who had stolen the favourite.

"The dog is still alive," said the lady; "and if you will come to-morrow, at twelve o'clock, to my house, you shall see him; but you will promise not to take him from me?"

"Of course, I will not take him from you. But let me see him to-night, and tell me how he came into your possession. I will see you to your home."

"No, Sahib; be patient. I will tell you all to-morrow; and when you have heard my story you will perhaps do me a kindness. It is in your power to assist me. Tell me where you live, and I will send my brother to you at eleven o'clock. He will conduct you to my house. Salaam, Sahib."

I returned her salaam, and left her.

I did not go to bed till two o'clock the next morning, and, when my tindal aroused me at eleven, and informed me that a young man wished to see me, I was disposed to believe that my engagement at twelve had been made in my dreams.

I ordered the young man to be admitted. He came to my bedside, and said in a confidential tone of voice: "The lady has sent me to wait your commands." I got up, made a hasty toilet, drank a cup of very hot tea, and followed the young man, who led me to the little house near the theatre, at the top of the Bazaar. I entered the abode, and found the lady sitting, native fashion, on a carpet, on which was strewed marigold and rose leaves. Her silver *kulcan* (small hookah) was beside her; and, sure enough, there was my long lost terrier, Duke, looking as sleek, fat, lazy, and useless as a native lady's dog could be. After expressing my thanks to the lady for her condescension in granting me the interview, I spoke to my former favourite, Duke, but he only stretched himself, and yawned in reply.

"And you have still that ring with the blue stone in it," said the lady, taking my hand and smiling while she looked at the ring. "I remember observing this when I saw you a leap, one morning, on a couch in the tent at Deobund. Had I noticed it when you addressed me during the storm, I would not have spoken so rudely to you."

"I do not remember having seen you previous to the other evening," said I, "and if I had, I should never have forgotten it."

"Where have we met?" I repeated.

"Where I had opportunities of seeing you, but where you could not see me."

There was an old serving woman, whom she called mother, attending upon her, and the young man whom she called brother, a soldier-like looking youth, was still standing in the room to which he had conducted me. The lady desired them both to withdraw, and then begged me to bring the *mora* (or stool), upon which I was sitting, close to her side. I obeyed her. She placed her finely-formed head in the palms of her hands, and gave vent to a violent flood of tears. I suffered her to weep without interruption. Grief appeared to relieve her, rather than to increase her pain. At length she dried her eyes, and said:—

"My father was a *Moolree* (Mahommedan law officer), attached to the Sadder Court in Agra. I am his only daughter. He was absent from home all day. Why should he not be? He was paid for it; he eat the Company's salt. Well, when I was about fifteen years of age, I was enticed away from my home by the *Kotwall* (native police officer). He sent an old woman, who had silver on her tongue, and gold in her hand. She told me long stories about love; and promised me, that if I left my home I should marry the *Kotwall's* son, who was young and handsome. I was but a child and very foolish. The servants who had charge of me were all bribed heavily. One received three hundred rupees, another two hundred, a third one hundred. These people encouraged me in the idea that to marry the *Kotwall's* son would be the most prudent thing in the world, and, one day, when my father had gone to the Court, at about ten o'clock, I eloped with the old woman, whom the *Kotwall* had sent to talk me over.

"We travelled all day, in a *bylee* (native carriage), guarded by two sowars. I asked the old woman several times where she was taking me, but her only reply was, 'Set your heart at rest, child, and eat some sweetmeats.' The *paun* which she gave me must have been drugged, for shortly after eating it I fell asleep. How long I slept I cannot say, but when I awoke I found myself in the house of a Sahib. The old woman was there also. I became alarmed, but my fears were quieted by the old woman's tongue. She told me I was close to Agra; but the truth was, I was one hundred koss (two hundred miles) distant. Nautch girls were sent for, and they danced before me. I had this hookah given to me, and these bangles. A boy, very handsomely dressed, waited upon me, and brought my food. Parrots, minahs, and doves were purchased for me to play with. Whatever my childish fancy dictated the old woman instantly procured.

"I was so constantly amused I had no time or inclination to think of my home. My father was a bad tempered man, and

I was only too glad to be out of hearing of the quarrels in which he constantly engaged with his servants and dependants. One evening the old woman said to me, '*Baba* (child), order a Nautch this evening, and let me, in your name, invite the Sahib to witness it.' I had never seen an Englishman—a European—except at a distance. The idea of being in a room with one inspired me with terror. I had been taught to despise the Kafir, whom my father said he was compelled to serve. I objected; but the old woman's eloquence again prevailed.

The night came; I was seated on my *fureesh* (carpet) just as I am now, and dressed in clothes of the gayest description. I was like a little queen, and felt as proud as was Noor Jehan. I was then very handsome. If I had not been, much trouble would have been spared: and my flesh was firm—not as it is now. At about ten o'clock the Sahib made his appearance. When he came into the room I was ready to faint with alarm, and, turning my head away, I clung to the old woman and trembled from head to foot. '*Dhuro mat*, (do not fear),' said the Sahib; and then he reproved, but in a gentle voice, the Nautch girls who were laughing loudly at me. The old woman, too, bade me banish my fears. After a while, I ventured to steal a look at the Sahib; and again averted my face, and clung to the old woman. The Sahib, after remaining a brief while, during which he praised my beauty, retired, and I was once more happy. 'There,' said the old woman, when he was gone; 'you see the Sahib is not a wild beast out of the jungles, but as gentle as one of your own doves.'

"On the following day I heard the Sahib talking in the next room; I peeped through the keyhole of the door, and saw him seated at a table. The *nazir* (head clerk) was standing beside him, reading. There was a man in chains surrounded by *burkandazes* (guards) at the other end of the room, and a woman was there giving her evidence. The Court-house was undergoing some repairs, and the Sahib was carrying on his magisterial duties in his dining-room. The man in chains began to speak, and deny his guilt. The Sahib called out '*'Hoop!*' (Silence!') in a voice so loud that I involuntarily started back and shuddered. The prisoner again addressed the Sahib, and one of the *burkandazes* dealt him a severe blow on the head, accompanied by the words, '*Suer! Chor!* (Pig! Thief!)' The case was deferred until the following day, and the court closed at about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the Sahib again paid me a visit.

"I was now afraid to show my fears, lest the Sahib should order me to be killed; and I therefore put on a cheerful countenance, while my heart was quivering in my breast. The Sahib spoke to me very kindly, and I began to dread him less.

"In this way I spent a fortnight; and, at the end of that time, I ventured to talk to the Sahib as though I were his equal. It afforded me great amusement to watch the administration of justice through the keyhole; and, young as I was, I imbibed a desire to have a share in the arbitrary power which was daily exercised.

"One day, when the Sahib came into my room, I began to talk to him about a case of which he had just disposed. He laughed, and listened to my views with great patience. I told him that the evidence upon which the prisoner had been convicted was false from beginning to end. He promised me that he would reverse the sentence of imprisonment; and, in the ecstasy of my joy at finding that I really had some power, I was intoxicated and unconscious of what I was doing. I suffered the Sahib's lips to touch mine. No sooner had I done so than I felt a degraded onteast, and I cried more bitterly than I have words to describe. The Sahib consoled me and said that his God and his Prophet should be mine; and that in this world and the next our destinies should be the same.

"From that day I was a wife unto him. I ruled his household, and I shared his pleasures and his sorrows. He was in debt; but, by reducing his expenses, I soon freed him; for his pay was fifteen hundred rupees a month. I suffered no one to rob him, and caused the old woman, who was a great thief and cheat, to be turned away. I loved him with all my soul. I would rather have begged with him than have shared the throne of Ackbar Shah. When he was tired, I lulled him to sleep; when he was ill, I nursed him: when he was angry, I soon restored him to good-humour: and, when I saw him about to be deceived by his subordinates, I put him on his guard. That he loved me I never had any reason to doubt. He gave me his confidence, and I never abused his trust.

"Who was the man?" I inquired; for I was in doubt, although I suspected.

"Be patient, Sahib," she replied, and then resumed. "At the end of two years I became a mother."

Here she gave vent to another flood of tears.

"The Sahib was pleased. The child seemed to bind us more closely together. I loved the child; I believe it was because it bore such a strong likeness to its father. When the Sahib was away from me, on duty in the district, he seemed still by my side, when I looked at the boy; who was as white as you are."

"Is the child dead?" I asked.

"Be patient, Sahib. When you passed through Deobund, and stayed in the tent with your friend, my child was two years old. I was the mistress of that encampment at Deobund, and the wine you drank was given out with this hand."

"How little do men know of each other!"

I exclaimed, "even those who are the most intimate! I had not the least idea there was a lady in the camp, I assure you."

"How angry with you was I," said she, "for keeping the Sahib up so late. You talked together the whole night long. Therefore I had no remorse when I took your dog. Well, as you are aware, soon after that, the Sahib was seized with fever, from which he recovered; but he was so shattered by the attack that he was compelled to visit Europe, where you know" she paused.

A native woman will never, if she can avoid it, speak of the death of a person whom she has loved. I was aware of this, and bowed my head, touching my forehead with both hands. The father of her child had died on his passage to England.

"Before he left me," she continued, "he gave me all that he possessed—his house and furniture, his horses, carriage, plate; his shares in the bank, his watch, his dressing case, his rings—everything was given to me, and I own all to this hour. When I heard the sad news I was heartbroken. Had it not been for the child I would have starved myself to death; as it was I took to opium, and smoking *bhang* (hemp). While I was in this state, my Sahib's brother—the Captain Sahib—came, and took away the boy; not by violence. I gave it to him. What was the child to me, then? I did not care. But the old woman whom you heard me call my mother, who now attends me, gradually weaned me from the desperation in which I was indulging; and, by degrees, my senses returned to me. I then began to ask about my child, and a longing to see him came over me. At first they told me he was dead; but, when they found I was resolved to destroy myself by intemperance, they told me the truth—that the child was living, and at school in these hills. I have come hither to be near my child. I see him almost every day, but it is at a distance. Sometimes he passes close to where I stand, and I long to spring upon him and to hug him to my breast whereon, in infancy, his head reposed. I pray that I could speak to him, give him a kiss, and bless him; but he is never alone. He is always playing with, or talking to, the other little boys at the same school. It seems hard that he should be so joyous, while his own mother is so wretched. Of what use to me is the property I have, when I cannot touch or be recognised by my own flesh and blood? You know the master of the school?"

"Yes."

"Could you not ask him to allow my child to visit you? And then I could see him once more and speak to him. You were a friend of his father, and the request would not seem strange."

I felt myself placed in a very awkward position, and would make no promise; but I told the woman I would consider the matter, and let her know on the following day,

provided she would stay at home, and not visit that rock upon the road any more. She strove hard to extract from me a pledge that I would yield to her request; but, difficult as it was to deny her anything—she was still so beautiful and so interesting I would not commit myself, and held to what I had in the first instance stated.

I paid a visit to the school at which my friend's child had been placed, by his uncle, a captain in the East India Company's service. I saw some thirty scholars, of all colours, on the play-ground; but I soon recognised the boy whom I was so curious to see. He was indeed very like his father, not only in face and figure, but in manner, gait, and bearing. I called to the little fellow, and he came and took my hand with a frankness which charmed me. The schoolmaster told me that the boy was very clever, and that, although only six years old, there were but few of his playmates whom he did not excel. "His father was an old friend of mine," I said. "Indeed, our acquaintance began when we were not older than this child. Would you have any objection to allow the boy to spend a day with me?"

"I promised his uncle," was the schoolmaster's reply, "that he should not go out, and that I would watch him closely; but, of course, he will be quite safe with you. Any day that you please to send for him, he shall be ready."

"Does he know anything of his mother?" I inquired.

"Nothing," said the schoolmaster. "He was very young when he came to me. I have no idea, who, or what, or where the mother is, for his uncle did not enter into the particulars of his parentage. The mother must have been very fair, if she were a native; the boy is so very slightly touched with the tarbrush."

I went home, and sent for the mother. She came; and I entreated her to forego her request, for the child's sake. I represented to her that it might unsettle him and cause him to be discontented. I assured her that he was now as happy and as well taken care of as any mother could desire her offspring to be. On hearing this, the poor woman became frantic. She knelt at my feet, and supplicated me to listen to her entreaty—a right of her child, a few words with him, and a kiss from his lips. She said she did not wish him to know that she was his mother; that if I would have him brought into my house, she would dress in the garb of a servant woman, or *syce's* (room's) wife, and talk to the boy without his being aware that she was the person who had brought him into the world.

"And you will not play me false?" said I, moved by her tears. "You will not, when you have once got hold of the boy, decline to relinquish that hold, and defy his friends

—as mothers *have* done—to take him from you, except by an order of Court? Remember, Dooneea,” (that was her name) “that I am running a great risk; and am, moreover, deceiving the schoolmaster, and behaving badly to the boy’s uncle, by allowing myself to be swayed by your tears and my own feelings. Consider what disgrace you will bring upon me, if you fail to keep your word in this matter.” She bound herself by an oath that she would do all I required, if I would only give her the longed-for interview.

“To-morrow, at twelve,” said I, “you may come here. At that hour, in this room, the child shall be with me. Come in the dress of a poor woman, and bring an infant with you. Let your excuse be that you have come to complain of the ill-treatment you have received from your husband, who is in my service. This will give me an opportunity of bidding you remain until justice be done, and meanwhile you will see the boy; and when I go out of the room, which will be only for a short time, you can talk to him. Do you know your part, Dooneea?”

“Yes, Sahib.”

“To-morrow at twelve. Salaam, Dooneea!”

“Salaam, Sahib.” She went away with a cheerful countenance.

There are no such actors in the world as the people of Hindostan. The boy came to me a little before twelve, and was reading to me when Dooneea, with a child in her arms, and dressed in the shabbiest apparel, rushed into the room, and commenced an harangue. She said she had been beaten unmercifully by her husband, for no cause whatever; that he had broken one of her fingers, and had attempted to stab her; but she had saved her life by flight. All this she accompanied with gesticulations and tears, according to the custom of complainants in the East. I feigned to be very angry with the husband, and hastily left the room, as if to make inquiry and to send for him.

I ran round to an outer door, and peeped in upon Dooneea and her boy. She was repeating the same tale to the child, and the child was imploring her not to cry. It was a strange scene. The tears she was now shedding were not mock tears. The boy asked her how her husband came to beat her? She began thus: “I was sitting near the fire talking to my eldest boy, and had my arm round his waist—there, just as I put my arm round your waist—and I said to the boy, ‘It is getting very late and you must go to sleep,’ and I pulled him to my breast—like this—and gave him a kiss on his forehead, then on his eyes—there—just as gently as that, yes, just like that. Well, the boy began to cry—”

“Why did he cry? Because you told him to go to bed?”

“Yes,” said Dooneea; “but his father came in, and thought I was teasing the child. He abused me, and then he beat me.”

The woman gazed at her child; and, having a good excuse for weeping in her alleged wrongs, she did not scruple to avail herself of it. From behind the screen which concealed me from her sight and that of the boy, I, too, shed tears of pity.

I returned to the room, and said, “Dooneea, since you are afraid of your life do not leave this house until I tell you to do so; but give your infant to the sweeper’s wife to take care of. I do not like young children in my house.”

How thankful she was! She placed her head upon my feet, and cracked her knuckles over my knees.

Charles Lamb says that the children of the poor are adults from infancy. The same may be said of the children of the rich in India. Dooneea’s little boy discussed the conduct of the cruel husband, and sympathised with the ill-used wife, as though he had been called upon to adjudicate the affair in a Court of Justice. He even went so far as to say, “What a wicked man to beat such a dear-looking woman!” and he gave Dooneea the rupee which I had given to him on the day previous when I saw him at the school. With what delight did Dooneea tie up that piece of coin, from the child’s hand, in the corner of her garment! It seemed far more precious to her than all the jewels which his dead father had presented to her in days gone by. It was a gift from her own child, who was living, but, to her, dead. Dooneea spoke Persian—a language the boy did not understand. His father had taught Dooneea that language in order that their servants might not know the tenor of their discourse. In that language Dooneea now spoke to me, in the boy’s presence.

“Is he not very like his father?” she said.

“Very,” I replied.

“Will he be as clever?”

“He is too young for any one to judge of that.”

“But he will be as generous,” (she pointed to the coin) “and he will be as tall, as good-looking, as passionate, as gentle, and as kind.”

The boy’s boots were muddy. Dooneea observed this, and with her own little hands cleaned them; and smiling, she asked him for a present in that tone and manner which the poorest menial in Hindostan adopts when addressing the most haughty superior.

The boy blushed, and looked at me.

“Have you nothing to give her?” said I.

“Nothing,” said he; “I gave her my rupee.”

“Give her that pretty blue ribbon which is round your neck, and I will give you one like it,” said I.

He took the ribbon from his neck and gave it to Dooneea.

Dooneea twisted the ribbon in her hair, and began to weep afresh.

“Do not cry, you silly woman,” said I; “I

will see that your husband does not beat you again."

She understood me, and dried her tears.

Dooneea again spoke to me in Persian. "Sahib," said she, "they do not wash the children properly at that school. Order me to do this."

"Charley, why did you come to me in this state, with your neck unwashed?" I asked the boy.

"We only wash in warm water once a week; on Saturdays," he replied. "This is Thursday."

"But I cannot allow you to dine with me in this state," said I, in Hindoostanee. "You must be well washed, my boy. Dooneea, give the child a bath."

With reluctant steps, the child followed his mother to my bathing-room. I peeped through the purdah; for I began to fear that I should have some trouble in parting the mother from her child, and half repented that I had ever brought them together. While Dooneea was brushing the child's hair, she said, "*Teomara mama kahankahi?*—Where is your mother?"

The boy answered, "I do not know."

I began to cough, to inform Dooneea that I was within hearing, and that I objected to that strain of examination. She ceased immediately.

I had an engagement to ride with a lady on the Mall. My horse was brought to the door; but I was afraid to leave Dooneea alone with the boy, notwithstanding her solemn promise that she would not run off with him. Yet I did not like to hurry that eternal separation on earth which, for the boy's sake, I was determined their separation should be.

I walked up and down my verandah for some time, meditating how I could part them. At last it occurred to me that I would send the boy away to his school by stratagem, and trust to chance how I might best explain to Dooneea that he would not return. I ordered a *syce* (groom) to saddle a little pony that I possessed, and told Dooneea that I wished the boy to take a ride with me, and that while we were absent, she ought to take some food. It stung me to the soul to witness how innocent she was of my intentions; for she seemed pleased that I should show her child so much attention as to be seen in public with him.

As soon as we were out of sight of my house, I took the road for Landonr, delivered the boy over to his schoolmaster, told my groom to keep the pony out till after dark, entered to the Mall, kept my engagement, and returned to my home at about half-past seven o'clock. There was Dooneea waiting for us in the verandah.

"Where is the boy?" she inquired, on finding me return alone.

I gave her no reply; but dismounted and approached her. Taking hold of her wrists, I said, in the gentlest voice, "Dooneea, I

have fulfilled my promise. You have seen your child, you have spoken to him, you have kissed him. Enough. He has now gone back to school. You must not see him again, if you really love him."

She trembled in my grasp, looked piteously in my face, gasped several times for breath, as though she longed to speak, and swooned at my feet. I lifted her, carried her into the house, and laid her upon my bed; then sent for her servants, and for a doctor, who lived near my bungalow. The doctor came. While he felt her pulse, and placed his hand over her heart, I briefly explained to him what had taken place. He still kept his finger on the vein, and gazed on Dooneea's beautiful face. Blood began to trickle from her nostrils, and from her ears, staining the bed linen and the squalid garments in which she had attired herself. In a few minutes the doctor released his hold of her wrist. "Poor thing!" he ejaculated. "Her troubles are over! She is at rest!"

"———Never more on her
Shall sorrow light, or shame?"

She was dead.

* * * *

The old woman whom Dooneea called "mother," and the soldier-like looking youth whom she called "brother," decamped with her jewels and movables, including my dog Duke; but the house near Hurdwar, and the bank shares—property to the value of about four thousand pounds—remain invested in the names of trustees for the benefit of the boy; who will, I trust, make good use of his little fortune, when he becomes of age.

A BOWL OF PUNCH.

I was sitting the other day in the dim twilight of the Cock Tavern, in Fleet street, (a kind of chequered shade not to be found elsewhere; part sunshine—part mirror—part gas—and part, no light whatever.) when I was thrown into a train of reflection not unlike the chequered light in which I was seated; for my thoughts were, in some measure, prospective and retrospective—half sunshine, and half melancholy; with a dust of other-day world curiosity mixed with the certainty of this-day world material. I had been thrown into this train of feeling at missing on their accustomed shelf a row of punch-bowls, many, if not all of which, when I was less careful of my constitution than I am now, I had helped to empty in the old supernaculum or volunteer style. Those, on which China's gayest art had dyed the azure flowers "that blow," were, I found, crowded in a corner, one within the other, as if no longer asked for; and over that blue and white bowl—real Chelsea, wrought with noble envy of Dresden, and more to my liking than any Dresden manufacturer's, because it smacked of Smollett and Chelsea—I observed a cobweb

of at least last year, symbolical—what more so?—that the bowl was no longer of any use, that punch was no longer drank; in short, that people, young and old, were much in my own condition—no longer what they were.

In this state of thoughtful uncertainty, the bowls bringing old faces—now, no longer old—once more into my memory, and my thoughts still partaking of the chequered shade in which I was sitting, I called the head waiter William to my aid; for, like the little hero in the Rejected Addresses, “I always talk to Will.”

“William,” I said, “why are the bowls put out of sight? Why, more than all, is that old blue and white Chelsea friend, from which the Commodore and myself, with Joe Keppel and Harry Eaton, and some more merry fellows used to drink, going fresh into five shillings’ worth in the morning; why does that bloated spider monopolise its noble circle, throwing its filmy web over its top in place of the delicious steam from old Jamaica nsquebaugh, or right Geneva, or Nantz, or Hollands; Geneva was the drink the Commodore loved best, though I cannot say that I—” To what extent of rambling I should have run I can hardly imagine, for William was listening attentively, with a smile playing on his lips, overcoming for a time at least two twinges of the gout. “Why, sir” (“Coming, sir,” “Pay in nine”), “why are pawnbrokers’ windows crowded with silver punch-ladles?” And, with this appropriate problem to solve, he left me for a time; returning, however, as soon as there was another cessation of demands to pay. Yes, I say, why are pawnbrokers the principal, almost sole, proprietors of punch-ladles—look at any window, how they strew the frontage with masonic badges—punch and masonry are both out of fashion! But how do you account for this? no one calls for even a half-crown bowl—or a sneaker now. “Why, sir”—(I observe that William generally begins any particular communication in this manner)—“Why, sir, it is not as it used to be when I first came here, when you, and the Commodore, and Harry Eaton, and the squire from Ilford, and the Romford gentleman, and the captain of the Somerset House Militia, and the major of the Light Horse volunteers—Herries’ as was, and the gentleman as was on the Chronicle—Mr. Perry’s friend—he who knew the old Duke of Norfolk so well (laying particular emphasis on the *so*), and the partner from Hoare’s house over the way. Lord! and how many more I could name. Those were the days of punch and loyalty. Punch went out of fashion with the war. You must have another war to get punch into demand again. I am certain you would be confounded at hearing how much was drank on ‘the tenth of April,’ and that wasn’t a war neither—but it proves my point. Louis Napoleon is the man, sir, to

take those bowls from off their shelf, and to lessen the number of ladles in the windows of pawnbrokers;” and with this concluding remark, pronounced in a kind of confidential whisper, William left me to pursue his business—both of us evidently wishing (for the sake of punch alone) that Louis Napoleon *would* come over.

I sat still brooding upon punch and the land commemorated by Waller:—

The happy country where huge lemons grow.

“Who’s for poonsh?” I found myself saying, mimicking Garriek’s favourite mode of imitating Johnson—squeezing a lemon into a punch-bowl with uncouth gesticulations, and looking round the company for eager applicants. Then it occurred to me, does any young midshipman “wet his commission” now; that is, dip his Admiralty writing in a bowl of punch. What are our young militia-men about—your Sherwood Foresters to wit. Surely a bowl of punch would do them no harm—making their clothes fit tighter to their skins, and their arms (if moderately used) fitter to wield either bayonet or sword. Would Dibdin have written his sea-songs unless with a bowl of punch before him. Above all, what would old Admiral Russell say—were he to come to life again—at this decay of punch?

This Admiral Russell was the officer who in the reign of William III. defeated the French off La Hogue; and for his services on that occasion was created Earl of Orford. He was a hearty lover of punch, and is said to have made the largest bowl of his favourite liquor that was ever made. He constructed a bowl or cistern in his pleasure ground at Chippenham in Cambridgeshire, and threw into it:—Four hogsheads of brandy; eight hogsheads of water; twenty-five thousand lemons; twenty gallons of lime juice; thirteen hundred weight of sugar; five pounds of grated nutmeg; three hundred toasted biseuits; and one pipe of dry mountain Malaga wine. There’s a receipt for a new edition of Mrs. Rundell or Miss Acton! In this lake of liquor floated a small boat, manned with a steady boat’s crew. These filled for all comers, and more than six thousand persons partook of the Admiral’s mixture. The cistern, or bowl, was empty long before morning.

I believe it would be difficult to show that the word punch was in use in England anterior to the Restoration, or toddy in existence, by such a name, anterior to the Hanover succession. Punch the puppet came over with Charles II., and the word, in its sense of thick and short, was soon coined for the nonce, Mr. Pepys recording under the year 1669, how mightily he was pleased to hear some poor people call “their fat child Punch, that word being become a word of common use for all that is thick and short.” It soon got into our dictionaries—Coles, the

schoolmaster, defining "punch," in 1685, as "a mixture of brandy, water, lemons, and sugar." Like many other good and ill mixtures, it, in all probability, came into England with our sailors—Fryer, in his *Travels to the East Indies* in 1672, informing his readers that "at Nernle (near Goa) is made the best arack, or nepa die Goa, with which the English on this coast make that enervating liquor called paunch (which is Indostan for five,) from five ingredients, as the physicians name this composition Diaponte, or from four things Diatesseron." It was the English, we see, who made and drank this mixture of five things on the coast of Goa, and our sea captains and their men were not long in acquiring and bringing to England a taste for what Fryer considered an enervating liquor.

Of the early use of punch in the English navy in the reign of Charles II., there are some striking illustrations in the *Diary of Henry Teonge*, an "old cavalier" turned ship's chaplain. The first voyage of this clerical worthy was on board the frigate "Assistance," fifty-six guns, then, 1st of June, 1675, lying in the Long Reach, at Blackwall, bound for Tripoli. On joining his ship, he drank, he tells us, before going to bed, part of three bowls of punch—"a liquor," he adds, "very strange to me." On the 3d of June they hoisted sail, and made for the Nore. "Hither," he writes, "many of our seamen's wives follow their husbands, and several other young women accompany their sweethearts, and sing 'Loath to Depart,' in punch and brandy." The wives still lingered about the vessel till they reached the Downs, when, as he records, "we drink a health to all our friends behind us in a good bowl of punch." Nor when in the Bay of Biscay did they forget the women over their bowls. "Here," it is Saturday, "the porpoises come tumbling in great multitudes. We end the day and week with drinking to our wives in punch-bowls." A milder liquor, perhaps, though we suspect punch after all, was used by the chaplain and the crew of the stout ship *Assistance* when "towards evening, we being bound to cruise westward, drink to our friends in a lemonade." But punch, we imagine, or "good racekee," as he calls and spells it, was once more resorted to when, 3rd of October, 1675, he had occasion to record that "This day I hanselled my new cassock, but," (here is an admission) "had no time for prayers."

"This same flipp and punch are rare drinks," exclaims a scowrer in one of *Shadwell's* amusing comedies of manners; and so Teonge found them, though their use would not appear to have injured his constitution, for he died on shore, parson of Sperrall in Warwickshire, in a green old age, reflecting frequently no doubt on the good entertainment he received while chaplain of His Majesty's frigate "Assist-

ance." Two of these deserve a place in a paper on punch. At Tangier, the chaplain and his friend the doctor of the "Assistance" are desirous to see the fort. A Captain Charles Daniell gratifies their Pepysian curiosity, and they were thus nobly entertained, "in a fayre room, when first of all he gave us a crust of excellent bread and two bottles of claret, then took us into his gardens, which lie clearly round about the fort, and shadowed with an arbour of vines of all sorts, and of his own planting. Here we drank several bottles of wine. After this he took us into his cellar, where he feasted us with roast beef, cold, Westphalia polony pudding, parmezan; gave us cucumbers, musk melons, salletts, and a sieve of Spanish onions as thick as my thigh; stowed us with good wine, and then, loath to let us go, he sent one of his corporals with us to see us safe to our pinnace. Such a hearty entertainment," says the merry-making chaplain, "I never saw before from a mere stranger; nor never shall again till I return to the prince-like Captain Daniell." This was on the 15th of July, 1675—a memorable day in Mr. Teonge's existence; for he got on board "something late," and went to his hammock without his usual bowl of punch. He soon, however, fell into his old habits, and the entry of the 17th concludes with: "in the evening (according to our wonted custom) we end the day with two bowls of punch." Another drink which the good chaplain mentions as having encountered on a second voyage was "punch gallere;" on which it is easy to put more than one merry interpretation.

When punch was first put into jugs, and who was the first man to introduce a "jug of punch," are matters of antiquarian interest that have sorely puzzled some of the most pains-taking correspondents of *Notes and Queries*; nor have we evidence of our own to assist in settling such important questions. Bowls were in vogue when, in the middle of the last century, Hogarth drew his great punch-picture of *Midnight Modern Conversation*. Still earlier were they in fashion, when (1701) a poet of King William the Third's reign perpetrates in print the following bad verses on a punch-bowl:

"Capacious goblet! stored with all delight,
Sweet to the taste and pleasing to the sight;
Where nutmegs, lemons and the jolly toast
Scattered like wrecks o' th' merry ocean float."

The last note that Otway is said to have composed was "a song in praise of punch;" but it unfortunately has not reached us. Johnson in his youth loved a bowl of bishop—"a mixture," he tells us in his *Dictionary*, "of wine, oranges, and sugar." Burns delighted in whiskey punch; and his bowl has cost its present generous possessor many hundreds of pounds to keep it filled for his own friends and the poet's numerous admirers. We have drank from it often, and hope to do so,

while it is still in Mr. Hastie's hands, on other and still greater occasions. Campbell loved to recite poetry over the silver punch-bowl presented to him by the Glasgow students, and we have seen the poet who wrote *Ye Mariners of England*, sitting "like a prophet in drink" over the grateful steam derived from his favourite beverage. What sort of duty is performed by the bowl at present is unknown to us. The last time we saw the Ettrick Shepherd's silver punch-bowl, it was filled with strawberries and cream. But, when this occurred, death, as Wordsworth expresses, had closed the shepherd-poet's eyes. It was never filled with so mild a mixture in the poet's lifetime. To what base uses may even punch-bowls come at last!

We must close our paper with a fact and an admission. The fact is—the death, on the 5th July, 1776, at the age of seventy-eight, of no less a person than Mr. James Ashley, of whom it was recorded on his grave-stone, that "he was the first who retailed punch in small quantities." Hang him for a rogue! And our admission is said in a whisper: that we have a sneaking preference for a jug of punch over a bowl of punch. We know not why.

ELEUSINIA:

Lines suggested by the Bas-reliefs on the Portland Vase; the figures of which are supposed to be illustrative of the Eleusinian Mysteries.

Blue darkness, as of deep midsummer nights,
Rolls round this Vase before me; and I see
The grand, pale phantoms of an elder time
Fixed by consummate Art for evermore.

What naked man is this, that, fearfully,
Beneath a pillar'd portico moves on
Into the glimmering dusk? He, sick at heart
With the dull shows and wranglings of this life,
Would pass the magic Temple doors, and know
The faces of the glad Eternal Gods;
Would enter the majestic regions lying
Above the Olympic peaks, and gaze far down
The dazzling pits of Being, and the abyss
Where suns, and moons, and stars, without an end,
Boil upward like a storm of sparkling dust
Upon a ceaseless wind. And he would hear
The swift and glassy spheres, Heaven over Heaven,
Their nine-fold crystal thunders modulate
To perfect music and sublime consent,
In-orbing all things with round harmony.
Yet, pausing as in doubt and natural fear
Of what those haunted boundaries may enclose,
He stands upon the threshold of two worlds,
And hears the voices calling either way.

Oh, floating Love! white star within the dark!
Clear herald of the morning! lead him on
Through the long silence and the mystical night
To where the Gods reveal themselves in flame,
And the great secret of the world lies bare.
Oh, beckoning Love! keep ever on thy path
With forward wings and backward looks, that he
May pass unfiltering the severe aspects
That gloom about the palace-doors of Jove;
And, entering, may behold, and yet still live,
The fountain of that elemental Life
Which is the essence of all forms and modes,
From the intensest star beyond the sun

To the dejected worm: that subtle spirit
Which from inert, cold matter, summons forth
The green enchantments of the Spring, and all
The richness of the harvest. Lead him on
Past the old satyr visages, whose eyes,
For ever upward cast, seem ever waiting
Some revelation of the hidden sense
Of Heaven's marmoreal hieroglyph. And thou
Fair shape of woman, whom the wise snake loves
To play with (like grey Knowledge twining round
The eternal youth of Beauty), hold him thus,
With thy kind hand upon his arm, until
His doubt and fear have flown, and he perceives
The inner throbbings of Elysian dawn
Pulse in the darkness, and the widening day
Silently open like a golden rose.

I turn the Vase, and see two watching shapes,
Female and male, who steadfastly regard,
With looks that breed a sense of quietness,
A languid woman sitting on a heap
Of rugged stones, beneath a large-leaved tree,
Close by a column; with one hand upthrown
Across the head: the other drooping
Holding a drooping torch, whose flame, nigh spent,
Falters and faints upon the verge of dusk.
A waking sleep, with pageantries of dreams,
Holds her in trance; and all the tide of life
Is at an ebb. Oh, melancholy eyes!
Oh, empty eyes, from which the soul has gone
To see the far-off countries! still look thus
Over the wastes of Time, that we may read
Thy owner's history written large and fair.

She, by long fasting and much solitude,
And by strong aspiration, has attain'd
To inward vision of the outward world;
Till, down the burning vistas of new sense
Her spirit, like a taper-dazzled moth,
Embalms itself in brightness, and is blown
In gusts of splendour round that central flame
Which lights the gross mass of the Universe,
As clouds are lit with sunrise. She has seen
The awful sanctities of Birth and Death
And Resurrection, and the hearts of things.
"Oh, Light, and Love, and Majesty, and Power,
Whereto my soul has journeyed from afar!
The strength of thy perfections drinks me up,
As drops of feeble rain or feebler dew
Are caught into the sunbeams! I am drawn
Into the wind of thy swift orbit—swung
Round the vast circle of created forms;
A conscious atom in the conscious whole;
A portion of the never-resting scheme.

A FRENCH AUDIENCE.

If the English visitor of Paris will take his station on the Boulevard du Temple, as near as possible to the Café du Géant, turn his back on that favourite resort of the amateurs of song and coffee, and look straight over the way—or a little to the right—he will, provided he make his observation somewhere about six o'clock in the evening, witness a spectacle, which he has certainly never seen in his own metropolis, and probably not in any other.

The objects which will present themselves to his gaze are a row of theatres, large and small, so close to each other, that the quantity of dramatic establishments which one would ordinarily assign to a tolerably large capital, are here packed within one of those recesses, which, in the language of our suburbs, would be called "crescents" or "places."

The third lyrical theatre, an opera house formed out of the failing speculation of the Theatre Historique, the Théâtre National, devoted to military spectacles, the Gaite, famed sometimes for its fairy wonders, sometimes for its deep dramatic interest, the Funambules, where Pierrot goes through his unsavoury jokes, the Polies Dramatiques, and the Dehassements Comiques, both sacred to a somewhat frivolous Thalia—are all in this region. Here great successes are achieved—here is collected the largest playgoing multitude in the sublunar world. Here spring dramas, which can only be studied by an actual visit to Paris; for, with the single exception of *Paillasse* which was brought out at the Gaite during a temporary engagement of M. Frederic Lemaître—and which was transplanted to London, when that great artist last paid us a visit—we do not believe that our ever indefatigable Mr. Mitchell, the manager of the French plays at the St. James's Theatre, London, ever culled a theatrical flower from the remarkable region to which we here refer. The tarry-at-home traveller of Western London may, if he please, visit the Français, and the Vaudeville, and the Variétés, and the Gymnase, and even the Palais Royal, without moving to any point more distant than the elegant little theatre in King Street, St. James's. He may not, to be sure, catch the novelties just as they are hatched; but, if he will wait patiently they will all—save certain objectionable creations which the power of the censor will not sanction—come in turn. But to see the drama of the Boulevard du Temple he must go to Paris—there is no road to that particular species of French drama and to the Boulevard where it flourishes, except across the British Channel.

When I was last in Paris the weather was intensely cold, and cold is no light matter in the metropolis of France. If I am not mistaken there is the character of a cockney in some old English play, who boasts of the London fog as something substantial, and hints that there is nutriment in inhaling it. As the Briton is always in an anti-national mood when he seeks his amusements, he is taught to laugh at remarks of this kind, and to flatter himself that his views are more enlarged than those of the cockney upon the stage. Ah! He who has passed one wintry week at Paris, will begin to suspect that the mimic cockney was not so far wrong, and that there is something estimable, after all, in the much-abused London fog. The air of Paris is so pure, but withal so cutting, that the cold seems to have a clear field for its operations; whereas a good damp fog forms something like a vast wrapper; as Sancho Panza said of sleep, "Verily it covereth a man like a cloak." Then, the Parisians appear to respect cold, just as the Turks respect dogs, which are allowed to thrive and luxuriate at Constantinople, as if no nuisance would be

occasioned by their eccentricities: so with cold among the French, who take no measures to get rid of it. You may ruin yourself in purchasing baskets of wood, but these merely make property fires,—like those around which gypsies sit in some Adelphi melodrama; and, though very pretty to look at—if you are curious enough to open your stove and peep in—they give out no heat whatever. Ugh! a terrible, sharp, pinching, biting, paralyzing thing is that same Parisian cold!

The cold weather limiting my sphere of observation—for a long walk was a formidable undertaking, and gardens were places to be studiously shunned (I still shiver at the recollection of one mistaken passage across the gardens of the Luxembourg)—I devoted myself principally to the study of the Boulevard du Temple. The theatres offered at any rate a constant refuge when the cold became intense.

And here, evening after evening, did I observe the spectacle to which I now call attention. I mean the living rows of theatrical audiences, in front of each of the several theatres of that strange Boulevard, all parallel to each other, and consequently at right angles to the coach-road. In London a theatrical audience, intensely awaiting and expecting the opening of the doors, is a rare sight, only to be seen at long intervals of time and space, except, perhaps, on the "other (or Surrey) side of the water;" but here is a line of theatres, only separated from each other by the *calf* attached to each; and, far from rivalling each others' attractions, they seem to co-operate lovingly in drawing a multitude to one spot. By seven o'clock post meridian every one of those theatres will be full; or at any rate, they will contain what is called a "good house."

Well, every one knows that the French are fond of theatrical amusements, and therefore it follows, as a matter of course, that the theatres are filled; but there is a peculiarity in the French theatrical public which is far more instructive than its magnitude, and that is the strong sense of order that pervades it. Eagerness to witness a certain object might be supposed commensurate with recklessness in reaching a fitting point of view, but to this supposition the behaviour of English and French audiences is decidedly antagonistic. The English as a nation care comparatively little for the stage, but the least theatrical attraction, above the ordinary level, will produce a crush, always disagreeable, sometimes dangerous. No law but that of the strongest is recognised, and the passages of a London theatrical pit or gallery on a night of unusual excitement, are filled with growls, screams, and execrations. To the French the production of a new and successful piece is a matter of national importance; but you may take your chance during the hey-day of a fresh success, and the throng of which you form a part occasions no more personal

inconvenience than the scanty audience of a theatre in an English watering-place.

Those very lines of human beings which strike the spectator, when he stands—as we have directed—near the *Café du Géant* are, of themselves, a result of order. Were a body of London amateurs similarly circumstanced, every one of those lines would be transformed into a compact semicircle, every human particle in the periphery of which would be under the influence of a tremendous centripetal force—the centre being the door of the house. But the French are rigid in their preservation of a line, not above two deep; and, as each fresh couple arrives, it is content to take its place behind its predecessors. When the door at length opens, there is no rush from a large surface to a single point (as when a liquid runs through a funnel) but a procession not broader than the entrance itself. This procession moves into the edifice in as quiet and orderly a manner as a well-behaved school going to its proper place in a church.

It is true that the French—with that love for barricades which has continued since 1588, when the good people of Paris made such a strong demonstration in favour of the Duke of Guise—have invented a system which tends to the material diminution of a theatrical crush. Such a system is carried to perfection at the *Porte Saint Martin*, where a throng is not only forced into a line, but is obliged to go to the very bottom of a dark alley, and then to turn back in its maintenance of the proper order of succession. Such a system has also been employed at our Italian Opera; and I need not remind my readers of the zig-zag path enclosed on each side by a deal fence, which used to squeeze the crowd of Jenny Lind's admirers to a proper degree of tenuity. But it should be borne in mind that those barricades did not begin until the audience had entered the outer doors of the theatre; whereas these lines on the broad footpath of the *Boulevard* are external to the edifice, are not influenced by any material force whatever, and merely anticipate the barricades that will be found within. There is nothing violent in the supposition that the same spirit which produced the wooden barricades here, produces that feeling for order, which almost renders barricades superfluous.

The Parisian cold, to which I alluded a little while ago, was not introduced as a mere digression—as a mere piece of subjective impertinence intruding upon an objective description. If anything could have induced the individuals who formed the lines on the *Boulevard du Temple* to abandon their traditional position, it would have been the cutting wind which attacked the noses and fingers of them all. A slight crush would, under the circumstances, have been rather a comfort than otherwise. But no! There stood the gallant Frenchman, patiently enduring the nipping of the chilliest breeze,

his only solace being an occasional gasp, and that dull clapping of the hands which is fondly intended to promote warmth. The combined winds that scattered the fleet of *Æneas*, would not have moved him to destroy the due proportion of the queue of which he formed an integral joint.

When you have entered the theatre—for I assume you will cross the way and form part of the procession—you will not, if you mean to continue your observations of the *peuple*, select the most fashionable part of the house. Persons who occupy private boxes, balconies, dress-circles, grand tiers, and other receptacles of mere rank and fashion, are just the same all the world over. Sit in the humblest region save one—in what would be the two-shilling gallery of the Haymarket Theatre. You will be struck by the grim assembly of men in *blouses*, both in your own gallery and the one (socially below, physically) above you; and, if you are more than ordinarily reflective, you will perhaps observe a look of haggard dissipation, that differs widely from the jolly aspect of our British amateurs. That obtuse, honest, unsophisticated vulgarity, which is met at every step in our London streets, is not common in Paris. The appearance of internal refinement seems more in disproportion to the external attire; nearly every man looks a connoisseur, able to appreciate the most conventional luxuries of art. The fairy who should make the occupier of an eightpenny (seventy-five *centimes*) gallery in the *Boulevard du Temple* throw off his blouse, and become—not a harlequin, but—a marquis of the days of Louis the Fifteenth, would not effect a very miraculous change after all.

These same men in blouses can be as saucy as you please, when nothing is doing on the stage. They can crack rude jokes on your attire as you pursue your way to a vacant seat; they can perform all sorts of incongruities between the acts. At the *Théâtre Lyrique* I saw a very well-dressed youth keep the audience in his vicinity in a state of uneasiness, by deliberately sitting on the edge of the gallery, in such a position that the slightest touch must have hurled him down to inevitable destruction; now talking with unseemingly loudness; now, by proffers of barley-sugar, tempting the youth who sat next to him to open his mouth, and then disappointing him, by substituting a not over clean finger; indeed, altogether getting up a sort of spectacle on his own account during the intervals of the performance. No sooner, however, did the curtain rise, than he passed from the gallery edge to his proper place on the bench; and, placing his chin in the spot which was just before dangerously occupied as a seat, remained in an attitude of such profound attention, that not a single note of a somewhat heavy opera could escape his ear. The proverbial gaiety of the French character coexists with the most solemn vene-

ration for art. In politics they may indeed evince levity, but there is no levity in a theatre while the performance is going on. The theatre is not with them, as with the English, a place to fool away an hour or so, which might as well have been devoted to all fours or bagatelle—(for by selecting the Boulevard du Temple we are placing class against class), but a spot dedicated to one of the most earnest affairs of human life. The solemn attention of the audience within is the key to the decorous behaviour of the audience without. A mere idle “row” in a theatre at Paris, would be as shocking as a “row” in a cathedral in England.

Is it not strange that this excessive veneration for art on the part of the French public is totally unaccompanied by affection for the artist? The singer or actress in the hey-day of her vigour earns hurricanes of applause, and the men in *blouses*, appreciating every passage or speech, shout as though, like so many *peur chevaliers*, they would die for her merit sake. But, let the autumn of life set in, let the artist's voice lose its freshness, and her face its *piquant* expression, the terrible word “*passée*” is at once pronounced, and the object of yesterday's idolatry is condemned to the tomb of to-day's neglect. This or that particular player has “strutted and fretted his hour upon the stage;” the hour has past, now let another fret in his place; and he is indeed “seen no more,” or, if seen, is hardly endured.

The English public has not nearly so fine an appreciation of dramatic art as the French. The English public of the lower order will talk through an overture, which a man in a blouse will learnedly accompany with his hand after the time, conductor-fashion, but the English public has a notion that the artists, who have amused it for a long series of years, have a right to some sort of affectionate consideration. This truth of the heart is, to quote William Cowper:—

“A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew,” and the ruffian, who flung a funeral wreath to Madlle. Mars as a signal that the proper time for retirement had come, was, we fear, but the type of a general feeling. In London, a man who should assail a popular favourite, merely because his talents were on the decline, would be a subject of general execration, while it is notorious that several of our leading artists have owed their power of attraction to a reminiscence only; and thus enjoy a popularity which is purely traditional.

We may formalize these facts into an aphorism by saying, that the French have a higher feeling for art, and the English for humanity.

DOLLS.

Dolls are trifles. True; but are they such trifles as to be quite unworthy the notice of all except miniature-women of doll-

loving juvenility? There are the aesthetics of doll-making, and there is the mechanical skill to which taste gives rise; and there are national and individual idiosyncracies which they serve to bring into play; and there are curious branches of commerce to which this doll-nursing tendency directly contributes. Mr. McCulloch, speaking of dolls and other children's toys, says, “How frivolous soever these articles may appear in the estimation of superficial observers, their manufacture employs hundreds of hands, and gives bread to many families. The greatness of the demand for them may be inferred from the circumstance that a manufacturer of glass beads and articles of that description has received a single order for “five hundred pounds' worth of doll's-eyes!” It has been since stated that the amount was not so large as the sum here named, but the proposition generally is indisputable, and we must be cautious how we treat trifles too triflingly.

Aristocracy and democracy find their way into the doll world. There are dolls for the little lady, and dolls for the little peasant—the former made of some material requiring taste and tact in its production, the latter made of unmistakable wood. The makers of delicate dolls are a different set of persons from those to whom wooden dolls owe their career in the world. Alas for the anatomy of the wooden doll! Her body has very little symmetry, and her legs and arms are little better than bits of lath. The maker (generally a poor fellow who can hardly keep life and soul together by his exertions for his feminine friends) will show you piles of bodies, arms, and legs, all cut out by himself or the members of his family. Competition has affected dolls as it has affected things of more moment. Once upon a time wooden dolls had noses which, if neither strictly Grecian nor Roman, were at any rate passable noses, apparently fitted for all the purposes to which a well-behaved doll's nose might be supposed to be destined; but now the maker has not time to produce a good nose; he cannot afford it; he gives it very little more projection from the face than a baby's nose—which is well known to be not only as broad as it is long, but generally broader. Unmindful of the grace of the female form, the maker scruples not to turn the body of his doll in a lathe, thus confounding all distinction of front and back, right and left. For the lower-priced dolls there is only a sort of joint by which the legs can be attached to the trunk—legs which are innocent of calves, insteps, and ankles; but the better varieties, besides a little shapeable trimming about the bust, have symmetrical calves given to their legs. A very poor doll—a doll which has to work its way in humble life—has wooden arms as well as wooden legs; but if the doll occupies a higher grade in the social scale, the probability is that she has leather arms, stuffed with sawdust. The doll-maker must

be an artist as well as a woodcutter, for he has to paint eyes, and eyebrows, and lips, and hair—unless indeed the price will enable him to use real hair; in this case he buys the leather arms from one sub-manufacturer, and real hair wigs or ringlets from another. What is the very lowest price at which the very humblest doll can be bought at a toy-shop, most little girls could say better than we can; but hundreds of grosses are sold by the makers to the shopkeepers at a farthing a-piece, and we appeal to the judgment of a British public whether much calf or many ringlets are to be expected at such a price. Some of our manufacturers can boast of having produced half a million little dolls in a year. The French can sell dressed dolls, including bonnet, so low as eightpence per dozen, and undressed composition dolls at twopence-halfpenny per dozen!

But the more ladylike dolls have a wider and larger manufacturing importance; they are the product of many minds and many hands. Like a watch, they have to derive one component part from one artist, one from a second, one from a third; while the master-hand puts together all the little bits which others have made for him. Jane Tibbs's wooden doll has just passed under our notice; let us now see what Miss Emily Augusta de Swellermole's doll is made of.

There is no stern relentless wooden body to this doll. It is made of yielding and manageable calico, stuffed with saw-dust, hair, or wool, according to its quality. The maker gives out the cut calico and the stuffing; and women and girls are paid so much per dozen or per gross for sewing the former and putting in the latter. As the doll mounts in price, so does the symmetry of its figure increase: a more elaborate display of mathematical skill being visible in the cutting of the calico, and greater liberality in giving plumpness by the stuffing. The body-stuffers are not arm or leg-stuffers; and thus while the former are at work, the latter are also doing their duty in the general cause. The arms and legs are frequently or perhaps usually made of sheep-leather, stuffed with saw-dust if not with better material. Little girls would look sad to learn what a small fractional part of a penny a woman receives for stuffing a pair of arms. The head is not made of wood, or of stuffed calico, or of stuffed leather; it is being made by another person while the body and limbs are rising into existence. The head may perchance be made of paper or pasteboard or papier mâché: a very general material for middle-class dolls, although Miss Emily may hear it called a "composition" head. The maker has by him a wax model for each kind and form of head; from this model he makes a mould, and in this mould he fashions impressions made of a kind of sugar-paper; a grey, grimy, unfeminine sort of face is thus produced; but when it has been delicately tinted in flesh-colour, and dipped into a bath

of semi-transparent wax, its beauty becomes developed, and we have before us the head of a "composition" doll. If it be a real *bonâ fide* wax-doll, however, there is no such common material about it as papier mâché; but into the mould is poured molten wax instead of pulpy paper, and a waxen head and throat result. If, as is now often the case, a gutta-percha lady be the object in view, the mould is made to yield a cast in this material, which cast is a little humanized and beautified by subsequent external adornment.

While the head itself is being made by this artist, the doll's perruquier is not idle; he is at work on the beautiful ringlets, and perhaps eye-brows and eye-lashes; he employs real human hair, and is not unworthy of the rank of a wig-maker. While all this is doing, the doll's milliner and dressmaker is earnestly preparing the attire for the young lady: unless indeed the doll be sold in that state of semi-impropriety which is the wont of some dolls. Many dolls have knitted cotton dresses, in part or all over the figure even to the bonnet, and it is whispered (but of course only whispered) that these knitted dresses are especially approved for their power of assuming a certain bustle-like rotundity at the proper part of the figure.

We had nearly forgotten the dolls' eyes—those glassy brilliants without which Miss Emily's doll would be scarcely better than Jane Tibbs's. They are made by the same persons as those who manufacture artificial eyes for human creatures. The commonest kind are merely glass beads, or little hollow spheres, differing according to the care afterwards bestowed on the painting of them. In respect to glass beads, properly so called, few persons perhaps could be prepared to believe that we import ten thousand pounds worth annually, besides those made at home. There is (or was) a famous glass-bead factory at Murano near Venice, where they are made in the following way. Tubes of glass, of various colours, are drawn out to great length, in a gallery adjoining the glass-house; in the same way as barometer and thermometer tubes are made in England. The tubes are cut into very small pieces of uniform length, on the edge of a fixed chisel; and these small pieces are put in a heap into a mixture of fine sand and wood ashes, in which they are stirred about with an iron spatula, until the cylindrical bits assume a smooth spherical form. When removed from the fire, and cleared out in the bore, they constitute beads.

If dolls' eyes be cheap and common—say at about sixpence per dozen pairs—they are made of white enamel (glass with a white opaque substance mixed in it), and then have each a little spot either of blue or of black imparted to them, to convert them into blue or black eyes; but if the doll be a great lady, and if the eyes rise to the extravagant price of threepence or fourpence per pair, they are still made of white enamel, but the

painting is much more artistic: each eye has an iris as well as a pupil and a cornea; and the brilliant black or languishing blue bears a resemblance to nature of which the dolls'-eye maker is not a little proud.

There is much interchange between different countries in respect to dolls, and even the elements of dolls. The very cheap French dolls, adverted to in a former paragraph, are sent to other countries in immense numbers. At Hamburg dolls' heads are made by thousands of dozens, in wax and in papier mâché, and are exported to the doll-makers of other lands. Large numbers of English dolls have home-made bodies but foreign-made heads; and the better kinds of wooden dolls are also largely imported, from countries where cheap wood for carving can be more readily obtained than in England. Modern times have produced a kind of rag-doll, on which much care is bestowed—so much, indeed, that such dolls command a price varying from five to thirty shillings. Let us not talk of triviality after this: to create such value out of bits of rag is a great commercial achievement, even though the article produced be nothing more than a doll.

Unquestionably there is a fashion in dolls and dolls' dresses, as in the attire of breathing mortals—the Marionettes, both living and dead, pay visits to Vanity Fair. A year or two ago Bloomer dolls were objects of intense admiration, and, be it remarked, objects of some importance to the makers; for whenever a new fashion, or taste, or mania springs up, it is sure to be commercially advantageous to those who are in a position to watch the market. Since the Bloomer excitement lessened, Uncle Tom has done something for the doll-shops; for, although neither Tom, nor Legree, nor Haley, nor the Quaker, would look very nice in the doll form, yet there are Tom's two little boys, and Eva, and Eliza's child, and Topsy—they are all to be met with among the costlier varieties in the doll-maker's store at the present time. There are national fashions, too, in dolls. The dolls'-eye makers say that, since we have had a blue-eyed Queen, blue-eyed dolls have had a more gracious reception than black—indeed the latter are scarcely admitted at all; whereas in countries in which the brilliant flashing dark eye is a prevailing beauty, dolls with blue eyes are regarded as flat, tame, and unprofitable. Dolls' eyes, made in England, are shipped off in large quantities to Spanish America; but they must be black, or they will not sell. There is one Paris house which prides itself almost exclusively on its dolls' dresses—not the dolls themselves, but the perfect fashion, and taste, and propriety of the dumb ladies' costume.

If it be wrong to tempt young hearts, and young eyes, and young pockets, by the sight of beauties which are almost too costly to purchase, then do we fear that Madame Montanari, two years ago, must have made pru-

dent mammas and gouvernantes quake a little. For who can forget her gorgeous display at the Great Exhibition: the little nook near the north-east corner of the transept, where wax-dolls triumphed as ne'er triumphed wax-dolls before? And yet how brief and modest the description in the official catalogue! "Model wax-dolls, the hair being inserted into the head, eye-lashes, and eye-brows, and varying in size, &c." Modest announcement, but brilliant realisation. When the thermometer was at something like ninety degrees, and crowds of ladies little and large were assembled in front of Madame's compartment, they there saw represented the different stages of femininity, from babyhood to childhood, childhood to girlhood, girlhood to womanhood; and boyhood too—for among the doll-portraits of Royal children the heir to the throne was not forgotten. The case itself was a model drawing-room; and, being filled with model people, attired in model costumes, the whole affair was a model of tempting beauty. The grave and reverend seigneurs who filled the office of jurymen at the Exhibition were not insensible to these attractions. They say, "The display of this exhibitor is the most remarkable and beautiful collection of toys in the Exhibition. It consists of a series of dolls, representing all ages, from infancy to womanhood, arranged in several family groups, with suitable and elegant model furniture. These dolls have the hair, eye-lashes and eye-lids separately inserted in the wax, and are, in other respects, modelled with life-like truthfulness. Much skill is also evinced in the variety of expression which is given to these figures in regard of the ages and stations which they are intended to represent." But alas, "from the prices of these dolls, however, they are adapted rather for the children of the wealthy than for general sale, since the price of the undressed dolls are from ten shillings to five guineas each; the dressed dolls, which are attired with much taste, are much more expensive, and vary in price according to the richness of the material of which the robes are made." There were within the same building figures of big burly men—popes and cardinals, and so forth—attired in gorgeous robes of gold and colours; but as they were stuck up there to serve as dummies to the gorgeous robes, we cannot admit them to a comparison with our Montanari productions. Nor can we feel quite satisfied with the Brussels lady, waxen and delicate as she appeared, who was attired in a Brussels lace dress, worth some fabulous number of hundreds of guineas. No: *our* dolls are not made to set off the dresses; they are beauties, beauteously beautiful in themselves, and only attired because it is proper so to be in public, and because they deserve to be well-dressed.

We feel that our dolls would feel themselves neglected if we were to wander far

from their little world ; but the wax modelling of the "human face divine," tempts us to say a word or two concerning anatomical models. Many of these are extraordinary productions, developing the minuteness of anatomical detail with wonderful correctness. Dr. Auzoux, of Paris, is a master in this art. He has produced, among other wax models, one of the entire human body, life size, composed of a hundred and a thirty separate pieces, which may be detached, and made to exhibit seventeen hundred vessels, nerves, muscles, arteries, &c. In a second model, also life size, he exhibits on one side all the superficial veins ; and on the other the bones, with the complete vascular net-work of arteries and veins, from the heart to their minutest ramifications, with the nervous ganglia and the lymphatic vessels. A third example is the brain, with all its learned divisions into cerebrum, cerebellum, and medulla oblongata ; so that we can study our bumps with true phrenological ardour. Nor does the biped man alone engage the attention of Dr. Auzoux ; he has modelled a waxen horse, about four feet high, in two hundred pieces, and exhibiting more than three thousand arteries and other minute anatomical details—all imitating the colour and forms of the original as closely as human skill can effect it. The modelling of fruit and flowers in wax is another example of this beautiful art, as we have lately had many opportunities of seeing, in the exquisite imitations of the Victoria Regia, the fuchsia, &c. The art of modelling small figures in wax, for other purposes than mere dolls, has attained to great excellence. Witness the remarkable group of Mexican figures by Montanari—figures which show, much better than pictures, the appearance and costume of the inhabitants of that country, from the Indian of the wide-spreading plains, to the Spaniard of the capital. There are twelve civilised Indians, such as are met with in the environs of the city of Mexico, laden with produce and manufactures ; there are twelve *mecos*, or Indians of the less civilised districts ; there are four blacks, employed at different occupations ; there is a pretty scene representing a court-yard in Mexico, with a wealthy farmer and his lady preparing to ride on the same horse, and a groom holding the reins ; there is another group of three figures, dancing the never-ending Spanish fandango ; there is a painful figure, portraying the last hours of life in consumption ; and another of rather a ticklish nature, representing an American Indian preparing to scalp a white traveller. Among the larger productions in the same material are those most captivating heads of ladies and gentlemen which are to be seen in the windows of the barbers—we were about to say barbers, but we will rather say perruquiers. Never certainly were such beautiful men seen elsewhere ; never such blushing complexions and attractive hair, such arched eye-brows, such long eye-lashes, such luxurious whiskers,

mustachios, and beards ; how such men could ever wash their faces without ruining their hair, we cannot conceive. The French are famous for their skill in making these paragons of beauty, in hair-work more especially. But beauty is only skin-deep ; and there are dolls with actual accomplishments.

The triumph of genius in doll-making is to produce a doll which will speak. Few are such examples, and necessarily somewhat costly. This is mechanism, true mechanism ; and the doll rises to the dignity of an automaton. What was the mechanical pigeon of Archytas, and the clock of Charlemagne, and the speaking-head by Roger Bacon, and the fly of Regiomontanus ; what was the automaton made by Albertus Magnus, which opened its door when any one knocked ?—were they not all dolls, pleasant and curious but not useful ? Then there were the little actors who represented a pantomime in five acts ; and M. Camus's wonderful production of the coach and horses, and lady and page ; and Vaucanson's flute-player and flageolet-player : and Mälzel's trumpet-player ; and M. Droz's artist ; and Vaucanson's duck, which—if Dr. Hutton's account of it can be believed—not only dabbled in the water, swam, drank, quacked, moved its wings, dressed its feathers with its bill, extended its neck, took barley, swallowed it, and exhibited the natural motion of the throat, but actually digested the food by means of materials having the requisite solvent properties.* We do not say that our speaking-dolls equal these marvels, but we do say that they are—just as useful. A doll that can say "papa" and "mamma" is a veritable automaton, and requires the same kind of study as that which produced the more noted examples, though of course less in degree. Speaking-dolls are made only in very small number, and we believe by only one person : such a doll would be worth picking to pieces.

Whether the Indian Thugs are to be ranked among doll-makers, is a knotty question ; but the series of little figures made by a native artist at Madras, and placed in the British Museum as illustrative of Thuggee, are very dramatic dolls in their way. Wherein Thuggee consists the readers of this journal are not quite ignorant ; but the whole affair is exhibited in due form by these figures. First is a group of figures, showing how a traveller on horseback is strangled by means of a handkerchief. Next is a group showing how, with the handkerchief applied to the throat, the victim is brought to the ground, and held in that position until murdered. In the third group the villainous Thugs are mutilating the faces of murdered travellers to prevent identification, and then digging pits for them. In a fourth group a rascally fellow is attempting to induce the victim to look up at the stars ; while a confederate prepares

* See Household Words, vol. iv. p. 502.

to throw the fatal handkerchief round the bared throat at the right moment. Another group shows these precious scoundrels dividing the spoil which has resulted from the murderous doings. Fearful dolls, indeed, are these; and there are—scattered around the Ethnographical Room at the Museum—many other Hindoo figures of doll-like size and materials, destitute of the prettinesses and amenities which belong to a true-born, well-conducted British doll.

Is Count Durin's model man to be called a doll? Some people call it a tailor's model; while he himself gives it the name of a mechanical figure. Be it named what it may, the Count has here patented an apparatus on which a wonderful amount of patience and ingenuity must have been bestowed. This well-shaped gentleman consists of a series of steel and copper plates sliding upon each other, and kept in contact by screws, nuts, and spiral springs; and there are such pins, slides, grooves, wheels, springs, tubes, racks, pinions, and screws within the figure, as to enable the steel and copper plates to be separated or brought closer together. Now, all this complexity is to afford means for enlarging or diminishing the figure; for making him either a nice little man or a great Herculean fellow, but well-shaped in either case. A handle being turned round, the whole of the various pieces of metal are set into movement; they move in proper ratio all over the figure, so that every part may either increase or diminish in due proportion. So prodigiously intricate is the mechanism necessary to effect all this, that the figure comprises no less than seven thousand separate pieces of steel, iron, brass, and copper. The inventor thinks that his model man might be useful to the artist or the sculptor; but he seems to attach more importance to it as a tailor's measure or model, for shaping clothes to suit all classes of men. With a dress of elastic material what a splendid expandible doll we might here have! From Tom Thumb up to Apollo, and from Apollo up to Hercules—quite a series.

But of all the big dolls we have seen, commend us to Gulliver—Lemuel Gulliver—who attracted so many eager eyes two years ago. Although Herr Fleischmann is a Prussian, living at Sonnenberg, and might, consequently be supposed to be less familiar with Swift's hero, he has, nevertheless, worked out the incidents of the story with singular skill. Gulliver, as we all know, woke one fine morning in the country of Lilliput, and found that he could not stir. "As I happened," he says, "to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground, and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across the body, from my armpits to my thighs." Here he lies, with his black small-clothes, his neat stockings,

and his buckled shoes; and around him hover the Lilliputians, who exhibit a set purpose above all praise. They have mounted on his prostrate body, and are triumphing in various ways, over the captured giant. One is trying to peer into the formidable waist-coat pocket; some are climbing up his legs by ladders or ropes, while others are sliding down again from that giddy height; some have climbed trees and are looking on at a safe distance; and all exhibit a life-like appreciation of the Great Fact, highly creditable to the ingenuity of the artist Fleischmann.

CHIPS.

MAGAZINES OF MEAT.

Not very long ago, the English public heard with pain that it had been found necessary to throw overboard at Behring's Straits the whole store of preserved meat supplied to a vessel sent in search of Sir John Franklin. Still more recently the newspapers have been informing us that fresh inquiries have been made at home into the Admiralty stores, and that the contents of Goldner's canisters have again suffered condemnation. The details of a previous inquiry are too horrible to have escaped the memory of any one who read them. A large number of canisters were then found to have been fraudulently filled with offal and improper matter. There had been a great neglect of duty on the part of the contractor, and the consequences of it are more serious than might at first sight appear. The use of preserved meat on a large scale is checked, when faith in it is shaken by the constant news that it is being thrown away as filth out of the public stores. Because one or two traders could not resist the temptation to acquire immediate gains in selling articles that must be bought unseen within sealed canisters, an invention of the first importance to society is kept too long out of its due place in the world's esteem.

That it is possible, and far from difficult, so to prepare meat and other articles of food that they shall preserve their qualities unchanged for a great number of years, all people know; but some perhaps are not aware how simple and—when carefully and honestly performed—how certain the whole process is. Three conditions are essential to decay, the presence of air, heat, and moisture. Exclude air from an organic mass, freeze it, or dry it perfectly, and it can never decompose. Fishes, it is well known, are stored in Russia as hard masses of ice, and thawed before cooking; in Siberia, the winter store of flesh and fowl killed during the summer is garnered in ice cellars, and remains perfectly good throughout the year. We have our own familiar uses of cold—that is to say in the absence of heat—as a preservative, but there is no known form in which it can be applied upon a system that shall make it possible to take fresh food in a

frozen state unchanged about the world. It is not very difficult, however, to remove one of the other two conditions. Carrots and parsnips thoroughly dried and shrunk to about an eighth of their original dimensions, may be taken round the world a dozen times, and soaked and boiled back at any time into reasonable plumpness and good flavour. Meat and other articles of food may in the same way be formed into dry cakes, which must, of course, be kept dry; or if air, instead of moisture be excluded—as the ancients knew how to keep quinces and other fruits by casing them with wax—so carrots, meat, &c., may be readily preserved in air-tight canisters.

Meat so preserved is very cheap, as well as good; and an extended demand for it would make it cheaper. At present companies or firms are engaged in the preparation of preserved meat, not only in England, but also in Australia, Tasmania, the Cape of Good Hope, and Canada. In Australia flocks and herds have long been slaughtered only for their tallow, hides and bones. There is no reason why an ounce of their meat should be wasted; all of it might be, as some of it is, preserved in air-tight canisters and sent into the markets of the world. Good fresh meat packed thus without waste in brine and bone, in canisters that do not leak and are much cheaper than casks, besides being more convenient for stowage, could easily be supplied at a price that would render it much cheaper and in every way better for the supply of troops and ships, than meat preserved in the old-fashioned way by pickling. Moreover, there is no reason why the surplus meat from other quarters of the world should not be brought—as it could easily be brought—into the streets of London and the villages of England, and supply good beef and mutton ready cooked at about fourpence a pound to the million. The preserved meat so brought among us would be, pound for pound, nearly as nourishing as meat that has been lately killed; it would of course be altogether wholesome, and would differ from the home-cooked only as most preserved meats do differ from it, in having a somewhat duller relish, and in being, through the action of the very little air remaining in the canister, and of the boiling water that expelled the rest, a little softer than our meat at home usually is, and, as it were, overdone.

Vegetables retain the delicacies of their flavour, when preserved in canisters, more perfectly than meat, at least that is the case with such sweet vegetables as beet, carrots and parsnips; the more mealy vegetables, green peas for example, do not keep so well.

DUNKERQUE TOWER.

IN the centre of that ancient bone of contention, the business-like and well-besieged

town of Dunkerque, there rises a lofty, old, and solid tower of brick, known to the inhabitants as the Tour de l'Eglise. The tower is now separated by a busy street, and by a modern Corinthian portico, from its original connection with the church of the Great Saint Eloi—a hierarch less known as the apostle of Christianity to this corner of Europe, than as the hero of a homely ballad in which good King Dagobert is a conspicuous personage. The famous chimes, or *carillon*, of Dunkerque, once tinkled from this very tower; but, like many other prattling voices, their sound has been effectually stifled by revolutionary despotism. Six of the bells now circulate through the empire, in the shape of one and two-sous pieces; and the other remaining twenty-three have undergone, by re-casting, a change which has destroyed their identity and, it is said, their tone. A set of chiming bells may one day be possibly remounted; but the veritable Dunkerque chime to which naughty wits adapted naughty words, can vibrate no more on modern ears.

This tower is visible, by sea and by land, for many and many a distant league. It is almost the sole wreck of the former town, having survived all the bombardments, plunderings, and massacres, with which the place has been so repeatedly visited, we honourable Englishmen bearing our full share therein. In spite of all, the tower stands, and is firmly resolved to stand a little longer to watch whether the generation to come intend to be as mischievous as those that have passed away. I point out this noble, venerable building, in order that we may ascend to its summit together.

Suppose, then, that we have mounted its two hundred and sixty-five steps, each step seven good inches high, and better adapted for the legs of old, than for the degenerate muscles of the nineteenth century. Suppose that we stand upon the topmost platform, and are guarded by its slightly-pierced parapet of stone. In its centre is raised a comfortable glazed watch-house, wherein reposes, and spies, and quids, a solitary hermit of the upper regions. His day is varied by a descent into middle air, when he has occasion to come half way down to toll the bell for a funeral. His services, as indicator are obligingly offered, instead of being impertinently forced upon you; but your own clear vision will tell you at once that you have unexpectedly met with a remarkable *coup d'œil*, or knock of the eye—to translate the words literally.

Weather and telescopes permitting, three kingdoms are distinguishable from this lookout. Though it is possible to catch a sight of the English coast, it still requires a little help to do so; but yonder, far off to the east, plainly rises the spire of Furnes, in Belgium. France, of course, is conspicuous in our panorama; and yet, much that catches our first attention can scarcely in truth be said

to be France. There are countries in the world which are neither fish nor flesh; you know not where to have them, what to make of them, nor how to class them. On the summit of the Tour de l'Eglise, you hover over a dubious district. If you take your flight with one of those jackdaws which is bidding a short good bye to St. Eloi, you have not the slightest idea where you will alight—amongst Gauls or Tentons. You may leave the North Sea out of the question, because about that there can be no mistake; but all the rest, till you have studied it thoroughly, is a region of intricate amphibianism. The wide expanse of landscape which you behold outspread beneath you on looking southwards, and westwards, and eastwards, is to all appearance an unbroken continuance of the surface of France. Your map, too, will tell you that it is an integral portion of the area of France. But there is often something beneath the surface which maps and territorial decrees do not help to demonstrate. Listen one instant! That sharp cry which arises from the street conveys syllables too familiar to an English ear for France to claim them as hers by right. They are uttered by much nearer relations of our own. *Zee sala! Zee sala!* is a maritime vegetable, English as well as French, both by nativity and name. To ask in British tongue for a dish of "sea-salad," would be of more use at Dunkerque than in a purely French town. Parts of our vast extended scene, and parts irregularly and capriciously distributed, are distinguished, though not dis severed, from genuine and actual France, by race and by a living ancestral language.

On crossing from an island to an opposite continent, after passing through a thick barrier of lofty mountains, when reaching once more a human habitation at the end of a wide extent of barren and unpeopled desert, there is little surprise in finding one's self surrounded by men and women, who communicate their thoughts in an unaccustomed tongue. A decided change of language is naturally in keeping with a decided change of scene and costume. But it is droll as well as puzzling to the mind, to drive, or even walk quietly along a level, fertile plain, and then, without the least previous warning, without passing any other boundary than some impalpable network which has been suspended in the air for centuries past, to tumble over head and ears into the startling cold bath of an incomprehensible dialect. If this tall tower were an ivory chessman, and the arrondissement of Dunkerque a drawing-room chess-board, the black and white squares that would lie around us might help us to know what, in our chequered bird's eye view, was French and Flemish respectively. The occupations, also, of our neighbouring squares are as opposite as black and white; or, in even more literal truth, as unlike each other as land and water.

Although the country to the south and towards the interior is richly-luxuriant alluvial ground, the tract running all along the coast, from utmost east to utmost west, offers nothing to the eye but a sandy desert, or what the eye assumes to be such. "Dunkerque," in fact, interpreted, is no other than the "Kirk of the Dunes," or Sandhills. To the west, apparently the least sterile side of our watch-tower—where a tinge of green overspreads the dull pale yellow—you distinctly behold a scattered collection of tents, which sparkle brilliantly in the morning sun. I venture to call them tents advisedly; because, though built with brick and covered with tiles, and neatly painted outside with white-wash, they are merely the temporary dwellings of a community of Sailor Fishers, who *will not* condescend to cultivate the earth, nor allow a single member of their tribe to become, whilst among them, the proprietor of a freehold. *Matelots-Pêcheurs* they have been, and nothing else, ever since their arrival here, as a little colony of thirty souls, a hundred and eighty-three years ago; and *Matelots-Pêcheurs* they will obstinately remain, till their exclusive race becomes extinct,—an event, just now, the reverse of probable. French, too, they are to the very back-bone. Have they any doubt of the truth of the proverb that "Ninety-nine *Flandrands* and one pig make altogether a hundred *bêtes*, or beasts?" No Flemish will they learn or speak; not they! On the contrary, the Government has encouraged them as a useful wedge of civilisation, because they compelled their next-door neighbours of Grande Synthe and Little Synthe to communicate with them in their old-fashioned formal French. Fifty years ago, Flemish alone was spoken hereabouts. Mardick, then, about which I may have more to tell you by and bye, is a near-at-hand square of the chess-board on which our Tower stands, and is a bit of France in the midst of Flanders.

It is strange enough to find a colony of seafaring men, thus preserving their religious faith, the manners and customs of the epoch of their emigration, and their language of the seventeenth century, all unaltered in the midst of a country then completely Flemish. Similar cases are to be found, not far off, of this curious dovetailing of nations and languages, which is the very reverse of amalgamation. The border-land between France and Flanders is exactly a slab of *breccia* marble. It is in vain for a Government to make violent attempts to abolish the household language of a people. Of itself, it may die out; but that contingency is still far removed. To forbid its use, and to degrade its respectability, only makes the words of childhood and home dearer to Flemish hearts than ever. Whether in France or Belgium, language (not speech) will be as free as thought. Houthem, near Ypres, and Zonnebeke in the environs of Courtrai, speak and

are French, although isolated amongst a crowd of Flemings. And, on the other hand, bits of Flanders are to be found dropped here and there in France. The inhabitants of Hant-Pont and of Lysel, suburbs of St. Omer, speak Flemish by a droll anomaly, and are a people by themselves in the midst of a French population. Note, too, that the Flemings at St. Omer are admirable and successful gardeners.

St. Omer is not visible from our station; but look full south, and in the horizon you will see a blue and cloud-like hill, which is the eminence of Mont Cassel. That spot again is Flemish at heart. If you visit it—which is well worth while for half-a-day—Cassel looks like some wilful and capricious little town, which, determined to enjoy a purer air and extensive views, had flown away from the plain below, and perched itself on the top of a hill. There it sits in quiet contemplation, which many travellers might call a state of dulness; allowing you, however, now and then, to catch a glorious glimpse of landscape through the arches and *portes-cochères* which you pass on your solitary way up and down the streets. Two women sitting to sell vegetables in the place, and a few groups of girls at the windows cunningly twisting their lace bobbins before them, are just sufficient to indicate that some few of its forty-five hundred inhabitants are still a living and a moving people. The gardens, too, on the slope of the hill, with their terraced beds of vegetables—hasty little peas and precocious sorrel—give evidence that Flemish arms and legs do sometimes go to work during the four-and-twenty hours.

The view from the top of Mont Cassel enjoys a European celebrity. It is very nearly in the same style as our own famous panorama from the Malvern Hills. It would be pleasant to bring these rival pictures a little nearer to each other, for the sake of comparison; but, as far as it is possible to retain in the memory the just pretensions of an absent acquaintance, I am inclined to assign the superiority to the more varied features and bolder composition of our own genuine British water-colour sketch.

Now let us go to the western parapet, and direct our survey towards Belgium. The coast, as far as your eyes can stretch, is fringed by a belt of hopeless sand. Hillock after hillock of barrenness is scattered up and down, as if the giant Garagantua, in a fit of ill-humour, had punished the Dunkerqueians by tossing over them the sweepings of his kitchen-floor;—just as he made the hill-chain, which starts inland from Cape Blancz, with the scrapings of his dirty shoes. And yet, in spite of the sand and the giant, the desert fringe is suddenly checked by a promontory of trees and verdure, which reach up to the very fortifications of the town. Cottages peep out from amidst the trees; a road is visibly and busily

traversed by beasts of burden and laden carriages; beyond, the broad and deep-dug Furnes canal starts off straight for Belgium, inclosing between itself and the wide, sandy, up-tumbled shore, a long narrow tract or peninsula of luxuriance. That paradoxical appendage to Dunkerque, is Rosendael, the square on our chess-board which contrasts so strongly with Mardick on the other side. Rosendael is completely Flemish; abhors a cod-fishing, seafaring life; and is another instance how good a thing it is, that men should have a few difficulties to contend with. On a soil where faint un-Flemish hearts would lie down and starve, the Rosendaelers have made for themselves a land of gardens. Rosendael is nothing else but a compact epitome of horticulture, hemmed in on one side by the canal, and on the other threatened with invasion by the dunes; a long, continuous, wire-drawn plot of pot-herbs, so fertile that its produce would have to be cast into the sea, under the impossibility of consuming it at home, were not the overplus of vegetables sent far and wide away, in aid of the hungry and greenless stranger. When London butchers eat up their own shops full of meat, Dunkerque will be competent to consume all the cooling diet which its suburbs supply.

And, lastly, let us look at home. Let us take a peep at Dunkerque itself—the square on which our chess-tower stands. Stretch yourself well over the parapet; do not be nervous, we are perfectly safe; and stare straight downwards into the town. What is the perspective which terminates your view? The bottom of the steps leading into a few neighbouring cellars. There, “in cool grot,” dwell multitudes of human beings, who for generations have led a subterranean life, that is to say, so long as they remain in-doors. Not only workshops, and storehouse, and green-groceries are thus crushed into the very earth, but the cellar-dwellings of Dunkerque contain great part of what is called “the lower classes,” and even something beyond them, in respect to means of livelihood. An Englishman not long ago fitted up a suite of cellars as an hotel, with dining-room, coffee-room, bedrooms, and kitchen, all “delightfully situated” in the Land of Moles. His wife assisted him to keep it for a time, but at last she got tired of burrowing any longer. “My lodging is on the cold ground,” was a national melody of which she preferred the variations to the air itself. In fact, she declared that there was a great deficiency of air, and she left her husband to remain buried alive till he should get tired of it, and long for a breath of upper atmosphere. These cellar habitations are puzzling to a stranger. Look at that table, covered with smoking hot shrimps, and standing in the street just outside the foot pavement. [By the way, all along this northern corner of coast, what ought to be shrimps (*crevettes*) are universally known as grasshoppers (*sauterelles*).] It seems

deserted there, as if it belonged to nobody. I passed by it, on my way to the door of this tower, and was doubting whether I could buy, or should be obliged to steal, a few pints of shrimps from the invisible owner, when a neat young woman tripped quickly up stairs, and left me no farther alternative. She takes care of my purchase till we start by railway; but there she is, snug and underground, with her aged mother, her baskets, nets, shrimps, and all, not to mention her husband at night. She may keep her glass door bright with Flemish neatness; she may whitewash the mouth of her cavern three times a week; but it still must be very, very "close" work. Look, too, at those little boys and girls that are come up to play in the open air of the street, like a troop of young rabbits venturing out of their burrow by moonlight. When their mammas give the signal, they will all dart down again. At night, the double trap-doors which open upon the pavement will be closed down over the household gods of the cave-tenants of Dunkerque, who may then defy the storms of the world above, like the divers in the Payenne, when it sinks beneath the waves at Cherbourg. No doubt, happiness may, and does lie concealed in those dim, deep-retiring dwellings, if we could but take a tour amongst them. The outside entrance is uninviting; but if we have the courage to descend into the vault, we shall often behold there a fairy treasure: plenty of honest work to do, with strength and good-will to do it manfully. To that individual close by, whose cellar is his privileged and official castle—the *ramoneur*, or chimney-sweep, "authorised by the town"—it must be a positive pleasure to stir now and then in a downward direction. When he is tired of running up chimneys, he may at the same time vary his promenade, and take his ease, by making a short trip into the bowels of the earth.

Why thousands of people choose to lodge in cellars while garrets are to be had is not entirely obvious at first. The restricted room in a fortified town may make their occupation, in some degree, a necessity; but, in a place which has suffered so cruelly and so ruinously from all the infernal horrors of war, considerations of safety and concealment may make a smart well-furnished cellar house a matter of traditional preference. The same thing is to be observed at Saint Omer, though the cellars there are neither so generally nor so respectably tenanted as at Dunkerque, but often offer to the mind a sad and painful contrast of unequal fortune. In the cellar dwells want, and the diseases which it engenders; on the ground-floor health and comfort abound;—the two extremes of human condition separated only by the thickness of a floor. At Dun-

kerque there are cellars which, if they were not cellars, would be extremely pleasant apartments to live in; and they are so thoroughly a part of old and genuine Flemish habits, that nothing but compulsory police regulations would cause them to be given up.

Look forward to the southwards, and behold what I shall venture to call "The City of Sacks," exemplifying the delightful life one is apt to lead on border-land. Bergues has been thoroughly well sacked of yore; and is well sacked also, at the present day. In the course of eight centuries of the good old times, it has been eight times taken and retaken, and nine times pillaged. Now, it is the grand emporium for the grain of this productive district, and beyond it. The Monday's market at Bergues decides the price of wheat hereabouts, and of several other "bread-stuff" stalls of life. Bergues, too, is a Flemish fragment of our mosaic border, speaking the language of the blonhynhym; which we, however, must not too loudly laugh at, because it is cousin-german to our own. The Englishman who runs—and has a smattering of High Dutch—may read with ease many a Flemish notice. "*Verbod van hier te klimmen*," is merely a "Forbidding from here to climb." "*Hier verkoopt men Schersen en Scheren*," is "Here sell people scissors and razors." Shears, in English, are not exactly razors, and yet are not altogether wide of the mark. On several walls in Dunkerque you will see the inscription *Kook Huys*; the savoury smell proceeding thence will sharpen your wits to interpret the phrase. Not a few proper names are quite familiar and household words; such as Baetman (immortalised in comic verse), Baert, Palmaert, Everaert, and Gilbert, which last, further west, is Frenchified into Guilbert. Wellebrouck, with a slight alteration, might furnish a surname to figure in one of Fielding's novels. But most of the names which we see on the doors and signs, and over the shop-windows, suggest that we are virtually out of France, so ill do they accord with the French words describing the profession or trade of their owner. Vancosten, *cordier*, ropemaker, and Bommeleer, dealer in pitch and tar, are nothing but sprigs of some Teutonic root which has shot forth its runners to the wrong side of the frontier. Cosy comfortable Dunkerque, who liest outstretched beneath us, I will address thee heartily in the words of the Russian proverb: "I do not love thee because thou art pretty, but thou art pretty because I love thee." With that sincere and qualified amount of compliment, receive, dear Dunkerque, the assurance (as they politely write in France) of my distinguished consideration.

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CANVASS TOWN.

I AM the youngest son of a landed proprietor in Essex, and although I have done nothing in Australia of which I need really be ashamed, the conventional habits and old-established feelings of the mother country are still strong enough in me to cause me to give a fictitious name with the following brief narrative. I will, therefore, call myself Westbrook. As I write in the midst of dilemma and distress, what I have to say must necessarily be fragmentary.

I had a University education, and was *senior optime*; but before I had determined on my future course in life, it was settled for me by my falling desperately in love with the youngest daughter of a baronet in our neighbourhood. I married her. We ran away; and, as she was the youngest daughter and I the youngest son, our parents found our conduct a good reason for cutting us both off with the smallest possible pittance. But we loved and were happy, and spent nearly every guinea of our meagre inheritance in a prolonged wedding tour. After this I went to work in earnest; and, in the course of a few years I got the position of managing clerk in a mercantile house in Liverpool, with a salary of three hundred and fifty pounds a year, and the promise of a rise of fifty pounds every year during the next five years; after which I should have been taken into the firm as a junior partner.

You will easily believe what I am about to say, simply because so many others have committed precisely the same kind of folly, and left a good reality for a chance; and, in a lottery sixteen thousand miles off. The gold-fever of Port Phillip broke out in Liverpool, and I fell a victim to it. I resigned my post, with all its prospects—certainties, I may say—and set sail for Australia Felix. What felicity!—but I need not anticipate, as I shall make a short cut to the consequences.

I invested one hundred pounds in a speculation in hams; one hundred pounds in boots and shoes; and two hundred pounds in agricultural and mining tools, in which I felt I could not be wrong. After paying all my debts, with the passage-money, and outfit, &c., of myself, my wife, and our three children, as cabin passengers, I found myself in possession

of three hundred and fifteen pounds, a sum in addition to my ventures, which I believed to be ample, and far more than necessary for "a start" in the golden region of Australia.

I pass over the voyage. A thousand things should be said of the bad victualling, ventilating, and general management of the ship, but I must leave them to others. We arrived in Hobson's Bay, Port Phillip, on a hot summer's day, in November, 1852.

Hearing from the pilot that lodgings were very difficult indeed to be procured in the town, I resolved to be first of all our passengers in the field; and accordingly took my wife and children ashore in the first boat that came alongside. The boatman charged most extortionately, and then the rascal put us all ashore at William's Town, which we naturally supposed to be Melbourne. On discovering our mistake, we had again to induce another boatman to consent to rob us by an exorbitant charge for putting us on board the steam-boat for Melbourne.

After several arbitrary delays alongside vessels, we reached Melbourne, were landed on a wharf which was overwhelmed with a confusion of men and things and carts and horses, and began our wanderings over the town in search of lodgings. All were crowded, expensive, and the great majority filthy and offensive to the last degree. I could have got into one of the first-class boarding houses; but they would not receive a lady, nor children. We were nearly exhausted. Luckily we had brought none of our things ashore but two night-bags, or we must have thrown them away.

The sun now sank, and I began to grow uneasy, as I heard all sorts of accounts of the state of the streets in Melbourne at night. But, while I was trying to console myself with the idea that we had at least a good hour's more daylight before us, the sky rapidly darkened, and in ten minutes more the evening became night. Being now in despair we entered a lodging-house—then another, then another, and so on, offering at last to sleep anywhere if they would take us in. At last one of them consented. It was by no means one of the lowest lodging-houses, as I afterwards learnt, but it was bad enough for the worst; excepting only that our throats were

not in danger of being cut. It was only short of that.

It was shocking. The bedroom we were shown into was filthy, very small, and with a very little window which had not been opened to admit fresh air for a week at least. The blankets were hideously dirty, displaying ostentatiously large dark blotches of grease, and net-works of dirty splashes, like foul mockeries of a map of the moon. There were two beds of this description: the room would not have held a third. In this place we had some tea, and bread and butter, with fried meat—such stuff! Just as we were about to take possession of our wretched beds, in walked a man, with his wife carrying a child, followed by the landlady, who announced them as the occupants of the other bed!

I began a vigorous remonstrance, but was instantly stopped by the reminder, that we had begged to be taken in, and had agreed to anything; and if we did not like it we might instantly depart. Our heads fell on our breasts in sick submission.

The night we passed defies description; partly because so much of it is unfit to relate. The man was drunk and offensive; the woman an unseemly slave, and insolent. The child cried all night. Besides this, sleep was impossible for the fleas, bugs, mosquitoes, and a lively sort of beetle continually running over our hands and necks, and trying to get down the back. In the morning every part of every one of us was covered with large red swellings, or small red punctures. Not one inch of us had been spared. Our faces, as we looked at each other, were painful to behold. As for me, I could scarcely lift my eyelids, so swollen with bites upon bites. My wife, once lovely, and far from bad looking even after all our harassing, was about the most unsightly woman I had ever seen; my eldest daughter, eight years of age, was a speckled blight; my second girl was a squinting idiot; our poor little boy, a moon-calf. None of us knew our own hands. My wife's under lip was a tomato. I could have cried like a child, with a mixture of grief, rage, and self-reproach. She bore it admirably.

I paid four shillings each for our tea, four shillings each for our bed—floor inclusive—and four shillings each for our breakfast; at which there was plenty of fried beef-steak, but so tough that we could not eat a morsel. We hurried out of this respectable den (I admit that there were hundreds much worse), and, meeting one of the passengers who came out with us in the same ship, he told us that he had pitched his tent on the South Yarra encampment among a great number of tents; and that he had slept very comfortably after the confinement of a cabin on so long a voyage. He said the encampment was called Canvass Town.

Not knowing where to leave my wife and the children, I took them all on board again,

to accomplish which occupied the whole morning, with vexatious delays, and no one able, or choosing to take the least trouble to give the least information—to say nothing of the renewed extortions. We packed up everything. I was anxious to get my goods out of the hold, so as to dispose of the "speculation." After several days the hams were got up on deck. Some of them had been spoiled by the heat of the tropics, and had to be thrown overboard; some had been damaged by the bilge water in the hold, or by the seas we had shipped in rounding the Cape; some had been gnawed in holes by the rats, and a good many had been stolen. The bale of boots and shoes next appeared, all grey and green with mouldiness, but recoverable, I was told. Being unable to wait for the agricultural and mining tools, which had been stowed at the bottom of the hold, we left the ship in a boat for Liardet's Beach; having ascertained that there was a small encampment there, and that this was the readiest way to get to Canvass Town. We heard that drays were always waiting on the beach, or close at hand, to take passengers' luggage wherever they wished.

We accordingly engaged a boat to take ourselves and our baggage. The boatman agreed to do it for three pounds, the distance being barely a mile and a half; but, before we had been ten minutes in the boat, he and his mate discovered that we had so many more packages than they had expected that he demanded five pounds. I resisted, and tendered him the three pounds, which he took doggedly. They landed us on the beach, close to the sea, where they bundled out all our things. I inquired if the tide was coming in? The owner of the boat said he thought it was. They refused to remove my baggage any higher up. They said they had done all they agreed for. I saw no carts, nor drays, on the beach. There were several near the wooden boat-pier, but when I ran off to them I found they were all engaged. The boat had pushed off, and I had to call the men back, and offer to pay them for helping me to move our goods. They stipulated for three pounds more to remove everything high up, quite out of reach of the tide. There was nothing for it, so I agreed, and it was done. I told them they had made a pretty good day's work out of me. The principal man said, "Nonsense—this is nothing! I shall soon be away from this. Why should I waste my time here, while there's a fortune a-staring me in the face up at the Diggings? Good day's work be hanged!"

Here we remained looking in vain for a dray. Whenever one drove up in front of the public-house near the wooden pier, I ran off to it; but found it was engaged. The sun went down. It was dark soon afterwards and there we were, sitting forlorn upon our baggage with every prospect of passing the night there. Under pretence of a last look

for a dray, I walked to some distance with my pistols; which I now loaded in case of our being attacked by marauders.

While we were thus sitting, two men and a young woman approached us carrying bundles. They were passengers by another ship, and had been put ashore like ourselves, and left to right themselves as they could. They had got a small tent, which they proposed to set up at once, in a rough style, and good-naturedly offered to allow us to creep under it. The tent was hung up between two trees, with our baggage in front; and, beyond this, the beach and the sea. We unpacked a part of our bedding—partook thankfully of some very dirty cold plum-pudding—and, being thoroughly fatigued, we all slept soundly till day-light. I had intended to lie awake all night, as a watch; but I dropped off, and never once awoke.

In the morning I confessed to my wife that I had not sent my money to the bank, as she had supposed, but that I had it all about me. We agreed that I should instantly set off to Melbourne, and lodge it in one of the banks. I started accordingly. Many new arrivals, draymen, sailors, and horsemen were going the same way; so I had plenty of company, and the distance was only two miles. I passed Canvass Town on the way. There were no tents between this and the large bridge over the Yarra, leading direct into the town. I walked briskly forward. At this juncture three men came up to me; and, with horrible imprecations, demanded my money. I was utterly confounded. The bridge was not two hundred yards off, with people passing over it! The next moment I was knocked down from behind—tumbled over a bank into the dust—and rolled in it, till nearly suffocated. When I recovered myself, a sailor-boy and a new arrival were helping me to rise. I was bleeding from a wound in the back of my head. Every bank-note and every sovereign I had was gone. A dray on its way to the beach, took me back to the tent. My wife dressed my head, for no surgeon could be found. We heard in the afternoon that the police were galloping after the robbers; or rather galloping about to inquire which way they made off.

The people who owned the tent were obliged to strike it before the evening; and, as my wife feared I could not safely be moved for a day or two, she bought a tarpaulin for six pair of boots, and fastened it up between two trees. The weather, however, suddenly became so very cold, and the wind and dust were so distressing, that we agreed next day to go into a room in a cottage just finished, which one of the bricklayers proposed to us. We were to pay three of the best of the hams per week; and, for two pairs of shoes a man agreed to carry our baggage there. The distance turned out to be about eighty yards.

Our baggage being got in, it was discovered that the cottage had only one room. Other

luggage was then brought in belonging to the bricklayer and his wife, and deposited on the floor. Before night, more baggage came in, and with it a Highlander and his family! Three married people, and seven children were thus arranged to sleep in the same small room. My wife and I immediately insisted on our baggage being taken back to the trees; or, at any rate placed outside; but a shower of rain now fell, which presently increased to a deluge, and we were compelled to submit to our fate. The Highlander and his wife never said a word in support of my objections, that I know of; for what they did say they spoke in Gaelic. The bricklayer smoked an hour before he went to sleep. He said these things were nothing when you were used to them, with other vulgar remarks.

My wife went out soon after sunrise; and, by seven o'clock, brought a man with a dray to the door, and had everything placed in it, myself included, and we went straight to Canvass Town. She had agreed to purchase a tent already set up, from some people who were going to the Ovens. She had given her gold watch for it. It was not a bad tent. By these means I was got under shelter before the heat of the day began. The heat was terrible for some hours; after which the wind changed and the air became exceedingly cool, with more rain at night, which ran in a stream all round the trenches outside the tent.

The quiet of a few days restored me surprisingly. The rapidity of events had almost made us forget our ruinous loss. As for the villains, they had safely eluded the police. It became all the more necessary that I should do something. I began to look about me. Of course my first walk was round Canvass Town.

Canvass Town, as the name implies, is a town of tents; it is on the southern side of the Yarra, and about a quarter of a mile distant from Melbourne. At the time I write, there are between six and seven hundred tents—perhaps more—and the population amounts to five or six thousand souls. The tents are arranged in rows more or less regular, and with a squalid pleasantries some of them have been called after certain well-known streets in England—Regent street, Bond street, Liverpool street; while many of the tents have assumed ostentatious titles of distinction. We have the London Coffee Rooms, the European Dining Rooms, the Great Britain Stores, the Isle of Wight Tent, the Golden Lion Stores (such a lion!), the National Dining Rooms and Lodging Tent, Dover Cliff, Eldorado, the Coffee and Tea-Cake Depot. There are tailors, butchers, bakers, shoemakers, ironmongers, blacksmiths, hardware and crockery-stalls, tinmen. Almost every tent exhibits slops, books, cabin furniture or utensils, with other articles of which the owners have no need here. Nearly every second tent also sells ginger-beer, or

lemonade. There are two physicians' tents, who of course are at the same time surgeons, dentists, corn-cutters, and apothecaries. Young gentlemen of family and education drive water-carts about the "streets," and sell wood (felled and brought from a mile or two off in the bush); and oh, ye classic groves, where the trees have fresh green leaves, of which there are no signs here in summer, how many University men does this strange collection of tents, with all their gipsy-life appurtenances, contain? There are several besides myself; and some ladies also, besides my wife. It took me some days to learn these particulars; but how many days would it take to ascertain the amount of disappointment, privation, and misery which these frail walls conceal from view?

Within the canvass enclosures of a few feet are contained the perplexed energies, the blighted hopes and despondency of many a newly arrived family. Some have tried the Diggings and failed, their utter ruin following in most cases as a matter of course, unless they possess bodily strength and health, and are ready to do the humblest work. This they may generally obtain, and contrive to live. Even tenting upon a piece of waste land is not gratuitous. We had to pay half a crown to the Government for the first week, and five shillings for every week afterwards. There is a tent on the ground where a Commissioner's Clerk sits all day to grant permits and to receive rents.

I have hardly the heart to revert to my speculations, and still less to relate what my present position is, now that I have been nine weeks in Canvass Town. The hams that remained, and the boots and shoes—so many of each having been bartered in exchange for immediate necessities—did not produce a fourth part of what I had rationally expected, and which regular dealers easily obtained. They were sold by auction, and I afterwards found some of the auctioneers had an understanding with certain dealers, and knocked down goods to them at a very early stage of the proceeding. On one occasion, the refusal to recognise a higher bidder was so palpable, that, if I had been a descendant of the Telamonian Ajax, I should have been tempted to assault Mr. Auctioneer severely. As for my agricultural and mining tools, they were all a sheer mistake, gold-digging tools being abundant in Melbourne; as indeed was all common ironmongery. With respect to agriculture, as there were no labourers to be had, implements were useless. I sold most of them at their value as old iron.

At length we were reduced to selling our clothes and other articles, like the rest of the unfortunates around us. This was effected at first by my going to a strip of waste ground near the wharf, which was called Rag Fair. I was even obliged to consent, on one or two occasions, when I was unwell from the exposure to the heat, to allow my wife to go

there and to take her stand behind an open box, with the contents spread out on the ground in front and around it, waiting for purchasers. Strange and sad work for a baronet's daughter! Had any evil witch hinted at such a thing when I saw her dancing in her father's ball-room, or on that moonlight night when, like a sylph, she met me at the bottom of the lawn of her father's garden, and promised—I must not think of all this, or I shall go mad.

We were disposing of our things by these means to a good advantage, and I was just getting a glimmering idea of turning it into a trade to support us, when the benevolent and inexplicable hand of the local Government was protruded in the form of sundry policemen, who drove us all away from Rag Fair, and informed us that what we were doing was no longer allowed. It was alleged that Jews and other small shopkeepers from the town came there. A piece of ground had, however, been allotted instead by the Government for this purpose, at a rent of one pound per week. Of this many of the "Jews and other small shopkeepers from the town" immediately availed themselves; but as for us poor people from Canvass Town, we were obliged to retire to our tents, and to exhibit our little stock as a traffic among each other.

I ought not to omit to state, that the Government here intended to make some provision for the necessities of new arrivals, who had no place to lay their heads; and, accordingly, a range of wooden shed-like houses has been erected on the South Yarra for this humane and considerate purpose, but (out comes the needy hand again of our paternal authorities!) at a rent of two pounds five shillings for ten days—after which you and your family are turned out.

The immigrants, however, declined, for the most part, this hospitable arrangement for "turning a penny;" and, moving a few yards higher up, pitched tent after tent, till they rose to the humble dignity of Canvass Town. In vengeance, I suppose, for this successful evasion, the five shillings a-week was laid on; and as many of the people had placed old boards and pieces of light plank and paling round the bottom, or at the sides of their tents to keep out the weather, an order came one day that they were all to pull down their wood-work, and use no more boards, the "permit" being only for tents. To this order we have paid no sort of attention, and do not intend to do so. If our poor abodes are to be destroyed, somebody must be sent to destroy them, as we certainly shall not do it ourselves; and, whether these five or six thousand people will passively stand by while it is done, remains to be seen.

I have delayed to the last to mention it, not being, in fact, quite determined whether I would do so; but what I have already told of ourselves here, renders it no such very great effort for me to say that I have been

working on the roads. Fearing that we should come to want, I was most anxious to get some employment before reduced to absolute necessity, and I tried in vain to get some engagement as a classical tutor, or a teacher of any kind, in the town. After this, I tried the merchants, and was very nearly getting engaged as a clerk; but somehow or other (chiefly because no one had time to listen) it never came to anything. As to seeing a Melbourne merchant for a minute's conversation, you may call three or four times a day for a week in succession, and never get more than a glimpse of him. At last, seeing nothing else, I engaged myself as a common labourer on the roads, the wages being ten shillings a day. This would have done very well; but unfortunately I had had no training in this way. The pain I suffered in the back and shoulders was so extreme, and the exhaustion every night so great—not to speak of the dreadful effort it required to rise at five o'clock next morning and dress myself—that, after a week, I was compelled to give it up. I now sell lemonade and lemon-kali, at a little stand at the corner of Elizabeth Street, near the Post Office, with a few cakes in a basket, and a glass full of acidulated drops and bull's eyes for the rising generation. My wife gets work from one of the milliners in Collins Street, East.

I always come home to dinner, and now and then we laugh over some little adventure I have met with in my illustrious vocation. When the wind and dust make cooking outside a tent next to impossible, I get a cup of coffee and a chop at the London Coffee Rooms; and on one occasion I went to the National Dining and Lodging Tent, where they profess to have a boiled, or baked joint every day at one o'clock, with potatoes and coffee, all for the small charge of eighteenpence. The dining department seemed to be managed by a dirty girl of sixteen, and a remarkably dirty little Irish boy, of about twelve, was the waiter. The tent was rather large, in comparison with the average, but it was uncommonly full of furniture; especially of beds and bedding. The whole surface was occupied with wooden stretchers, on which lay a confusion of odiously dirty and torn blankets and coverlets; some of a dull yellow, hammy colour; some mottled, and some of a shade approaching to pale black, while over all of them lay a fine bloom of dust. At one end of the tent was the dining-table, covered also with a blanket for a table-cloth; which, besides being a fellow one to those on the beds (and perhaps doing double duty) had the additional advantage of being bestrewn and besmudged with potato parings, islands of stale mustard, grease, gravy, grime, and grit of cooking ashes, broad plains and continents of coffee and tea, which had been spilled, and smears of wet brown sugar. Knives, forks, and spoons, some without handles, were all equally filthy. The plates, however, were

rather clean, and the meat good, though impracticably tough. The dinner table was the same size as the stretchers; and, with its dirty blanket table-cloth, was perfectly in harmony with the beds that surrounded it so closely. None of the beds were made—all in the same confusion as when left in the morning by their respective occupants—and three persons were still lying in bed; one of them rather drunk, and soliloquising occasionally. Two more beds had been fitted up like berths, or bunks, in a cabin, which were exactly at the back of the dinner-table; so that those who sat on that side had their elbows always in the berths behind; and over these two had been built four more, which placed the uppermost ones so near the roof of the tent that the lodger's nose must inevitably touch it as he lay. How the lodger got up there, I did not see; but I supposed he clambered from berth to berth till he attained the summit of his wishes. The brown sugar was very dark, sandy, stony, wet, and conglomerated, and the coffee was the colour of muddy water, after it had been stirred. I half shut my eyes, and made an excellent dinner. After a man has worked on the roads, he finds a good deal of his fine edge gone. As Hudibras says, on being knocked down,

"I am not now in fortune's power;—
He who is down can fall no lower."

This tent life at Canvass Town is certainly a very strange one. If it were really pastoral—not even to hint at Arcadia—or simply a life in the garden fields, there is something in human nature, however highly civilised, that has continually made people of the highest education and refinement feel a longing fancy to get rid of stringent conventionalities, and to return for a time to a primitive state of existence. Kings and their courts have often indulged in this, and all our picnics are small indications of the same tendency. But this will never do in a tent or grotto in Australia. It is the last sort of thing—particularly for ladies. Besides the want of grass and green leaves—except in the winter and rainy spring season—and the consequent want of shade, even among the trees, there is the Plague of Dust; and old Egypt had few that were worse. The climax of this plague is of course when the hot wind sets in; but the ordinary wind, with its long dust-storms, is quite enough to destroy everything we associate with the pastoral and romantic. At Canvass Town it is felt as quite a curse. There is no excluding it. You can keep out rain, even the heaviest, but dust finds its way through the smallest crevices, covers everything, is always between your teeth, and insinuates itself under every part of your dress. My wife has to wash the children from head to foot in strong soap-suds (we have to do the same with ourselves) every night; and if we were all to do so twice a day besides, it would be no more than

we all need. Yet, the children do not play about very much; as we send them to an infant school recently started in one of the tents by a barrister of superior attainments. We buy our fire-wood of the young gentleman who deals in that article, and brings it from the bush, as he has a horse and dray for that purpose; but our supply of water I get myself from the Yarra in two water-cans every morning before breakfast, and the last thing at night, by which we save fourpence a day.

The general appearance of this unique Town is not very easy to describe. It has too many tents to be at all like a gipsy encampment, and the utter want of all uniformity in the tents renders it quite as unlike an Arab settlement, or military encampment. The nearest thing of all to it is that of a prodigiously extensive fair; all tents and small booths, but without shows, music, games, visitors, or anything pleasant. It has no gilt, and very little gingerbread. Luxury, of the most cheap and childish kind, has no place here; even comfort, partly for want of money, but more on account of dust, is impossible. Finally, there is a mixture of the highly educated with the totally uneducated, the refined with the semi-brutal (many a convict with his bull-dog being among us), all dressing as roughly, and faring precisely alike.

Close to every tent is a round or oval hole for the fire, to be protected from the wind; with the addition of an old saucepan lid, or a sheet of tin from the lining of a case of goods. Over the hole a piece of bent or curled up iron hoop is placed to sustain the pot, pan, or kettle. The front of each tent presents a conglomerate specimen of all its owner's worldly possessions. The whole surface of the encampment is strewn with the rubbish and refuse of those who are gone; some immigrants only staying a week. Cast-away coats, trowsers, shoes, boots, bonnets, hats, bottles—whole or unbroken, but mostly whole—by hundreds; broken articles of furniture, cooking utensils, all grimed with dust, if not battered or half buried in the ground. A Jew assured me the other day, that if he could but have found such a treasure in England, he could with ease have made a thousand a-year.

There are several sects of religion here; and, on Sunday, the air is filled with the voices of the praying and singing of these different persuasions, all going on at the same time at different parts of the ground, and all in some degree audible to an impartial listener in his own tent. There are new tents of water-proof canvass, "best twice-boiled navy brown," number one canvass, number two, three, four, down to brown holland, and bleached or unbleached calico. There are blue tents, bed-tick tents, and wain-covered waggons. There are squares, and rounds, and triangles, and wedges, and pyramids; frame-works of rough branches, and tents like tall

sugar-loaves or extinguishers, and others of the squab molehill form, and many of no definite form; being in some instances double and treble (one tent opening inside into another), and, in other instances, having been blown all awry by the winds; or set up badly, or with rotten cordage. Here and there you see patch-work tents, made up of all sorts of odds and ends of bedding, clothing, blankets, sheets, aprons, petticoats, and counterpanes; or old sails, and pieces of tarpauling, matting, packing stuff, and old bits of board with the tin lining of a case of goods; old bits of linen of all colours filling up the intervals. Sometimes, also, you come upon a very melancholy one which makes you pause—a so-called tent, of six feet long, rising from a slant to three feet high in the middle, so small and low, indeed, that the wretched occupant (with, perhaps, a wife) must crawl in beneath it like a dog, and lie there till he crawls out again. It is like a squalid *turulus*. Such as these are made of any odd bits of clothing or covering stuck up by sticks cut in the bush. There are but few so wretched as this.

The appearance of this place by night, when nearly every tent shines, more or less, with its candle, lamp, or lantern, is very peculiar, and on the whole sombre and melancholy, the light through the canvass being subdued to a funereal gleam. Singing is heard at rare intervals, with sounds of music from various quarters; but it is generally all over by nine o'clock; and, by half-past, lights out, and the encampment is silent. Tents are continually left without any protection, such a thing as the robbery of a tent being unknown. This is surprising, considering the mixture here, and how close we are to Melbourne, where there are plenty of thieves. I suppose the latter are too high-minded for us poor people.

Deaths and funerals are more than usually melancholy sights in Canvass Town. The dead are often utterly friendless. One day a tent where a man and his wife and child resided, was closed for two or three days, the tent being laced up, and they never appearing. On looking in, all three were seen lying dead among some dry rushes—of want, slow fever, broken hearts—nobody knew anything about them. It is quite as gloomy when there are one or two relations or friends. The nearest relations carry the body; the rest, if any, follow. Sometimes you see the husband and wife carrying the little body of a child enfolded in something—with, I believe, only canvass underneath, for coffin and shroud. Once I saw a husband, alone, slowly carrying the dead body of his wife, with a little child following—the one mourner.

Great efforts were made in this colony some short time since, to induce people to come to Australia—the Home Government still sending out ship-loads. Now, we have

come too numerous on a sudden. We did not come to oblige the colonists; but to reach the gold fields, and therefore we should not expect any marked hospitality. Still we ought not to be made to feel that we have landed on the most inhospitable shore on the face of the civilised globe. Yet such is Melbourne, colonised by people speaking our own language, and professing our own religion—in fact, our own countrymen; and many hundreds, nay thousands, will say the same besides the unfortunate denizens of Canvass Town.

A CENTURY OF INVENTIONS.

Which century? The eighteenth, with its busy array of cotton-spinning Arkwrights, pottery-making Wedgwoods, canal-digging Brindleys, lighthouse Smeatons, and steam-engine Wattses? Or the nineteenth with its gas, railways, electric telegraphs, screw steamers, sun-pictures, electro-metallurgy and electro-engraving. Crystal Palaces, automatic machinery, and chemistry of cheapness? Or the twentieth, which the "coming man" is to see—when all towns are to be well drained; all refuse to be made productive as manure instead of poisoning the water we drink; all workmen's houses to exhibit cheap cleanliness instead of costly dirt; all men scorn to get drunk or to beat their wives or to starve their children; all people to learn that the worship of the Golden Calf is not the noblest exercise of man's powers? No, none of these.

Quaint old writers were wont to apply the term century, not merely to a hundred years, but to a hundred facts or a hundred things: as the centurion of Roman days was a captain over a century or a hundred men. It is of one of these quaint old writers of whom we would now speak; and for this reason—that it is useful, in a busy age, to look back occasionally, and to see what were the ideas formerly entertained on subjects which are now familiar to us. Many a time we should find that our forefathers lacked nothing but opportunity for showing themselves as mechanically ingenious as ourselves. The seed was good, but the soil was not prepared; and thus many a great idea was lost to them and their generation, to fructify in a later. In matters of science, Kepler made many guesses, the boldness of which, considering the age in which he lived, is quite marvellous; and although his guesses may not have been entirely right, they furnished clues which were valuable to later explorers. In matters of the practical application of science to useful purposes, Robert Hooke, in the time of Charles II., was repeatedly throwing out suggestions, building up theories, and imagining contrivances which were much ridiculed at the time, but which have since been shown to have been based on a good foundation. In 1737 Jonathan Hulls published the plan of a

steam-boat not widely differing from the paddle-boats now in use; but in 1737 his invention was scoffed at. It is wholesome to apply these correctives to our own age: it takes a little of the conceit out of us.

The "Century of Inventions," by the Marquis of Worcester, presents an admirable corrective of this sort. The marquis, belonging to the family of the "proud Somersets," was a distinguished member of the Court of Charles the First, and entertained that monarch right royally at Ragland Castle; then the patrimony of the Somersets, and now the name-place of a new peerage, well bestowed on one of the marquis's descendants. The marquis supported the King with his purse, his hospitality, and his personal bravery.

The marquis, in the exercise of that skilful mechanical genius of which we shall presently have to speak, had constructed at Ragland Castle some hydraulic engines and wheels by which water was conveyed to the top of the great tower. During the troubles of the civil war his castle was visited by some unwelcome guests of the Roundhead party; and, desirous to get rid of them, he gave private orders to set the waterworks in full play. "There was such a roaring, that the poor silly men stood so amazed as if they had been half dead: and yet they saw nothing. At last, as the plot was laid, up comes a man staring and running, crying out before he came at them, 'Look to yourselves, my masters, for the lions are got loose.' Whereupon the searchers gave us such a loose, that they tumbled so over one another down the stairs, that it was thought one half of them had broken their necks: never looking behind them till they were sure they had got out of sight of the castle."

The Marquis of Worcester thought and wrote about steam-engines at a time when steam-engines were not, and threw out hints about numerous contrivances which look wonderfully like many that have been realised in later days. After he had been besieged at Ragland, and the castle dismantled; after he had clung to the fortunes of his old master to the last, and then gone to France with the young prince Charles; the marquis fell into extreme indigence. There is an affecting letter extant relating to a loan of his for so small a sum as five pounds. Whether it was during his troubles that his mind sought to relieve itself by occupation in scientific and mechanical pursuits, is not exactly known; but in 1663, shortly after the Restoration, appeared his "Century of Inventions," under the following curious title: "A Century of the names and scantlings of such Inventions as at present I can call to mind to have tried and perfected, which (my former notes being lost) I have, at the instance of a powerful friend, endeavoured now, in the year 1655, to set these down in such a way as may sufficiently instruct me to put any of them in practice." The book was

what would now be called in 24mo., with about eighty pages. There have been six subsequent editions—the last having valuable notes by Mr. Partington. The original edition had a dedication to the King, which would appear extravagant were there not ample proof of the marquis's intensity of loyal devotion. In the next edition there is an address or dedication to the two houses of Parliament. He modestly states that, during the intestine commotions, he had lost between six and seven hundred thousand pounds of his princely fortune by his adherence to the royal cause; he thanks them for having granted to him a kind of patent or monopoly in the advantages possibly accruing from an hydraulic machine which he had invented; he expresses a wish that the country may reap benefit from some among the remainder of his projects, all of which he presents to the nation through the King and Parliament; he states that he had expended ten thousand pounds in establishing a kind of experimental workshop, where a skilful artizan, Caspar Kaltoff, had been for thirty-five years employed at his expense in various constructions connected with the new inventions; he offers to put into practical form any one of his century of inventions which Parliament may deem likely to be useful to the nation. He finishes his address by subscribing himself, "My lords and gentlemen, your most passionately-bent fellow subject in his Majesty's service, compatriot for the public good and advantage, and a most humble servant to all and every of you—Worcester."

Many of the earlier inventions relate to secret correspondence—a subject to which an immense amount of importance was attached in bygone times, before penny posts, and Queen's heads, and adhesive envelopes were thought of. Sometimes a peculiar kind of ink was employed, which was invisible until treated with a particular chemical liquid; sometimes a device was impressed on the seal of such a nature as to convey information intelligible only to the sender and the receiver; sometimes a secret cipher or alphabet was used. The marquis appears to have been fond of that sort of construction which (if we may compare small things with great) is exhibited in Mr. Babbage's calculating machine, where there are various revolving circles, which may occupy an infinite number of different positions with respect to each other, and each position be made to indicate some particular figure, letter, word, or idea. The marquis spared neither time nor cost in developing his contrivances. There is among the Harleian MSS. one in the hand-writing of his lordship, descriptive of a kind of short-hand which he had invented; there are no less than forty-seven engraved plates, of small folio size, illustrative of the system, the diagrams being printed in red ink. The system comprises a series of small octagon spaces, with a line branching in various directions from a central

point. The system is, however, somewhat clumsy.

After five inventions relating to these matters, the marquis starts off to the subject of telegraphs, and speaks of two or three which evidently belong to the same class as those which the Admiralty employed until a recent period. The inventor then gives loose to the organ of destructiveness. He speaks of "an engine, portable in one's pocket, which may be carried and fastened on the inside of the greatest ship—*tanquam aliud agens*—and, at any appointed minute, though a week after, either of day or night, it shall irrecoverably sink that ship;" he mentions "a way from a mile off, to dive and fasten a like engine to any ship, so as it may punctually work the same effect, either for time or execution;" but, as a counter-irritant, he points out "how to prevent and safeguard any ship from such an attempt by day or night;" and his preservative mood also appears in his "way to make a ship not possible to be sunk, though shot at an hundred times between wind and water by cannon, and should she lose a whole plank, yet, in half an hour's time, should be made as fit to sail as before;" but he returns again to the destructive by his way "to make such false decks as in a moment should kill and take prisoners as many as should board the ship without blowing the real decks up or destroying them." Much of this is very curious and interesting. Mr. Partington thinks that the first of these contrivances may have included a gun-lock, a charged bomb-shell, and a clock; the gun-lock being made to act upon the bomb at a given moment by the clock. When Mr. Fulton with his torpedo, and Captain Warner with his long range, have described more than they appeared able to perform, we must allow the marquis a little doubtful obscurity in his "mile-off" project. The unsinkable ship was perhaps an anticipation of the water-tight compartments of modern times.

One of the inventions is quite delicious. Only imagine "how to make upon the Thames a floating garden of pleasure, with trees, flowers, banqueting-houses, and fountains, stews for all kinds of fishes, a reserve for snow to keep wine in, delicate bathing-places, and the like; with music made by mills; and all in the midst of the stream, where it is most rapid," only imagine, we say, a Commissioner of Sewers converting our great metropolitan *cloaca* into such a paradise! The Mexicans know something of this matter; they form floating gardens on the lake near the city; they first plait or twist willows with roots of marsh plants, and upon this foundation they place mud and dirt which they draw from the bed of the lake, and thus may be formed the soil for a garden. When the owner wishes to change his locality, he need give no notice to quit; he gets into a boat and tugs his garden after him. The marquis

had probably some such plan as this in his teeming brain.

Our noble friend jumps about from one subject to another with an alacrity truly remarkable; his projects are as numerous and varied as those of Uncle Jack, in Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's Novel. A way to level and shoot cannon by night as well as by day; a quick mode of weighing an anchor; a way to make a boat work itself against wind and tide; how to make "a little engine, within a coach, whereby a child may stop it, and secure all persons within it, and the coachman himself, though the horses be never so unruly, in full career;" how to raise water constantly with two buckets only, day and night, without any other force than its own motion; how to "increase the strength of a spring to such a degree as to shoot bombasses and bullets of an hundred pounds weight a steeple height;" how to "light a fire and a candle, at what hour of the night one awaketh, without rising or putting one's hand out of bed;" how to make an artificial bird fly which way, and as long as one pleaseth; a way to make "a complete light portable ladder, which, taken out of one's pocket, may be by himself fastened an hundred feet high;" how to make a pistol to discharge a dozen times with once loading, and without so much as once new priming requisite; a way, "with a flask appropriated into it, which will furnish either pistol or carabine with a dozen charges in three minutes' time." Such are some of the inventions, nearly in the order in which they are placed. Many of the marquis's projects altogether defy one's penetration; but others point curiously to ideas which have fructified in men's brains in later times. We do not know, and probably never shall know, how much these later inventors owe to him. In an age of Colt's revolvers, one would almost give a little finger to know how the marquis made "a pistol to discharge a dozen times with once loading." The firing of cannon, as well as the sinking of ships, seems to have been a cherished subject with the noble inventor. His fifty-fourth item is a bouncer; "tried and approved before the late King (of ever blessed memory) and a hundred lords and commons, in a cannon of eight inches and half a quarter, to shoot bullets of sixty-four pounds weight, and twenty-four pounds of powder, twenty times in six minutes; so clear from danger, that after all were discharged, a pound of butter did not melt, being laid upon the cannon hitch, nor the green oil discoloured that was first anointed and used between the barrel thereof, and the engine having never in it, nor within six foot, but one charge at a time." If the reader can solve this riddle, well and good.

Four or five of the inventions relate to locks and keys, mostly to that kind of puzzle lock which has from time to time attracted most attention. Flying was not likely to escape the notice of such an indefatigable

contriver; and consequently, in the seventy-seventh invention, we are told "how to make a man to fly: which I have tried with a little boy of ten years old, in a barn, from one end to the other, on a hay-mow." We are introduced to "a watch to go constantly, and yet needs no other winding from the first setting on the cord or chain;" "a way to lock all the boxes of a cabinet (though never so many) at one time;" hollow-handled pocket combs, knives, forks, and spoons, for carrying secret papers; a rasping-mill for hartshorn, "whereby a child may do the work of half-a-dozen men;" an instrument "whereby persons ignorant in arithmetic, may perfectly observe numeration and subtraction of all sums and fractions;" a "chair made *à la mode*, and yet a stranger, being persuaded to sit down in it, shall have immediately his arms and thighs locked up, beyond his own power to loosen them;" a "brass mould to cast candles, in which a man may make five hundred dozen in a day, and add an ingredient to the tallow which will make it cheaper, and yet so that the candles shall look whiter and last longer." Any one who has seen Mr. Sopwith's very ingenious monocleid writing cabinet, will be forcibly reminded of "the way to lock all the boxes of a cabinet (though never so many, at one time;" and the beautiful machine now employed for making mould candles, seems first cousin to the "brass mould to cast candles."

Automaton figures evidently engaged the attention of the marquis. He speaks of "a brazen or stone head, in the midst of a great field or garden, so artificial and natural that though a man speak never so softly, and even whisper into the ear thereof, it will presently open its mouth, and resolve the question in French, Latin, Welch, Irish, or English, in good terms, uttering it out of his mouth, and then shut it until the next question be asked." Those who remember the "invisible girl," exhibited many years ago, and the "speaking figure," exhibited much more recently, may conceive how something midway between the two, or comprising some of the characteristics of both, may have suggested itself to the marquis's mind. A redoubtable idea, too, was that of "an artificial horse, with saddle and caparisons fit for running at the ring, on which a man being mounted, with his lance in his hand, he can make him start, and swiftly to run his career, using the decent posture with *bon grace*, may take the ring as handsomely, and running as swiftly, as if he rode upon a barb."

There is something very like a dredging machine in the "screw, made like a water-screw, but the bottom made of iron plate spadewise, which, at the side of a boat, emptieth the mud of a pond, or raiseth gravel." And we seem to have something like the patent slip, or rather a contrivance called the water-camel, in the "engine, whereby one man may take out of the water a ship of five

hundred tons." From this the marquis leaps to a cross-bow for discharging two arrows at once; to a "way to make a sand-bank so firm and geometrically strong, that a stream can have no power over it;" and to an instrument, "whereby an ignorant person may take anything in perspective, as justly and more so than the most skilful painter can do by the eye."

But the most valuable of all the inventions which form the *Century* are those four which relate to what we should now call a steam-engine. The great idea of the marquis (for a great idea it was) seems to have been, the application of some kind of steam-engine for the raising of water for the supply of large towns. There was evidently something vast in the conception, but he has put it into words which are not very easily understood. The following aphorism would not be unworthy of a Telford or a Brindley: "Whosoever is master of weight, is master of force; whosoever is master of water, is master of both; and consequently to him all forcible actions and achievements are necessary." It is supposed that Savery took from the marquis the hint of the steam-engine, for raising water with a power produced by fire, and applied it to an actual engine. That the marquis himself viewed this idea as the most important of the whole group is plain. In 1663, immediately after the publication of the *Century*, he obtained an Act, appropriating to him and his successors the whole of the profits that might arise from the use of his water-engine. He published about the same time, "An Exact and True Definition of the most stupendous Water-commanding Engine," apparently with a view to the formation of a water company; but he died soon afterwards, and his project died with him—to be resuscitated by others in the actual realisation of the steam-engine.

There must, nevertheless, have been some practical trial of an engine (probably a model) intended to test the validity of the marquis's theories, for one of the most striking, and even affecting documents traced to his hand, is an "Ejaculatory and Extemporary Thanksgiving Prayer, when first with his corporeal eyes he did see finished a perfect trial of his water-commanding engine, delightful and useful to whomsoever hath in recommendation either knowledge, profit, or pleasure."

The courageous man now stricken in years, and serving a regal family who had ever made him a sorry return for his devotion, thanked God for vouchsafing to him this mechanical discovery; and in touching words he prays "that whatever I do, unanimously and courageously to serve my King and country, to disabuse, rectify, and convert my undeserved yet wilfully incredulous enemies, to reimburse thankfully my creditors, to remunerate my benefactors, to rehearten my distressed family and with complacence to gratify my suffering and confiding friends, may,

voyde of vanitie or selfe ends, be only directed to thy honour and glory everlastingly."

The Marquis of Worcester had a brave heart and a remarkable head.

BEN CLOSE, OF BAGGENHAM.

THERE was a model man who lived in a village not far from the country town in which I have spent the chief part of my own life. Although true stories are commonly dull stories, I shall endeavour to amuse all who will listen, by telling, without any deviation from the bare and simple fact, the story of that model man. I knew him well.

He was a hedger and ditcher; named, if you please, Benjamin Close—Benjamin Close, of Baggenham. His character was so good that he was spoken of habitually in Baggenham society—and even known among many of my neighbours, townspeople of Beechester—as Honest Ben. He was a hedger and ditcher; but could turn his hand to any kind of labour, and was never out of work. Whatever he undertook to do he did; came always with strict punctuality to any duty for which he had been engaged; and whatever he did was done always heartily and well. All the farmers looked upon him as the model labourer of Baggenham. Ben's father had been a noted poacher; but the disgrace of the father was not allowed to descend upon the son, who lived in the enjoyment of a brilliant reputation that was never sullied for a day. He was never to be seen on week days at a beer-shop, or to be missed on Sunday from the parish church. The minister rejoiced over him, and more than once alluded to him from the pulpit as a pattern, not only to working men, but to thousands who moved in the upper circles of society.

Ben had a wife, but no children. His wife was a miracle of tidiness and good behaviour. The cottage, occupied by this good couple on the outskirts of the village, was intensely clean, and pleasantly surrounded by a model garden. Baggenham is a village situated in a richly wooded district, and stands on the boundary line between the grounds of two of our great county landowners, a noble baronet and a respected squire. The baronet and squire, nobility and gentry, shared the opinion of the public in general concerning Honest Ben; spoke to him affably whenever he crossed their path, and even went so far as to shake hands with him on several occasions.

Ben was a man who, for a purpose of his own, took care to keep the outside of his platter clean.

I do not say—I am not sure whether I think—that there was any special badness in him. The vicar was right, probably, when he said that there was in Ben "a dash of the poetical." He built up, with the skill of a rough genius, an impregnable enclosure of conventional goodness. The vicar thought that there was poet's stuff in him, because he displayed a great taste for antiquities.

He was a collector of old battle-axes, swords, daggers, spears, pikes, curious reaping-hooks, ancient locks, wonderful keys, and ornamented door-hinges, torn out of old castle walls. His cottage walls were adorned with such relics. He also collected antlered heads of deer, brushes of foxes, pads and ears, hares' feet, the claws of hawks, wings of the jay, peacocks' feathers, herons' legs, the skins of snakes. He stuffed birds cleverly, and many rare birds given to him by the neighbouring keepers, or by gentlemen, were stuffed and added to his treasures. Ben's cottage was regarded in the parish as "quite a museum," and was visited on that account by many of the curious.

This pattern man showed a great love also for ancient woods and rural scenery. He spent most of his leisure by the river bed, or about old pools, milldams and water-courses; on open moors falsely called barren, in obscure lanes choked with thorns and briars, by cliffs and forest paths and by-paths. He was to be seen enjoying nature in the neighbourhood of ancient orchards, of old garths and stone quarries, and he was a tremendous man for noticing all that he saw. He was an oracle on many subjects, and especially upon the whereabouts of game. There was not a brood of partridges or pheasants within two or three miles of Baggenham with which he was not well acquainted. He observed the runs of the hares, their forms and feeding grounds. He listened to what others said on such points, but took care not to tempt with dangerous knowledge any of the villagers. With the keepers he was on good terms; for he gave them a great deal of useful knowledge. They especially considered him a pattern villager, whom they were as little likely ever to see with poachers on the Baggenham preserves as they were likely to catch there the Bishop of Beechester himself, with his lawn sleeves tucked up to his shoulders, hooking down the pheasants with his crozier. The two events were in fact equally unlikely. Ben never did go out with poachers; yet none knew so well as he how the trees rustled in Baggenham woods at midnight.

For it is to be understood that Ben, when he came home from work during the shooting season, found his wife prepared to make him wonderfully comfortable, and to see him off to bed soon after six o'clock in the evening. At about eleven o'clock or earlier she roused her husband, and let out of the cellar a lurcher of a famous breed, named Snap, who lived in the cellar quiet as a mouse all day, and whose existence was known only to his master and mistress. Snap only and Mrs. Close knew Ben's secret; for Snap was the only creature whose eyes ever saw honest Ben's misdeeds. No light was kindled in Ben's cottage when he rose upon the verge of midnight. Secretly and quietly he dressed himself in a strong fustian round jacket with an immense pocket occupying the whole skirt, took with him his

collection of well-tempered snares, gate-nets, purse-nets, and other instruments; handled a stout stick, and started out with his eager companion Snap, never by the front door, but over the fence at the bottom of his garden, which adjoined the open fields.

Once out, it was a rule with him that his feet never should touch a public road, except in crossing it from hedge to hedge. He knew every old footway, by-path, temporary bridge, drain, water-course, copse, osier-bed, and cover in the district; so he chose his path with skill and caution, set only a few snares as he went along in well-known runs, and paused to listen at the feeblest unaccustomed noise.

Ben was, in truth, a solitary poacher. He believed that it was no sin to catch what he called wild animals; but as the law laid traps for poachers, he determined not himself to be caught in them. He was a brawny fellow; but he thought discretion the better part of valour; and, to avoid all scrapes, avoided all encounters with the hostile power, or all chance of danger from the follies of illiterate accomplices. He studiously kept out of the public-house, because he did not wish to be tempted into any interchange of confidence; he worked well every day, partly, I think, because he had in him the mind of a good workman, partly because he knew that a steady and hard-working day-labourer was not likely to be suspected of committing misdemeanours when he ought to be in bed. He cultivated character most carefully; revered the vicar, was respectful and, so far as he thought it prudent, confidential in his friendship with the gamekeepers. Ben would have been a great diplomatist had he been born a noble lord.

His great care when out at night was to avoid contact with a gang of poachers furnished by his village. When they were to be heard among the woods Ben always made a prompt retreat. When all was silent, however, as the march of the night-clouds—when the very wood-pigeons were too far gone in sleep to furnish a single coo—Ben would open quietly the gate that led into a close preserve, and spread his net from post to post. At a wave of his hand the quiet lurcher—to be mute is a characteristic of the breed—set out on an expedition over the adjoining field in which the hares were feeding. The hares, alarmed, scampered back to the cover by their old path through the gate: there the net was spread to stop them, and Ben with his stick ready to slay them as they came. When the model villager had caught as many hares as were required, he rolled his net up, closed the gate, and pocketed the spoil. He never used, or possessed, a gun. He had a net of silk and hair some forty yards long, which he pegged down in a circle, and with which he secured partridges by the covey at a time; and as to pheasants, it was afterwards the legend that he caused them to drop from their roost, by holding under them

a bunch of lighted brimstone matches at the end of a long pole. In one way or another, it is certain that as fast as they were wanted they were caught.

On his way home Ben took up all the snares that he had laid in going out, Snap calling his attention to them. Arrived at his own cottage he found always his wife in waiting to receive him. They carried the game down into a little pantry partly sunk into the ground, so that the eaves of the roof that covered it outside were touched by the wall-flowers in the garden. In this pantry a secret recess had been made, like the hatch of deer-stealers in olden time, a hiding-place not easily to be discovered. Into that the game was put. Honest Ben went to bed, and was ready next morning for punctual attendance on his labour.

The sale of the game was managed easily. Ben and his wife kept a cow, and had the right of stray upon the parish common. They kept also a great deal of poultry, and were noted for a superior breed of fowls of the pheasant sort. These were under the care of Mrs. Close, and gave her occasion to come into Beechester every Saturday with butter, eggs, and poultry. Her square butter basket with a white cloth drawn over the top, often had quite a wrong sort of poultry at the bottom. She had regular customers for game at private houses, and especially at inns and hotels; and, because buyers of poached game were liable to penalty as well as sellers, nobody who got a profit out of it betrayed her secret.

The wants of his wife's customers, weather, movements of gamekeepers, and other considerations, influenced Ben's visits to the preserves of the baronet and squire. He did not, therefore, poach upon them nightly. Sometimes the gentry held a battue, at a time when those vile slaughterings came into fashion. Ben always visited the scene of murder with his huncher on the following night, when keepers, heaters, and watchers were all making merry in the hall; and, by the help of Snap's nose which neglected nothing, carried off all the wounded pheasants or hares that had been left to languish.

It was also the custom of Mrs. Close, in a most innocent way, to borrow the local newspaper of a neighbouring farmer. Her object was to hunt it through for notices of the next meetings of turnpike trusts, the assembling of drainage commissioners, anniversaries of clubs, and all occasions that give rise to an extensive dinner. There was always a demand on such occasions for cheap game.

One night as Honest Ben was on his way home with a heavy pocket, he was seen. A new tenant who had taken possession of a certain homestead, brought some of his old labourers with him—rough fellows who had a perverted taste for game watching. Ben suddenly crossed their path in the dim light: and they, suspecting something wrong, followed to ask him who he was, and what he

had with him. Ben's character was at stake. The model villager must not be recognised. He made off, therefore, closely followed, doubling and twisting vainly to elude pursuit. At last there was no chance of escape left except to cross "the sleepy pool above the dam," the upper mill stream. He attempted instantly to wade across, followed by faithful Snap; but, before reaching the opposite bank, he sank into a deep hole under some willows. He sank up to his neck; but, by grasping at the willow branches, he kept his head out of water. The pursuers crossed the stream higher up by some stepping-stones, and came round. They passed close by the spot where Ben was hanging in the water; but the honest man kept quiet, and was nowhere to be heard or seen. After sometime, when the coast was clear, Mr. Close crawled out of the mill-pool and went home; but, as he had been dripping with heat when he ran into the pool, and was dripping with cold when he crawled out of it, he went home still, suffered severely in his chest, gave up work, was worn down to a skeleton, and died before the game season was over.

But his secret was kept. He was buried at his own wish under the shade of an old yew in the churchyard, and the squire blew his nose at church over the vicar's funeral sermon on the pattern labourer. His industry had received its worldly reward; for Ben, it was found, had saved three hundred pounds, which were invested in a distant water company. His widow received the dividends, and continued in occupation of the cottage and museum. It was only at her death that the facts above narrated became known in Baggenham.

THE LOVER AND BIRDS.

I.

WITNES a budding grove,
In April's ear sang every bird his best,
But not a song to pleasure my unrest,
Or touch the tears unwept of bitter love:
Some spake, methought, with pity, some as if in jest.
To every word
Of every bird
I listened, and replied as it behove.

II.

Screamed Chaffinch, "Sweet, sweet, sweet!
O, bring my pretty love to meet me here!"
"Chaffinch," quoth I, "be dumb awhile in fear
Thy darling prove no better than a cheat,
And never come; or fly when wintry days appear."
Yet, from a twig,
With voice so big,
The little fowl his utterance did repeat.

III.

Then I, "The man forlorn
Heeds earth send up a foolish noise idly?"
"And what 'll he do? what 'll he do?" scoff'd I
The Blackbird, standing in an ancient thorn;
Then spread his sooty wings and flitted to the croft
With cackling laugh;
Whom I, being half
Enraged, called after, giving back his scorn.

IV.

Worse mocked the Thrush, "Die! die!
O, could he do it? could he do it? Nay!
Be quick! be quick! Here, here, here!" (went his
lay)
"Take heed! take heed!" then "Why? why?
why? why? why?"
See—ee now! see—ee now!" (he drawled) "Back,
back, back! R-r-r-run away!"
O Thrush, be still,
Or at thy will,
Seek some less sad interpreter than I.

V.

"Air, air! blue air and white!
Whither I flee, whither, O whither, O whither I
flee!"
(Thus the Lark hurried, mounting from the lea)
"Hills, countries, many waters glittering bright,
Whither I see, whither I see! deeper, deeper,
deeper,
Whither I see, see, see!"
"Gay Lark," I said,
"The song that's bred
In happy nest may well to Heaven make flight."

VI.

"There's something, something sad,
I half remember—" piped a broken strain.
Well sung, sweet Robin! Robin sung again,
"Spring's opening cheerily, cheerily! be we
glad!"
Which moved, I wist not why, me melancholy mad,
Till, now, grown meek,
With wetted cheek,
Most comforting and gentle thoughts I had.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

DIPLOMACY.

You have been quarrelling in England a good deal lately, with your Diplomatic Establishment. Let me bottle up the essence of a conversation I had on this subject with my excellent friend The Chevalier Stanislaus d'Aloe (fourth unpaid Dutch attaché at the Court of the Czar), on the eve of our visit to Vesuvius:—

To begin then, was the Chevalier's first observation, the secrecy and hocus-pocus of diplomacy should be put an end to. A foreign mission, indeed, rightly understood, should be, let me respectfully suggest, a regular school and assembling-place of enlightened travellers. Let your youth see something of other countries besides their museums and picture-galleries. Let them be brought into contact with the living spirit of the age they live in, and let older people judge of passing events for themselves.

True. We do not want, I remarked, in the nineteenth century, and in Great Britain, a Minister or a Government to get information on grave affairs, and to keep it to themselves. The public wish to know something about it also, that we may see with our own eyes if a statesman be right or wrong in what he is about, in order that we may stop him if he do mischief. The vital interests of a great country like ours are not to be committed blindly to any man or any set of men; espe-

cially when we have daily evidence of the glaring and laughable incapacity of certain English ministers at certain despotic, and therefore difficult, foreign courts. Any man who is doing what he ought to do has nothing to fear from publicity. It is only incompetent diplomatists, who are the natural advocates of silence.

It is all very well to come to us with a grave face, and say we, the public, are not competent to judge of this or that; that we are the unreasoning multitude, and that such subjects are above our capacities. This may be an excellent line of argument for the Marquis of Fiddlededee and his friend Lord Loggerhead; but depend upon it, there is not much in politics worth knowing at all, that a sensible man may not acquire with moderate study and observation. Oxenstiern never said a truer thing than when he let us into the secret of how little wisdom it takes to govern the world. All other secrets are mere moonshine and water when we know this.

I am very much afraid that a more completely incapable body of men (taken *en masse*) do not exist than our diplomatic servants. Of course there are some striking and remarkable exceptions; but perhaps it would not be going too far to say, that very few of them could ask for a penny in three languages, as a beggar at Naples boasted to me yesterday that he could do—and did. As for the political research of most of the junior branches of the service, it commences with 1830; part of what has occurred since, they know or have learned from gossip here and there: but the past, that great sign-post to the future, is a mystery to them.

The whole thing is wrong. Promotion is made altogether a question of favour and interest. A man of mere ability and zeal in his calling, has no more chance of advancement than a sincere and enlightened Christian clergyman has in the Church; and a coronet stands for a great deal too much. So many things combine to spoil the education of a mere lord, that he must be a very wise man indeed, if he is not a very foolish one. He has every possible temptation to take him away from business to pleasure; so that by and bye he gets ruined, and then is appointed to a situation he cannot and will not fill as it ought to be filled.

This coronet question, however, is a very delicate and difficult one to deal with when regarded in reference to English coronets abroad. Out of certain circles in England, and those not the best, a Marquis is no more than a manufacturer, and just stands for what he is worth, be that what it may. Once cross the Channel, however, the business changes altogether, and we must remember that in dealing with our foreign services, we have to legislate for both parties—British and foreign. In Germany, in Spain and Italy, and even

in America, a title goes a great way, and a man with a sounding name has a certain *prestige*, and often an actual influence which an untitled man has not. Besides, we cannot keep these great Lilliputians out of one of our public services; and I have just shown that we ought not, for our own interests, to do so, if we could. All that remains, therefore, is to render them harmless.

Let your Great Nobody have his mission at Tombuctoo; let it form part of his instructions that he shall receive upon fixed days such travellers of honour and repute from his own nation as chance to be in the capital where he lives, that they may hear, see, and know what is going on. Let him entertain and cultivate the people to whom he is accredited. You do not give him his salary to clear off his debts, or to portion his daughter, or to get his son out of scrapes, or to hoard up. You give it him for the benefit of the public service; and in that it should be spent, honestly, scrupulously, to the last farthing. And would it not be well in sending out a new King Log to a foreign court, to say to him, "Your lordship will find Mr. Brown (who is to be your secretary) already at Tombuctoo, on your arrival. He is a clever, hard-working man, who knows the country thoroughly, and we recommend you to pay attention to what he says. In case of anything going wrong, we shall not look to you; fiddle and bow, and 'receive' and dine away just as much as you like; we shall look to him—unless you thwart him. You may consider yourself, according to polite fiction, as the king who can do no wrong; and we shall dismiss Mr. Brown without mercy, in case of misconduct, or of the interests of this country being neglected?" You would then have the advantage of Lord Fiddlededee's rank and Mr. Brown's ability together. Fiddlededee's rank really has its advantage in the present state of cringing and lord-reverence abroad; whether this may last long or not, is beside the question under discussion.

For the rest, and as to the complaints of individuals against foreign Governments, I say frankly, that nine times out of ten you in England are hopelessly in the wrong. Your true-bred Briton, indeed, generally is in the wrong in a dispute. He is not a linguist; he gets hot and excited; he blusters, bullies, commits himself, is corrected, and so little minds eating his words when he finds himself in the wrong, that he sometimes seems to do so with a relish. This is the history of nine cases out of ten. Besides it should never be forgotten by any complainant, however excited, that his representative has only the power of making representations; he cannot coerce a foreign Government. He is placed in the position he fills, partly to keep up friendly relations as long as possible; and while good-humoured endeavours to obtain redress have the faintest chance of success,

it would be in the highest degree culpable in him to try others. The complainant has also very likely just proved for himself the value of blustering.

On one other subject, also, I may perhaps venture to speak; and I speak decidedly. No sensible prudent man of the world need ever get into a scrape in foreign countries. If he will quietly and without remark, fulfil all necessary regulations, he will find his way agreeable enough. If, on the contrary, he goes about wrangling and squabbling with everybody, and that too often in words of which he does not know the precise and local meaning, he will infallibly come to grief. A guest among strangers—this is his position, and he should never forget it. If he makes the house which has received him uncomfortable, the master has a right to turn him out of it. It may not be courteous or hospitable always to do so; but it is the law, and no foreign envoy can alter it. Three golden rules to avoid botheration, are—Keep quiet; don't thrust yourself forward; be civil, and answer questions readily and good humouredly, however they may be put.

No one ought ever to be appointed to a diplomatic post, however humble, who cannot speak the language of the country he is going to. He is completely useless if in ignorance of it; but as a person cannot spend his life in learning languages that may soon cease to be required of him, and in forgetting them in countries where they are not spoken, let every person newly appointed have six months to prepare himself, before going to his post; and if he can pass an examination in the language to be acquired earlier, so much the better for him. To move our diplomatic servants also frequently has its advantage, and costs nothing. It is impossible to understand thoroughly any one country without having a general knowledge of others: and I think it would be wise never to allow any one, not belonging to some special branch of the service, to remain at the same post longer than three years. If he stay longer, he is apt to change from a man to a thing, and to grow brimful of rules, orders, regulations, etiquette, and local prejudices. Seeing all things through a false and single medium, all things necessarily appear to him all of one colour.

Any other examination than that of languages, it would be injudicious, I think, to require. Diplomacy is a service in which we do not want book-worms; but men of the world; and the one are seldom the other. A man soon acquires that species of reputation among those who have to deal with him, which points him out as fit or unfit for important duties; and, unluckily, you cannot make promotion here quite regular, without doing a silly thing. It should depend upon the capacity, activity, talent, and zeal of the individual. The interests of a country should not be confided to a dunce because he is growing grey.

One word more:—Have you observed, that

each of the French missions have a good engineer and draughtsman attached to them; and can you tell me why?—At any rate we might take the hint from them. It would make some new appointments!

THE GWALIOR JANISSARIES.

THE last India mail brought accounts of a scene at Gwalior somewhat similar in character to Sultan Mahmoud's destruction of the Janissaries, or to Mehemet Ali's slaughter of the Mamelukes; not, indeed so merciless or so deadly; but having the same object, namely, the release of an Oriental state from the Pretorian Bands which controlled the power of the sovereign and ate up the revenues of the country. Over the Gwalior "transaction," the British resident at that Court seems to have presided; superintending, if not directing and originating one branch of the Rajah's troops in cutting and firing down another. At first sight this appears strange; a slight retrospect of the latter history of the Gwalior state will, however, show that desperate necessity originated the measure, and almost justifies it.

Dowlat Row Scindiah, the determined enemy of British power in Central India, when in the vigour of his youth, died our friend and ally in one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven. His dominions, extending over a great part of Malwa, were scattered and divided. His subjects were united by no common interest or feeling; but were kept together by an army neither composed of nor commanded by persons bearing natural allegiance to him. His territories were very much mixed up with our own, and with those of our dependents and tributaries. Scindiah's country was, and is, consequently one of great interest and importance, from position, to us. Well governed, prosperous, and friendly, it must be an element of strength: misruled and turbulent, it can only be a source of danger, anxiety, and expense.

On the whole, Scindiah's government was creditable. Although he maintained too large an army he was a prudent prince, and left a flourishing country, and an overflowing treasury behind him. Unfortunately he died childless. Lord Amherst, however, at once recognised the boy whom his favourite wife adopted after his death; and, assuming the name Junkeyjee Row Scindiah, the lad became Maharajah of Gwalior. The young prince being a great invalid, his reign was feeble; and the power of the army over the state greatly increased. The condition of the country was gradually retrograding, when, in the beginning of one thousand eight hundred and forty-three, Junkeyjee Row Scindiah died at the early age of twenty-seven. He, too, left no heirs, nor any adopted son. The government of Gwalior, therefore, fell nominally into the hands of his widow—herself a child scarcely ten years old. A

boy almost as old as herself was adopted, and he ascended the Raj of Gwalior as Jyagee Row Scindiah.

Troubles and difficulties immediately followed. At the head of the State were two children; one, a self-willed, impetuous girl; the other, an uneducated boy. Power was placed in the hands of a regent, incompetent to restrain and reduce to subordination thirty thousand disorderly and turbulent soldiers; and he sought to maintain his power by marrying Scindiah to his own niece. This proceeding roused the jealousy of the girlish Rance; she dismissed the regent, whom the British Government had recognised, her court became a scene of disorder, the great army was prepared for any mischief, and Lord Ellenborough had really scarcely any alternative but interference.

How the battle of Maharajpore followed will be in general recollection. It effectually elated and humbled Scindiah's army, and gave Lord Ellenborough an opportunity of revising our relations with the Gwalior state. That he did by the treaty of the thirteenth of January, one thousand eight hundred and forty-four. By it the Gwalior army must never exceed nine thousand men of all arms; and, for the payment of the British contingent of eight thousand four hundred additional men, districts, worth one hundred and eighty thousand pounds, are assigned. The treaty further fixed the majority of the youthful Rajah at eighteen; and, in January last, he entered into the full enjoyment of his rights as sovereign of Gwalior.

Though reduced in numbers the Gwalior army seems to have altered little in character. The old spirit of insubordination still lingered in the ranks, particularly in a division of the Silladar Horse; the commanders of which number kept up, on paper, a force which, although not in existence, they drew pay for. They robbed the treasury, were insolent to their Prince, and especially disliked Major Malcolm the British resident. On Scindiah coming of age, the first thing he resolved was to release himself and his country from the audacity of these Janissaries; and in this resolution he was cordially supported by Major Malcolm. Its disbandment having been determined on, service in other regiments was offered the men. The offer was refused. Young Scindiah was, however, firm; the Silladars expostulated, threatened, and positively refused to lay down their arms. After all other means had failed, the extreme measure of reducing the body by force, was resorted to on the third of April last. Happily the other troops supported Scindiah; nor was any great amount of violence needed, for the Silladar chiefs had filled up their ranks with their servants and menials instead of fighting men, and a round or two of shot brought the entire body to its senses.

By this act of spirit young Scindiah has got rid of an army which was mischievous to

himself, and dangerous to his neighbours; and has now an opportunity of showing how well he can govern the two millions and a half of people, whose sovereign he has become by a strange piece of Oriental good fortune.

ARCADIA.

ARCADIA!—what a nice place it must have been to be sure! A perpetual pic-nic, without wasps or thunder-storms, and with nothing to pay. A smiling landscape, all gently undulating—no fierce rocks or yawning chasms. Banks on which wild thyme and violets continually grow. Eternal summer. Fruits, flowers, and odoriferous herbs. Innocent flocks of more innocent sheplings; soft, mild, benignant, undesigning bleaters with dainty coats of whitest wool, hanging in worsted ringlets, unsmirched by the red ochre or cinnabar of mercenary grazier; yet when the sun rises or sets, gleaming with irid-tints from Nature's prism, making of each a mutton rainbow—like Mr. Hunt's sheep in his picture of *Our English Coasts*. And then the shepherds with their long hair confined by an azure ribbon; their abundance of clean linen, and guilelessness of braces: their silken hose, and shoon with purple heels; their harmless sports consisting in shooting at a stuffed bird on a highly decorated Maypole with a cross-bow bedecked with ribbons. And the shepherdesses, with anburn tresses and wide spreading straw hats, with golden crooks, and wreaths of flowers, and petticoats of gold and silk and satin brocade. And the old women—the Dorcasses and Cicelys—dear old dames with silvery hair, scarlet cloaks, and ebony crutch-sticks; but who never scolded, O no, nor had the rheumatism, nor groaned about their precious bones and the badness of the times. There were no Game Laws in Arcadia, no union workhouses, no beer-shops, no tally-men, no police. There were balls every and all day long in Arcadia; endless country dances. No shepherd beat another shepherd or shepherdess with his crook, or a poker, or pewter pot; for there was no quarrelling—save here or there a trifle of bickering, a transient fugacious jealousy when Celia detected Corydon kissing of Phyllis, or if Sacharissa in a pet broke Damon's pipe. But these fleeting differences would soon be reconciled: all would kiss and be friends: and banquets to re-united friendship would take place in cool grottoes on carpets of fairest flowers; the viands (fruits, syllabubs, and cakes of finest flour), cooled by murmuring, rippling, pebbly, sparkling streamlets, and by fragrant boughs outside the cave, drooping with foliage and luscious fruit, and waved by the pitying summer breeze; sheltering the grotto's inmates from the burly Sun's too bold salute. And the sky was very blue, and the birds sang carols continually.

Yet, though the golden age be gone, and there are no more picturesque shepherds

or shepherdesses, save in the canvasses of Watteau and Lancret, Arcadia still exists. It lives in the very heart of London.

The prototype of the London arcade was, undoubtedly, the Oriental Bazaar. There is not a town in Turkey or Hindostan, without some dirty, stiling, covered passage, both sides of which overflow with amphitheatres of knickknackery for sale. The Bezesteen of Stamboul is a genuine arcade, with all the crowding and confusion, the kaleidoscopic arrangement and gossip-bargaining of the Arcadia of England.

The French, who manage so many things better than ourselves, and not a few so much worse, have long had an Arcadia of their own. As a special measure of relief for their legionary *flâneurs* or street-pacers—driven, in wet weather, from the much sauntered over Boulevards—there were devised the unrivalled galleries and passages which are the delight of Paris, the admiration of strangers, and the bread-winners of unnumbered artificers, factors, and retailers of those heterogeneous odds and ends known as *articles de Paris*. To the Passage de l'Opéra, des Panoramas, du Saumon Gouffroy; from the Galleries Vivienne, Colbert, and Véro-Dodat; the caricatures of Gavarni and Grandville, the classic lithographies of Julien, the novels of Paul de Kock, the statuettes of Dantan, and the ballads of Mademoiselle Eloïsa Puget owe their chief celebrity. Beneath those glass roofs literary and artistic reputations have been won and lost.

Milan followed in the wake of Paris, and the city of the Duomo boasts many plate-glass-adorned and knickknack-crowded covered thoroughfares. Vienna and Berlin followed; but England knew not arcades before the present century. Some inventive genius accomplished a great feat in conjunction with certain shopkeepers and the Cork and Burlington estates. He brought Arcadia into Piccadilly, and built the Burlington Arcade.

At first the shops of this Arcade were small and dark. They sold no articles of positive necessity: the useful arts were repellent to Burlingtonian notions of industry: and luxury was almost exclusively purveyed for. Burlington (as became a comital godfather) was intensely aristocratic. Boots and shoes and gloves were certainly sold; but they fitted only the most Byronically small and symmetrical hands and feet; none but the finest and most odoriferous leathers were employed in their confection, and none but the highest prices charged for them. The staple manufactures of this Arcade have been in turns jewellery, fans, feathers, French novels, pictorial albums, annuals, scrap-books, caricatures, harps, accordions, quadrille music, illuminated polkas, toys, scents, hair-brushes, odoriferous vinegar, Rowlands' Macassar Oil, zephyr paletôts, snuff-boxes, jewelled whips, clouded canes, lemon-coloured gloves, and false whiskers. Scarcely a fashionable

vice, an aristocratic frivolity, or a Belgravian caprice, but had (and has) a representative in the Burlington Arcade. It was a little Vanity Fair. I have walked it many and many a time for years, thinking of John Bunyan, and wondering which was Britain Row and Portugal Row.

There was but one active handicraft exercised in the Arcade, and that was hair-cutting. The handicraftsmen cut your hair in sophisticated saloons, decorated with fallacious mural paintings of impossible Grecian landscapes, with flaming Greeks and Turks fighting. Below they inveigled you to buy drugs and potions wherewith to dye the grey hairs you should be proud of, blue black; and stuffs to make you emulate the smell of the civet, or the musk rat, and hog's-lard conimented into bear's grease, and wigs;—woven lies made from dead men's hair to thatch live fools. Further on, there were boots to pinch feet, corsets to tighten waists, and gloves to crump hands. Boys with bundles were rigidly excluded from the precincts. Smoking was not allowed through its length or breadth. It was paraded by padded, tight-booted, tight-girthed, wigged old beaus striving to look like boys of twenty; by boys aping the vices of old men; by carpet warriors, and by knights fresh from Almack tournaments.

The department of Arcadia to which I have just (and it may seem to you rather harshly) alluded, has not been free from the vicissitudes, humiliations, and mutabilities common to buildings and thoroughfares, as well as to men. Yet, on the whole, it may be said that the Burlingtonians have been a prosperous and well-to-do community. If Burlington had appealed to the wisdom, learning, good taste; or to the scientific or philosophic tendencies of humanity, it might have been bankrupt long ago, and its traders gone barefoot. But Burlington has calculated, like the quack doctor, that of every fifty passers-by forty are fools. With Robert Macaire it has studied the immortal axiom delivered by that sage to Bertrand, "The day passes, but the fools remain;" and has occupied itself with what is co-existent with the world and with humanity—human folly. But for such customers, the booths in Vanity Fair, wherever its tents be pitched, would drive a poor trade indeed.

I will now leave the Province of Burlington, and direct my attention to that of Exeter. One was of comital rank; but this is the fief of a marquisate. A word as to its antecedents.

Where now stands the street that forms the approach to Rennie's magnificent bridge—the Bridge of Waterloo; the bridge of gorgeous sunset views—the Bridge of Sighs—the Rialto of transpontine theatricals, industrials of the New Cut, Elephant and Castle omnibuses, and women without names, without hope, without lives (save a certain dog-like existence), there stood, before I was

born, certain dingy brick houses. One of them was the old office of the old (and now dead) Courier newspaper; and many may be old enough to remember the bulletin of the great victory of Waterloo being pasted up on the Courier windows on the 21st of June, 1815. Another was the old Lyceum Theatre; a third was Mr. Day's trunk-shop. Close beside these buildings, stood two mighty elephant's tusks and a burly Beefeater, directing the eager sight-seer, the impatient country cousin, the enthusiastic holiday-maker, to the Museum or Menagerie of Wild Animals, known throughout the United Kingdom as Crosse's Wild Beast Show. Here had the lord of "aitches" and the Patent Theatres—the great John Philip Kemble—borrowed of Mr. Crosse the rhinoceros on which he took his ever memorable ride through Covent Garden Market—in the early morning, when the sun was bright, and saloop stalls were yet about—as dignified as a lord, playing the fool as only wise men can. Here had the howlings of unnumbered savage brutes, the rugged Russian bear, the armed rhinoceros, like the Hyrcanian beast, shook the bricks of Exeter Change. Ye spotted snakes, ye dwelt there. Hyenas, ye have laughed; jackals, ye have wept deceivingly; blue-faced monkeys, ye have shown your cerulean visages in those bygone Arcadian precincts. There held out against the united forces of Apothecaries Hall and His Majesty's footguards Chunee, unconquered of refractory elephants. There he laughed at pounds of calomel and bales of drugs, and shook his sides with Elephantine scorn at guns and pistols; till the great, embrowned regulation muskets of His Majesty's footguards cracked his leviathan skin and let his giant life out. Crosse's must have been an exhibition. Why wasn't I alive when Exeter Change was extant, and the admission "up-stairs" one shilling or under?

But Arcadia was fated to come again; and Exeter Change, though it retains its name, has changed its locale, and is no more what it was. It is a changed change. It had a transition state—a sort of chrysalis-like grubhood as a bad bazaar—a very bad and lame imitation of those Margate and Ramsgate, and general watering-place knick-knack shops, where there are countless assemblages of trifles, unconsidered, because really useless, and where you may, perhaps, (if you have great good luck) win, after the investment of from seven to fifteen shillings, such a prize as a German silver pencil-case, or a tea-pot stand of plaited rushes. And then Exeter Change became a wilderness of brick sand mortar, scaffold poles, hods, ladders and ropes, and it and its neighbourhood went mad on the building question, after which and (up to 1853) ultimately, the Change changed its site, and burst on the world as an arcade—an Arcade of desolation, silence, despair.

What can I compare it to? The street of the tombs at Pompeii—the Via Sacra with all the shops shut up and half a dozen funerals of Sextus Quintilius Somebody winding their way through its mournful lengths? A street in Tripoli or Algiers at mid-day when the sun is very hot and the plague is very bad about? The “dark entry” in Canterbury cathedral yard multiplied by two? Lawrence Pountney Hill (about the dreariest of thoroughfares I know) of a Sunday afternoon? Anything, anywhere in any climate, country, age, or circumstance that is gloomy, dismal, heart-depressing, unventilated, grave-yard-smelling—dull. This gloomy avenue leads from one and into another of the merriest London streets you would wish to find: one in the bustling Catharine Street with its noisy News Exchange, and Old Drury (though, to be sure, that is not so very gay) at the top; the other the lively Wellington Street, embellished as it is with one of the most abusive cabstands in the metropolis, the office of H. W., and the sprightly Lyceum Theatre. But the Arcade is *so* dull. Some glastly artist undertook, on its construction, to decorate it with mural arabesques. He has succeeded in filling the spaces between the shop windows with some skeleton figures;—dripping, faded funerealities. These “arabesques” (“mauresques” would be more appropriate, for they are very mortuary) twist themselves into horrible skeleton presentiments, all in a leaden, deadened, dusky tone of colour; and, high over gas-lamps, and grimly clambering about shop-fronts, are melancholy dolphins and writhing serpents, and attenuated birds of paradise; all looking intensely wretched at the positions in which they find themselves. Likewise there are scrolls, which the Furies might twist in their hair; and leaves which seem ready to drop off for very deadness, and sepulchral beadings, and egg-and-tongue fillets like rows of coffin nails.

Are there shops in this Arcadia? There are. And are these shops tenanted? Well. They *are* tenanted; but not much. A great many of the shops have had occupiers; but somehow or other the occupiers are continually vacating. They never stopped. Doubtless they had many good and sufficient reasons for so persistently continuing not to remain. They went abroad, relinquished business, made their fortunes—perhaps. I can remember in this changing Change, house and estate agents, servants’ registry offices, coal-mine offices (with neat little hampers of Wallsend in the window—a novelty which would answer well, I opine, with a horse-dealer, if he were to put a few pasterns and fetlocks and a horse shoe or two in *his* window), booksellers, news-venders and publishers (news and publicity here), cigar-shops, tailors and habit-makers, milliners, dress-makers, and bonnet-builders, architects and surveyors, and a toy-shop: that didn’t last. The drums and trumpets, the miniature guns and swords sounded and

wielded there must have been of the same sort as those used at Napoleon’s midnight review; the Tombolas must have had death’s heads; the Jacks must have sprung, not of boxes, but sarcophagi; the kalidoscopes must have shown nothing but prismatic goblins; the accordions played nothing but the Dead March in Saul.

I knew a French bookseller who established himself in Exeter Arcadia, with his wife and olive branches round him, vainly thinking to live by vending the lively *nouvellettes* and *vaudevilles* of the Land of the Gaul. But his little children pined among the brumous shades of the ‘Cade, and sighed, like Mary Queen of Scots, for the Fair land of France again—so the Frenchman vanished. I also knew a confident foreigner who came here in the Exhibition year ‘51, with two stools, a desk and a Nugent’s dictionary on a vague speculation of interpreting, translating for, or verbally assisting foreigners visiting London during the Exhibition season. “Informations-Bureau” he called his shop, if am not mistaken. But, as he spoke no English, and nobody came to make any inquiries who spoke any foreign language, his bureau came to nothing, and he vanished, too.

Desolate, dreary, weary, as any grange with any number of moats, art thou, Arcadia of Exeter! Yet there is hope for thee. “Hope comes to all,” says Milton, and may I live to see the day when thy shops shall overflow with merchandise, when thy outlets shall be blocked up with customers, when thy fame shall be spread among the nations, and excursion trains start from the uttermost ends of the earth to visit thee. Till then, firewell, or be, as heretofore, a desert—not howling, for there are no wild animals to howl in thee—an empty sepulchre, a deserted wine-cellar, an abandoned quarry, an exhausted coal-mine, a ruined temple, or “Ninny’s Tomb,” meet only for the nocturnal rendezvous of some Pyramus of the Strand with some Thisbe of Adam Street, Adelpy; be anything thou listest, for, of a verity, Exeter, I (and, doubtless, my readers,) am weary of thee.

The Lowther Arcade—I seek not to dignise it under any plausible incognito, for I am proud of it—is a tube of shops running from St. Martin’s Churchyard into the Strand, very nearly opposite Hungerford Market. There is, frequently, very much noise in this tube as in that far-famed one across the Menai Straits that Mr. Stephenson built; and there are collisions and signals—but here my railroad similes end; for, in lieu of being a pitch dark colour with grim iron-ribbed sides, with a flooring of slippery rails on which huge locomotive dragons with many jointed tails of carriages glide, this tube is light and airy, and roofed with glass. It is noisy; but not with the screaming and snorting, and panting of engines, the rattling of wheels, and the jangling of chains: it

is resonant with the pattering of feet, the humming of voices, the laughter of children, the rustling of silken dresses, and buying, selling, bargaining, and chaffering.

The commodities vended in the Lowther Arcade I may classify under three heads: Toys, Jewelry, and Minor Utilities, about each of which I have a word to say.

Imprimis of toys. Enormous, preposterous, marvellous is Lowther in respect of toys. She possesses amphitheatres, rows upon rows, galleries upon galleries; Great Pyramids of Egypt, Great Towers of Belus, Great Tons of Heidelberg, Great Beds of Ware, Great Dragons of Wantley, Giant Helmets of Otranto—of what? Of toys. Birmingham is the toyshop of Europe; Blair's Preceptor and Pinnock's Treasury of Knowledge say it is. But no: Lowther is. Look around, if you are sceptical, upon the toys of all nations, and for children of all ages, which give children such exquisite delight in playing with them—which give papa and mamma delight scarcely less exquisite in buying them. Cosmopolitan toys, too. Look at the honest, hearty, well-meaning toys of old England. The famous cock-horses of such high blood and mettle, that the blood has broken out all over their skins in an eruption of crimson spots; so full of spirit that their manes stand bolt upright, and their tails project like comets; such high and mighty cock-horses, that they disdain to walk, and take continual carriage exercise on wooden platforms, running on wheels. The millers' carts, so bravely painted, so full of snowy sacks, supposed to contain best bolted flour; but, in reality, holding sawdust. The carriers' carts, the mail phaetons, the block-tin omnibuses, the deal locomotives with woolly steam rushing from the funnels, the brewers' drays, and those simple, yet interesting, vehicles of plain white deal—exact models, in fact, of the London scavengers' carts—so much in request at Brighton and Margate for the cartage of sand, pebbles and sea-weed, and sometimes used as hearses for the interment of a doll, or as Bath chairs for the exercise of an unwilling poodle.

Can you look unmoved, although you be a philosopher, and your name Zeno, Plato, or Socrates, on the great Noah's arks—those Edens of wooden zoölogy, where the mouse lies down with the caméléopard (and is nearly as big), where the lion is on such familiar terms with the jackass as to allow him to stand atop of him, with his hoofs in his jagged mane; where the duck is neatly packed (for more commodious stowage) in the bosom of the tigress, and then stands on his head between the fore feet of the elephant? Can you passively inspect the noble fluffy donkeys, with real fur, and the nicely equipoised panniers, and harness of softest, brownest leather? And those desirable family mansions, the dolls' houses, with the capital modern furniture, plate, glass and linen, with commands to

sell which Messrs. Musgrove and Gadsden are not likely to be honoured. And the glorious kitchens, with that bottle-jack and meat screen and dripping-pan, at which was roasted the wooden sirloin of beef, painted and varnished. The boxes of red-handled carpenters' tools, which cut, and sawed, and chiselled nothing but children's fingers. The boxes of tea-things—now of wood, now of more ambition, tin and lead. The dolls—from Missey's flaxen-headed beauty, with the moveable blue eyes, and the elegant pink leather extremities, swathed in silver tissue paper, to Master Jackey's favourite policeman, A 1, very blue in attire, and very stiff, with a very glazed hat, an intensely legible number, and varnished wooden boots. The fierce Hungarian hussar on horseback, with that cruel curved wire and counter-weight stuck through his entrails, with which he maintains an unceasing seesaw. The drummer with moveable arms. The musical toys, the accordions, the marvellous kaleidoscopes, regarded at first as phantasmagoria of delight; but, breaking, or being broken, soon disclosing, to our great disappointment and disgust, nothing but a disk of tin, a fragment of smoked glass, and some tawdy-coloured chips! And such is life.

Hoops, nine-pins, drums covered with real parchment, innocently white above, but which, were you to tear them, and look at the underpart, would, I gage, be found to be fragments of old deeds and indentures—such is life again: French toys, fierce toys, warlike toys, smelling of Young France, and glory, and blood—such as miniature cannon, lanciers sabretasches, war steamers armed *en flûte*, sabres, muskets, shakos, and tri-coloured flags surmounted by the resuscitated Eagle of France. German toys, which like everything else coming from Deutschland, are somewhat quaint, and somewhat eccentric, and a thought misty: for example, queer old carved men and women, in queer attitudes, and animals whose anatomy is likewise of the queerest kind, and who yet have a queer expression of life and animation about them. Tortuous games, played with hammers and dice, and bells, and little men, which remind you somehow, you know not why, of Rhine Schlosses, and Gnomes and Undine, and Albert Dürer's mailed knights. Then the Germans have monks and hermits who open, like the dolls' houses, cupboard-door fashion, and show you (where gentlemen are generally supposed to accommodate—well, there is no harm in it—their insides) little chapels and oratories, with little altars and candles and priests. And who but the Germans too, would make long panoramas and dioramas opening in the accordion and collapsing manner, and strange monsters in boxes? An infinity of other *jou-joux*, such as India-rubber balls, whips of all shapes and capacities for chair or cock-horse flagellation, skipping ropes, flutes, spades, rakes and hoes: all these

are to be found in the toy department of the Lowther Arcade.

These toys are sold by bright-eyed damsels, and they are bought by plump married couples, and pretty cousins, and prim yet benignant old aunts, and cross yet kind old grandmothers—yea, and by cross-grained bachelors and sulky misogynists, and crabbed City men. I have seen a man—one of those men who were he but five-and-twenty you would immediately feel inclined to call, mentally, an old fellow—enter Lowther Arcadia by the strand, looking as savage, as ill-tempered, as sulky as the defendant in a breach of promise case, dragging rather than leading a child; but I have seen him emerge ten minutes afterwards with an armful of toys looking sunny with good humour.

And they are bought, these toys, for that marvellous little people who are the delight and hope and joy, the sorrow, solace, chief anxiety, and chief pleasure, of grown-up man and womankind. For those little manuscripts of the book of life yet unsent to press, unset up in stern uncompromising type, as yet uninculcating in proof-sheets for the inspection of the judge; to be bound and published and criticised at the last. For those innocent little instruments of even-handed justice—the justice that makes of our children the chief punishment or reward to us—a heaven or a torment about us here in life. And whether Arcadia live or die, and whether those ruddy children and these plump parents continue or surcease, there will be toy-shops and toys and parents and children to purchase them to the end, I hope; for I believe toys to be the symbolic insignia of the freemasonry of childhood—as aprons and mallets, adzes and jewels are to the older freemasons of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields—and that they are bonds of union, pledges of affection, from the man-child to the child-man; and that they are substantial lectures on useful arts and useful recreations; and although of course I would exclude from my Tommy's or Emily's play-box every toy that could suggest or hint at cruelty, intolerance, injustice or wrong, I do think that *English* toys (I speak not of the Gallic and bellicose ones) are mainly honest and well-meaning, and even moral playthings. I love toys.

The second department of Lowther Arcadia of which I would wish, cursorily, to treat, is that connected with the sale of jewellery. The Lowther *bijouterie* is certainly unique. It may want the intrinsic value of the productions of Howell and James, or Hunt and Roskell. The Lowtherian brilliants may not be of a water so fine as those of Regent Street or Cornhill; but the jewellery of my Arcade is as sparkling and as showy, as gay and as variegated, as any assemblage of gems you like to mention—the jewel-house in the Tower of London, or the Queen of Spain's jewels, or Mr. Hope's. The gold is as yellow, though, perhaps, not quite so valuable, as any Brown and Wingrove have to refine. The

emeralds are green, the rubies red, the turquoises blue; and what other colours would you have emeralds, and rubies, and turquoises to be? Lowther shines, too, in cancos—none of your shrinking, shamefaced, genuine Roman ones—but great, bold, bounding, pictorial pancakes; heads of Minerva as big as Bristol Channel oysters, and trios of graces vying in size with bread-and-butter plates. Lowther hath, in its huge glass cases and beneath glass domes, good stores of necklaces (the pearl ones like strings of varnished plover's eggs), bracelets, agraffes, buckles, shirt-pins, hair ornaments; but it is in the article of brooches that she chiefly shines; brooches with a vengeance. Geological brooches, comprising every variety of strata, from blue clay to red sandstone, genteelly cut, polished, and set. Pictorial brooches, forcing on you the counterfeit presentiments of a heterogeneous assemblage of celebrated female characters; Mary Queen of Scots, Madame de la Vallière, Marie Antoinette, and Jenny Lind; with a more cautious selection from among the gentlemen, ranging from Oliver Cromwell to Buffon the naturalist, or from Henry the Eighth to M. Kossuth. Brooches for hair, and simple jet or cornelian brooches. Landsape brooches, where the lake of Chamouni, and Mont Blanc—the monarch of mountains, who was crowned so long ago—are depicted in a vivid blue and green manner—astonishing to the eyes of Professor Forbes, or Mr. Brockedon. Brooches for all ages, from that blushing girl of eighteen yonder for whom the fond youth in the astonishing coat and the alarming waistcoat is purchasing a gigantic oval half-length of Charles the Second, set in elaborate filigree—down to the white-headed old grandmamma, doubly widowed and doubly childless, who will here provide herself with a cheap yet handsome locket-brooch wherein to preserve a lock of sunny brown hair, all that is left (save a ciphering book) to remind her of that gallant nephew Harry, who went down in the war-steamer Phlegethon, with all hands, far in the Southern Seas.

Nor is it the worse for being unreal—sham is hardly the word; for Lowther says boldly, "Here is my jewellery; I will sell it to you at a price. If you choose to believe my half-crown cameo-moons are made of green cheese, my eighteenpenny bracelets sapphires or opals, my three-and-sixpenny necklaces barbaric pearl and gold, believe and be blest. We do not attempt to deceive you; if our price be too cheap, don't buy." It may seem inconsistent in me, who have so lately borne rather hard upon the Arcade of Burlington, that I should defend the fictitious gems that have their abode in the Arcade of Lowther. But I consider this: that there is a difference between a sham deliberate, a wilful sophistry or wanton piece of casuistry, and a lie confessant; a work of fiction for instance—a novel, a fable, or a pleasant tale. As such, I consider the jewels of Lowther. Is it

because my pretty tradesman's daughter, my humble milliner or sempstress; even my comely cook, housemaid, or damsel of all work cannot afford the real barbaric pearl and gold—the real rose and table diamonds—that they are to be debarred from wearing innocent adornments, wherewith to accomplish the captivation (which their bright faces have begun) of their respective swains and sweethearts? No. Leaving their aristocratic sisters to disport themselves in real Cashmeres from Delhi and Allahabad, and real lace shawls from Brussels and Malines, they are content with humble Paisleys, and unobtrusive Greenocks; so, abandoning genuine precious stones, genuine guinea gold, genuine pearls and canoes, to perhaps not the happiest, but at least the more fortunate of their sex, they shall revel as it pleases them in the eighteenpenny finery of this Arcadia; and Samuel or William walking “along with them,” or “keeping of 'em company” in the smartest of surtouts and the whitest of Berlin gloves, on crowded steam-boats, or amid the velvety glades of the metropolitan parks, shall be as proud of them and of their jewels as though they were duchesses.

One more department of Arcadia yet remains to be explored. This is the section devoted to what I may call minor utilities, and though minor, they occupy a very considerable portion of the Lowther Arcade. Heaped in wild confusion—though not worse confounded—on the estrades of half a dozen merchants, are different ranges of shelves; grades on grades of such articles as cakes of Windsor soap, shaving dishes, shaving brushes, pocket combs, snuffer trays, bronze candlesticks, lucifer boxes, pipe lights, sealing wax; hair, tooth, clothes, and blacking brushes, French coffee-pots, tea canisters, workboxes, nutmeg graters, paper weights, pencil-cases, china mantel-shelf ornaments, nick-nacks for drawing-room tables, artificial flowers, watch-chains, perfumery, hair pins, plaster statuettes, penknives, scissors, dog-chains, walking-sticks, housewife-cases, knives, forks, and spoons, china plate, cups and saucers, wine glasses, decanters, presents from Brighton, tokens from Ramsgate, letter-clips, portfolios, music-cases, reticules, scent-bottles, and fans. There is scarcely a minor want, an everyday wish in the catalogue of everyday wants and wishes but which can be supplied from the delightful egregious farrago of fancy hucksteries here collected. It is the Bagdad of house-keeping odds and ends, the very place I should advise all those about to marry to visit, when they have found that besides the household furniture, plate, linen, and bedding, pots, pans, they have discovered indispensable in fitting up their bridal mansion, there are yet a thousand and one things they cannot do without, and which nothing but a walk through Arcadia will satisfy them that they really want.

The most wonderful thing connected with the cosmopolitan merchandise displayed in the Lowther Arcade, is the apparent recklessness with which the commodities are exposed to the touch of the passers-by and the enormous apparent confidence which their proprietors appear to place in their customers. The toys are tested, and the minor utilities examined; the musical instruments are sounded at the good pleasure of those without, whether they mean buying or not buying; but be assured, O man of sin—pilferer of small wares and petty larcener—that there is an eye within keenly glancing from some loophole contrived between accordions and tin breastplates that watches your every movement, and is “fly,”—to use a term peculiarly comprehensible to dishonest minds—to the slightest gesture of illegal conveyancing.

The Lowther Arcade should, to be properly appreciated and admired, be viewed at three widely distant periods of the day. First, in the early morning, when the bells of St. Martin's have just commenced carillonning the quarter chimes to eight. Then the myriad wares that Lowther has to sell, are scattered about in a manner reminding you of the parti-coloured chaos of one of the Lowther's own kaleidoscopes indefinitely magnified and blown to pieces, or of the wardrobe and property room of a large theatre combined, when the *employés* are “taking stock.” In the midst of this chaotic olla podrida of oddities pick their way, with cautious steps yet nimble, the Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses, wearing mostly over their pastoral garments large aprons and pinafores of brown holland and grey calico. With feather brooms or gauzy dusters they dust and cleanse and furbish and rub up and brighten all the multifarious paraphernalia of their calling; and, swift the amphitheatrical benches or grades are crowned with rainbow toys, or glittering glass cases symmetrically arranged, artistically displayed to catch the eye and provoke the appetite of taste. Some pilgrim from the west may, at such times, fortuitously be found gliding among the fancy goods that corruscate the pavement, nervously apprehensive of stepping an inch to the right or to the left, lest he should “fall into a bit of property,” his own might not be sufficient to replace.

I have no room for statistics, so I will not enter into any calculation as to the numerical quantities of fancy wares vended in the Lowther Arcade; the gross amount of money received, the average number of visitors, or matters of that kind. I may passingly observe, that there are toys, and gems, and nick-nacks here, that are things of great price to-day, and positive drugs in the market to-morrow. At one time the public toy-taste runs upon monkeys that run up sticks, or old gentlemen that swing by their own door-knockers, squeaking dreadfully the while: at another period the rage is for the squeezable comic masks and faces (at first and fallaciously

supposed to be made of gutta-percha, but ultimately discovered, through the agency of a precocious philosopher, aged seven—who ate one of them—to be formed from a composition of glue, flour, and treacle). Now, horrible writhing gutta-percha snakes are up, and now they are down; now popguns go off and now hang fire.

There are certain toys and fancy ornaments that always, however, preserve a healthy vogue, and command a ready sale. Of the former, the Noah's arks, and dolls' houses, and India-rubber balls, may be mentioned; although their nominal nomenclatures are sometimes altered to suit the exigencies of fashion. Thus we are enticed to purchase Uncle Bunce's Noah's ark, Peter Parley's balls, or Jenny Lind's Doll's mansion. Of the fancy goods, I may hint fugitively that some attenuated vases of artificial flowers under glass shades, I have known as Queen Adelaide's Own, Victoria's Wreath, The Jenny Lind Bouquet, and the Eugenia Vase. These flowrets are much cultivated as chimney ornaments by maiden ladies in the neighbourhoods of Peckham Rise and Muswell Hills. Lastly, there is a model, or sample piece of workmanship, of which copies are to this day sold, principally to the ladies, which I have known for nearly twenty years. It consists of a hollow cottage of latitudinarian architecture, composed of plaster of Paris, with stained glass windows, and with a practicable chimney. In the hollow part of the edifice an oil lamp is nocturnally placed; and the light pouring through the windows, and the smoke curling up the chimney (not altogether inodorously), produce a charming and picturesque effect. This building has had many names. When I knew it first, it was, I think, William Tell's Chalet. Then it was the Birthplace of the Poet Moore. Then it was Shakespeare's House. Then Her Majesty's Highland Hut or Shieling, near Balmoral, in Scotland. And now it is the birth-place of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. House of many names! farewell! and thou too, Arcadia! till at some future day I wander through thy spangled glades again.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ON its being formally made known to Elizabeth that the sentence had been executed on the Queen of Scots, she showed the utmost grief and rage, drove her favourites from her with violent indignation, and sent Davison to the Tower; from which place he was only released in the end by paying an immense fine which completely ruined him. Elizabeth not only overacted her part in making these pretences, but most basely reduced to poverty one of her faithful servants, for no other fault than obeying her commands.

James, King of Scotland, Mary's son, made a show likewise of being very angry on the occasion; but, as he was a pensioner of England to the amount of five thousand pounds a year, and had known very little of his mother, and possibly regarded her as the murderer of his father besides, he soon took it quietly.

Philip, King of Spain, however threatened to do greater things than ever had been done yet, to set up the Catholic religion and punish Protestant England. Elizabeth, hearing that he and the Prince of Parma were making great preparations for this purpose, in order to be beforehand with them, sent out ADMIRAL DRAKE (a famous navigator, who had sailed about the world, and had already brought great plunder from Spain) to the port of Cadiz, where he burnt a hundred vessels full of stores. This great loss obliged the Spaniards to put off the invasion for a year, but it was none the less formidable for that, amounting to one hundred and thirty ships, nineteen thousand soldiers, eight thousand sailors, two thousand slaves, and between two and three thousand great guns. England was not idle in making ready to resist this great force. All the men between sixteen years old and sixty, were trained and drilled: the national fleet of ships (in number only thirty-four at first) was enlarged by public contributions and by private ships, fitted out by noblemen; the City of London, of its own accord, furnished double the number of ships and men that it was required to provide; and if ever the national spirit was up in England it was up all through the country to resist the Spaniards. Some of the Queen's advisers were for seizing the principal English Catholics, and putting them to death, but the Queen—who, to her honour, used to say that she would never believe any ill of her subjects, which a parent would not believe of her own children—rejected the advice, and only confined a few of those who were the most suspected among them, in the fens in Lincolnshire. The great body of Catholics deserved this confidence; for they behaved most loyally, nobly, and bravely.

So, with all England firing up like one strong angry man, and with both sides of the Thames fortified, and with the soldiers under arms, and the sailors in their ships, the country waited for the coming of the proud Spanish fleet, which was called THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA. The Queen herself, riding on a white horse, with armour on her back, and the Earl of Essex and the Earl of Leicester holding her bridle rein, made a brave speech to the troops at Tilbury Fort, opposite Gravesend, which was received with such enthusiasm as is seldom known. Then came the Spanish Armada into the English Channel, sailing along in the form of a half moon, of such great size, that it was seven miles broad. But the English were quickly

upon it, and woe then to all the Spanish ships that dropped a little out of the half moon, for the English took them instantly! And it soon appeared that the great Armada was anything but invincible, for, on a summer night, bold Drake sent eight blazing fire-ships right into the midst of it. In terrible consternation the Spaniards tried to get out to sea, and so became dispersed; the English pursued them at a great advantage; a storm came on, and drove the Spaniards among rocks and shoals; and the swift end of the Invincible fleet was that it lost thirty great ships and ten thousand men, and, defeated and disgraced, sailed home again. Being afraid to go by the English Channel, it sailed all round Scotland and Ireland; and some of the ships getting east away on the latter coast in bad weather, the Irish, who were a kind of savages, plundered those vessels and killed their crews. So ended this great attempt to invade and conquer England; and I think it will be a long time before any other invincible fleet coming to England with the same object, will fare much better than the Spanish Armada.

Though the Spanish king had had this bitter taste of English bravery, he was so little the wiser for it as still to entertain his old designs, and even to conceive the absurd idea of placing his daughter on the English throne. But the Earl of Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Thomas Howard, and some other distinguished leaders, putting to sea from Plymouth, entered the port of Cadiz once more, obtained a complete victory over the shipping assembled there, and got possession of the town. In obedience to the Queen's express instructions, they behaved with great humanity; and the principal loss of the Spaniards was a vast sum of money which they had to pay for ransom. This was one of many gallant achievements on the sea, effected in this reign. Sir Walter Raleigh himself, after marrying a maid of honour and giving offence to the Maiden Queen thereby, had already sailed to South America in search of gold, and written an excellent account of his voyage.

The Earl of Leicester was now dead, and so was Sir Thomas Walsingham, whom Lord Burleigh was soon to follow. The principal favourite was the EARL OF ESSEX, a spirited and handsome man, a favourite with the people too as well as with the Queen, and possessed of many admirable qualities. It was much debated at Court whether there should be peace with Spain or no, and he was very urgent for war. He also tried hard to have his own way in the appointment of a deputy to govern in Ireland. One day, while this question was in dispute, he hastily took offence, and turned his back upon the Queen; as a gentle reminder of which impropriety, the Queen gave him a tre-

mendous box on the ear, and told him to go to the devil. He went home instead, and did not reappear at Court for half a year or so, when he and the Queen were reconciled, though never (as some suppose) thoroughly.

From this time the fate of the Earl of Essex and that of the Queen seemed to be blended together. The Irish were still perpetually quarrelling and fighting among themselves, and he went over to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, to the great joy of his enemies (Sir Walter Raleigh among the rest) who were glad to have so dangerous a rival far off. Not being by any means successful there, and knowing that his enemies would take advantage of that circumstance to injure him with the Queen, he came home again though against her orders. The Queen being taken by surprise when he appeared before her, gave him her hand to kiss, and he was overjoyed—though it was not a very lovely one by this time; but in the course of the same day she ordered him to confine himself to his room, and two or three days afterwards had him taken into custody. With the same sort of caprice—and as capricious an old woman she now was as ever wore a crown or a head either—she sent him broth from her own table on his falling ill from anxiety, and cried about him.

He was a man who could find comfort and occupation in his books, and he did so for a time—not the least happy time, I dare say, of his life. But it happened, unfortunately for him, that he held a monopoly in sweet wines: which means that nobody could sell them without purchasing his permission. This right, which was only for a term, expiring, he applied to have it renewed. The Queen refused, with the rather strong observation—but she *did* make strong observations—that an unruly beast must be stinted in his food. Upon this, the angry Earl who had been already deprived of many offices, thought himself in danger of complete ruin, and turned against the Queen, whom he called a vain old woman who had grown as crooked in her mind as she had in her figure. These uncomplimentary expressions, the ladies of the Court immediately snapped up and carried to the Queen, whom they did not put in a better temper, you may believe. The same Court ladies, when they had beautiful dark hair of their own, used to wear false red hair, to be like the Queen. So they were not very high-spirited ladies, however high in rank.

The worst object of the Earl of Essex and some friends of his who used to meet at Lord Southampton's house, was to obtain possession of the Queen, and oblige her by force to dismiss her ministers and change her favourites. On Saturday the seventh of February, one thousand six hundred and one, the council suspecting this, summoned the

Earl to come before them. He, pretending to be ill, declined; and it was then settled among his friends, that as the next day would be Sunday when many of the citizens usually assembled at the Cross by Saint Paul's Cathedral, he should make one bold effort to induce them to rise and follow him to the Palace.

So, on the Sunday morning, he and a small body of adherents started out of his house—Essex House by the Strand, with steps to the river—having first shut up in it, as prisoners, some members of the council who came to examine him, and hurried into the City with the Earl at their head, crying out, "For the Queen! For the Queen! A plot is laid for my life!" No one heeded them, however, and when they came to Saint Paul's there were no citizens there. In the mean time, the prisoners at Essex House had been released by one of the Earl's own friends; he had been promptly proclaimed a traitor in the City itself; and the streets were barricaded with carts and guarded by soldiers. The Earl got back to his house by water, with great difficulty, and, after an attempt to defend it against the troops and cannon by which it was soon surrounded, gave himself up that night. He was brought to trial on the nineteenth, and found guilty; on the twenty-fifth, he was executed on Tower Hill, where he died, at thirty-four years old, both courageously and penitently. His step-father suffered with him. His enemy, Sir Walter Raleigh, stood near the scaffold all the time—but not so near to it as we shall see him stand, before we finish his history.

In this case, as in those of the Duke of Norfolk and Mary Queen of Scots, the Queen had commanded, and countermanded, and again commanded, the execution. It is probable that the death of her young and gallant favourite, in the prime of his good qualities, was never off her mind afterwards, but she held out, the same vain, obstinate and capricious woman, for another year. Then she danced before her Court on a state occasion—and cut, I should think, a mighty ridiculous figure, doing so in an immense ruff, stomacher, and wig, at seventy years old. For another year still, she held out, but, without any more dancing, and as a moody, sorrowful, broken creature. At last, on the tenth of March, one thousand six hundred and three, having been ill of a very bad cold, and made worse by the death of the Countess of Nottingham, who was her intimate friend, she fell into a stupor and was supposed to be dead. She recovered her consciousness, however, and then nothing

would induce her to go to bed; for she said she knew that if she did, she would never get up again. There she lay for ten days, on cushions on the floor, without any food, until the Lord Admiral got her into bed at last, partly by persuasions and partly by main force. When they asked her who should succeed her, she replied that her seat had been the seat of Kings, and that she would have for her successor "No rascal's son, but a King's." Upon this, the lords present stared at one another, and took the liberty of asking whom she meant; to which she replied, "Whom should I mean, but our cousin of Scotland!" This was on the twenty-third of March. They asked her once again that day, after she was speechless, whether she was still in the same mind? She struggled up in bed, and joined her hands over her head in the form of a crown, as the only reply she could make. At three o'clock next morning, she very quietly died, in the forty-fifth year of her reign.

That reign had been a glorious one, and is made for ever memorable by the distinguished men who flourished in it. Apart from the great voyagers, statesmen, and scholars, whom it produced, the names of BACON, SPENSER, and SHAKESPEARE, will always be remembered with pride and veneration by the civilised world, and will always impart (though with no great reason, perhaps,) some portion of their lustre to the name of Elizabeth. It was a great reign for discovery, for commerce, and for English enterprise and spirit in general. It was a great reign for the Protestant religion and for the Reformation which made England free. The Queen was very popular, and in her Progresses, or journeys about her dominions, was everywhere received with the liveliest joy. I think the truth is, that she was not half so good as she has been made out, and not half so bad as she has been made out. She had her fine qualities, but she was coarse, capricious, and treacherous, and had all the faults of an excessively vain young woman long after she was an old one. On the whole, she had a great deal too much of her father in her, to please me.

Many improvements and luxuries were introduced in the course of these five and forty years in the general manner of living; but cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and bear-baiting were still the national amusements; and a coach was so rarely seen, and was such an ugly and cumbersome affair when it was seen, that even the Queen herself, on many high occasions, rode on horseback on a pillion behind the Lord Chancellor.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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CATS' MOUNT.

Not every May morning of 1853 breathed forth such a balmy atmosphere as that on which I started on a pilgrimage to the Mont des Cats, or Mont des Chats, as it is sometimes erroneously called. The Catti, or Kats, were a people of ancient Germany, some of whose blood may be supposed still to flow in the veins of the Kittons of England and the Catons of Sutherland; and it owes its somewhat ambiguous name not to having been, at any epoch, the headquarters of a herd of cats, but to the circumstance of being the nest of a warlike clan of human beings. The Mount itself, though Flemish to the backbone, stands just within the limits of France. From that direction I had to approach it. Sweeping down the slopes of Cassel, a few miles south of St. Omer, you skirt the side of a wooded hill. Your road continues to be an unyielding pavement, and the necessity of the arrangement is plain. On the vast alluvial tracts which follow, you have soil and subsoil without a pebble. The squared stone therefore which is brought from a distance, is much too valuable to be broken up and macadamised, but is laid down in the shape of a permanently paved road. Once on the plain, the scene becomes monotonously rich—teeming with abundance, but otherwise offering little to strike either the eye or the imagination. At every step, the country and the people are less and less French. Flemish inscriptions over the door announce the existence of very *goode drunken*. Little roadside chapels of brick, face you at the most obvious corners; whilst others of wood not bigger than bird-cages, and containing only a Virgin and Child, are fastened to the wayside trees. Every person you meet on the road salutes you; and you are thought a pig if you do not return the greeting. To be the first to salute is inculcated in some of the popular catechisms as a religious duty, under the form of an act of humility. Donkeys covered with warm sheepskin saddles trot backwards and forwards, ridden by men and women, who indifferently and universally are mounted sidewise. The national sports of Flanders are represented by an enormously high mast, or pole, surmounted at the top with iron branches, on the tips of which little wooden birds are fixed; to be

shot at and bagged at holiday times. The national drink is indicated by hopgrounds filled with poles of extraordinary altitude; and, if you only look at the staple of the soil that is laid bare on the sides of the ditches, you will see that it has within it the elements wherewith to make the "bine" mount to the top. The national taste in domestic pets is already but too frequently revealed by blinded chaffinches chaunting their lively but brief melody, in spite of the narrowness of the wretched prison in which they exist, and sing with their eyes put out. At the door of the next public-house, which we pass, there lies a savage dog, fastened with a leash; and by his side a formidable-looking carbine leans against the wall. Both the brute and the gun are weapons of offence which belong to the *douanier*, or frontier customs'-guard, who is refreshing himself with a pint of beer to sharpen his scent after tramping smugglers. A few furlongs further we meet a man with a haggard face, an uncertain eye, and a shabby blouse, which, in respect to the thinness of his figure, would seem to denote an unusual development of chest. Or is it tobacco which pads his bosom, and which he yesterday picked up in Belgium? Beware, my friend—for so I will call you, though I should not care to meet you alone here in the dark. 'Tis not I who will whistle a signal of your approach; but mind how you step for the next half-hour. Because, if the carbine do not check your speed, the dog, let slip, most certainly will. More hop-grounds and meadows, and we are at Steenewoorde.

From Steenewoorde to the Mont des Cats let no one venture in a carriage. The distance, about three miles English, must be performed either on horseback, donkeyback, or foot; for the road over the pebble-less alluvial soil is nothing but a stream of slime, which might issue from the nastiest of mud volcanoes. After a few days' soaking wet, the passage would be impracticable, were it not for a sort of footpath at the side formed by a series of rough-squared stepping-stones, that are let into the earth about the same distance they would be, to help a passenger to cross a brook. Although by no means easy walking, the stepping-stone path still carries you onwards, now and then joined by like thoroughfares

branching off to the right and the left. More hop-grounds, flax-fields, and meadows teeming with cheese and cream; then, rows of handsome elms, and copses from which the nightingales are singing so loudly and so multitudinously, as to pour a sort of intoxication over the senses. They suggest, by their tones, an irresistible craving to stretch out one's arms after some unknown good. At last, we reach the picturesque and ill-reputed village of Godewaersvelde. There is no fear now, as during the first revolution, of encountering troops of well-armed brigands, who, after murdering soldiers and customs-men, have put on their uniform, and protect the dwellers on each side of the frontier, exactly as the wolf protects the sheep; still, on the border-land, caution is advisable, and it is pleasanter to walk with a trusty guide or companion, or even to join a *doutancier* on his cruise after errand and flitting scamps, than to wander along in single blessedness. Your passport or other satisfactory documents in your pocket, may happen to be serviceable, should any doubt by chance arise touching your own presentability.

The foot of the Mount is soon attained, and an easy climb suffices to reach the top. What a glorious prospect! Lovelier even than that from Cassel itself; one of those scenes to which you return delighted, after Alps and Apennines have tired you to death. But view-hunting is not our main purpose to-day. Something more serious stands full in view. In spite of the cheerful noontide and the luxuriant landscape—perhaps in consequence of them—half a word now spoken *apropos* would fill my foolish eyes with tears. At the northern extremity of the Mont des Cats stands the plain but extensive building of brick, simply roofed with tiles and slate, to which my slow but decided steps are directed, even were there danger to be feared within those walls. To visit *that* in an idle mood, would betray an utter want of thought and feeling.

For, think what a convent of Trappists is! A home sheltering eight-and-forty men as completely dead to worldly things, as they can be without actual suicide. Their profession there is a suicide of the heart, which in some cases may perhaps have prevented a suicide of the body. Many people, on hearing a narrative of fact, will ask, "How can such things be?" There, in that corner, is the entrance door, with the little barred wicket in the centre. Overhead is legibly inscribed the motto, *Ece elongari fugiens, at mansi in solitudine*; "Behold, I have fled far away, and have remained in solitude." By the side of the door hangs a slight bell-chain, whose handle is an iron cross. I have carelessly taken the cross in my gloved left hand. It is not thus, but with both hands, and firmly, that a sincere novice must be entered upon.

The wicket opens, and a monk's face appears.

On stating that I wish to visit the convent, the door itself turns on its hinges. In reply to my bow of salutation, the cowl is thrown back from the close-cropped head; and a feeble, half-dead, smothered voice which issues from the lips of the porter-monk informs me that, if I will return in an hour, my request shall be granted, with the permission of the Superior.

On the summit of the Mont des Cats an hour on a fine morning is easily whiled away. One of my passing fancies is to guess what sort of impression the unremitting bursts of nightingale's song must make on the listening monks. Oh, do they not listen? Do they stop, perforce, their ears to these spring-tide accents of joy and love? Probably. They have swallowed their bitter draught, refusing to taste all else that is offered to them. They have set off on a path, whose only termination is death. All by the way-side to them is nothing.

And yet, but for this unusual and oppressive presence, there lies within the range of vision enough to delight the eye and interest the heart. Lovely Belgium, rich Hainault, with mill-crowned heights and inexhaustibly fertile plains! There is enough even to cloy the sight, were it possible for such things to weary us. And, as for towns to dot the landscape, there lies Poperingnes, the metropolis of hops; there Ypres, and Courtrai, and Menin, and Cassel, once a promontory; but mere names are an unknown language (in spite of the authority of epic poets) to those who cannot form to themselves in some way the image of the reality.

The hour's delay is at an end. This time the cross is boldly clutched with the right hand. Four beggars, women and boys, are standing at the door; which is soon opened, after an inspection at the wicket. To two of the beggars the porter gives morsels of food; probably cheese, slightly wrapped in paper. Their smallness suggests that they must be remnants of personal self-denial, rather than doles from the convent itself. The pittance is so thankfully received, that, having four sous in my pocket, I extract them and distribute to each beggar one. The last woman kisses the palm of her hand before receiving hers, and utters the Flemish word for thanks. I am admitted into a little low porch, in which stands a green garden-seat. The door is locked on the world outside, and I am shown into a small waiting parlour furnished with four chairs, a table, a glass-case of rosaries, crosses and medals, apparently for sale, and a lithograph or two of holy men departed. Three priestly hats and three walking canes hint that the superior is receiving a visit. I am left alone for a few minutes, when the porter returns with the announcement that my request is granted. If I require refreshment before returning, that shall be prepared while I am looking over the establishment.

We begin to enter the heart of the building by passing through two doors that are opened with a key hanging from a strap attached to the monk's leathern girdle. My guide is one of the five or six who, out of all those eight-and-forty men, are allowed the sweet solace of speech, and that only so far as the duties of his office demand. Of the other Trappists who may talk, the Superior has unlimited discretion: the agent, who buys and sells, and transacts business, has also considerable liberty. The supposition is not correct that the body conventual of Trappists are forbidden by their vows ever to utter a syllable. They may all address the Superior on proper occasion. When at work they may say a needful word to the servant or the farmer, or even whisper into the ear of a brother; but all conversation amongst themselves, or anything approaching to it, is equally contrary to the spirit and the rule of the order. The porter, turning towards me as we entered the passage, said—in a voice which had hardly a tone—that if I had anything further to mention, I had better do so now, as within the house silence must be observed. Afterwards, in the courts and in the garden, we could again resume our chat.

While proceeding a door opened into the passage, and a monk with a wooden leg coming out, bowed to me without turning in my direction, but with a smile and a half glance of his eye; and immediately went on his way. On entering a room at the end of the passage (which had to be unlocked), the occupant bowed with the same half side-glance, and continued his occupation of folding linen vestments exactly as if no one were present. I left. He responded to my parting bow without looking or even turning aside, and the door was fastened again upon him. He had himself unlocked it again for a moment; and therefore, though locked in, he was not confined there. The next apartment was what, in any other establishment, would be styled a drawing-room. A bench ran round it against the wall, and along its whole course there were shelves containing a few volumes; which were, without any doubt, books of devotion. At the upper end were raised seats for the Abbot and the Prior. Of cushion, carpet, or other means of ease, not the slightest shadow was perceptible. The dining-room, or refectory, was arranged with equal simplicity. At the upper end the same dignitaries were located upon a slightly elevated dais; while around, plain wooden tables, uncovered by a cloth, stood before seats like those in the drawing-room. The place of each monk was marked by a mug, a pot, and a water-jug, fashioned of coarse glazed earthenware; and, upon the napkin containing a wooden spoon and fork with a clasp-knife, lay a wooden label bearing the conventual name of the owner.

Every Trappist, on taking his vows, ceases to be known by his worldly style and title.

He becomes Father or Brother Aloysius, Hilarion, or Benedictus, according as he chooses his patron saint; dropping for ever afterwards the names given to him by his father and mother. A register of noviciates and professions is kept, so that all trace of a man is not entirely lost; but, without making a reference to it, there is no means of guessing who any individual monk may be.

In summer, the Trappists eat two meals a day, in consequence of doing extra work. In winter, they have but one meal and a half. Meat is forbidden, except in case of illness; fish, eggs, butter, and poultry are utterly interdicted viands. Their diet consists of bread, cheese, vegetables and fruits, which they cultivate in their own garden. Cherries, pears, strawberries, and currants are produced in abundance. Their drink is water, and a pint of good light beer at each meal, or two pints a day. None of the Trappists whom I saw appeared the worse or the weaker for this abstemious regimen. During meals, one of the community reads aloud some edifying book from a pulpit in the dining-room.

The dormitory is upstairs. It is a large airy apartment, fitted up with a series of wooden cabins in the centre, leaving a passage all round. Over each cabin is ticketed the adopted name of the occupant, and the entrance to each is veiled by a screen of canvas, which is drawn aside in the day-time for ventilation's sake. Each bed-place contains simply a mattress, a blanket, and a coverlid; sheets are not thought necessary. The monks retire to rest without undressing, and sleep exactly as they are attired in the day, in order, I was told, to be able to rise more quickly at the proper hour of waking. They go to bed at eight o'clock, and get up ordinarily at two in the morning; on Sundays at one, and on *fête* days at midnight; to perform the prescribed religious exercises. To make up for this scanty allowance of slumber, they are allowed, during summer and while working hard, an hour's repose in the middle of the day. A large bell and a powerful rattle hanging close to the dormitory are evidently used to give the signal when the moment for rising arrives. Their dress consists of a coarse brown cassock with a pointed hood, an under-garment, breeches, cloth stockings, and strong shoes. In these habiliments they are buried after death, without being laid in any coffin; that posthumous luxury being considered an unnecessary vanity: the hood is merely drawn over the face, and the earth is then shovelled in over the body. Whatever may have been the discipline of other convents in former times, it is not true here and now that every day each Trappist monk digs a portion of his own grave. The cemetery is in the garden, and has ample room for fifty graves at the foot of an artificial mound, or Calvary, on the top of which rises a lofty crucifix bearing a wooden image of the

suffering Jesus. The inscription at the head of each grave is painted on a wooden tablet fixed to a wooden cross, to the effect, for instance, that Brother Gregorius, converted (not born) on such a day, died on such a day; and that is all.

The garden is beautifully cultivated and a model of neatness. It is surrounded with a mixed hedge of holly and hawthorn, which seems intended to serve more as a screen against boisterous winds, than for any purpose of concealment. The monks make no secret of their pursuits and labours; but each goes on with his allotted task, quite unconscious of observation; like Robinson Crusoe at work upon his island. There is a bee-house in the garden, tolerably well stocked with hives; a little honey now and then being among the permitted luxuries.

The rule of silence within the house, and also, I confess, a certain oppressive feeling, prevented anything like a flow of talk; but in the course of our rounds I learnt that there are no Englishmen, Italians, or Germans in the convent. The majority of the inmates are Flemish; the others, French. There seemed to be no remembrance of the rumoured retreat hither of Ambrogetti, the opera singer, and no disposition to conceal the fact, if it had really occurred. As there are ten or a dozen other Trappist convents in France, the famous personator of Don Giovanni may have betaken himself to one of those. There are monks here who can neither read nor write; but very few—not more than two or three; and, as the number the establishment will accommodate is now nearly complete, the Superior is unusually particular about the novices whom he admits. Desertion, after the profession is fully made, has occurred, but very rarely indeed. There is no law or force to compel a man to stay against his wishes. Nothing but his conscience binds him there. And, as a year of probation (sometimes two) elapses before he takes the vows, a candidate has sufficient time to know his own mind. When this was stated, I thought the delay sufficient: but, upon consideration, it clearly is not. A twelvemonth is not long enough for a man of strong feelings to recover from the impulses of disappointed love, thwarted ambition, wounded pride, excessive remorse, or temporary religious melancholy, which may perhaps have had its root in bodily and transient causes. A deliverance from the sway of the impelling motive followed by a return to an ordinary state of mind, and the subsequent regret, when all was over, at having taken such a dreary and irrevocable step, must be terrible torture to those who suffer it. Escape would not be easy for an individual clad in so remarkable a dress, without money to aid his flight, and surrounded by a population to whose strong religious feelings such an act of apostacy would be particularly repulsive. It would be hard also to learn exactly what measures

of restraint the Superior might think fit to exercise towards any member of the society who might be justly suspected of meditating evasion. But the face of not one Trappist whom I saw bore the slightest mark of discontent. Several were strong, young, good-looking men; and I could not help contemplating with awe the fearful nature of the thirty or forty years which they still might have before them to live.

Farm buildings are attached to the monastery of the Mont des Cats. There are stables, cowhouses, granaries; all which the monks manage themselves. No women are ever admitted: they milk their own cows and make their own butter, consuming the permitted portion of the produce, and selling the remainder, when it does not happen to be required for the entertainment of strangers. There is a blacksmith's forge, a brewery where they brew their own beer, and a carpenter's shop in which all sorts of useful things are made. A courtyard is well stocked with cocks and hens, although their produce is forbidden food. I was surprised to see a pair of peafowl strutting before the eyes of the silent ascetics. It was almost with worldly glee and complacency that my Trappist guide told me to remark what a magnificent show the most beautiful of birds was making with his erected tail.

On application made and permission granted, strangers (females of course excepted) are not only allowed to enter the convent, but are boarded and lodged there for several days, much in the style of Mont St. Bernard, if they choose to remain and conform to stated rules. Their diet is not restricted to that of the monks. An artist might find it worth his while to linger on the Mont des Cats for a week or so. No charge is made for the entertainment; but, on departing, every one leaves what he thinks a just payment according to his means, for the time he has stayed there and the articles which he and his have consumed; for he may bring horses if he choose.

After seeing the things to which I was taken, without requesting to be introduced to more, I was finally conducted to the strangers' eating-room, a small apartment very like the parlour. A wholesome repast was soon before me, consisting of a *soupe maigre* of sorrel and bread (it was Friday), cheese, an excellent omelette, haricots stewed in milk, good brown bread, butter, and a large decanter of beer; the same which serves the monks for their beverage, and which does no little credit to their brewer. The monk who waited upon me was one of the few permitted to speak. He was a young man not more than thirty, with a pleasant open countenance; though disfigured by the small pox and discoloured teeth. He blushed as he uttered his salutation of "Monsieur!" but in an instant we were perfectly at ease. He had fully taken the vows of his order; but his manner was

cheerful, and no sign of unhappiness was apparent. Among other things, on my mentioning the struggles people have to go through with in the world, and the benefit which they often may and do derive from them; he replied that they too in the convent had to struggle in their way, and that the grace of God was all-sufficient.

There are two points in respect to which I had been prejudiced against the Trappists. I had been told, in the first place, that they reeked with dirt; yet, that everything at the Mont des Cats was clean, except the Trappists themselves. It might have been remembered that personal uncleanness would only be a consistent habit in those who devote themselves to a life of mortification. Visitors have no right to complain, seeing that their presence is not invited, but simply tolerated. But, of the Trappists whom I saw myself, I should say that they were neither clean nor dirty. Many common soldiers and workmen, if inspected, would probably suffer by comparison with them. I dare say they do not often wash, but that does not prevent them from wiping now and then; like the charming actress who, to preserve the delicate symmetry of her feet, would never allow water to touch them, but only had them scraped a little now and then. Their inner garment is changed once a fortnight, and none of their stockings had a dirty look.

Secondly, I had heard that the great majority of the Trappists bore on their countenance the mark of stupidity; that there were not more than three or four of the number who could be taken to be clever men. But here I must think that outside show has been misinterpreted. The monks have the air of men possessed with a fixed idea. But a fixed idea is no proof of stupidity. Some of the important events in the world's history have been brought about by men with fixed ideas; although not, it must be owned, by ideas fixed unchangeably within the four walls of a monastery. The demeanour of the Trappists is that of persons who wish to avoid all communication—that is their rule, their insanity. The silent members never look you in the face. They rather turn their head aside. They treat any intruding visitor just as if he did not exist. While I was in the dormitory, a young monk chanced to pass through it. His face and gait could not have been more impassive had the apartment been perfectly empty. In the court, two monks were sawing a tree. The lower one had his back turned towards me; but the top-sawyer—a fine strong man who stood full erect before my view—regarded me no more than a withered leaf which the wind might drift beneath his feet in the deepest glade of a lonely forest. Another, measuring a piece of timber, was equally absorbed in his own proper business. The same also in the blacksmith's shop. The monk there (who was aided by a boy from the village)

continued his work with exactly the same air as if no stranger had entered the door. Coldness and abstraction assumed in obedience to a supposed duty, have been mistaken for weakness of intellect. Upon occasion, this cutting mode of behaviour is pushed to an incredible extreme. A monk now living on the Mont des Cats was once working in a wood close by: his father had watched for him, and came to the spot to look once more upon the son who was lost to his affections. But his salutation was left unnoticed. The monk, gazing upon empty air, continued his occupation, and remained obstinately unconscious of the presence of his parent. After another vain attempt, the father gave it up and departed, weeping bitterly. The father is now dead. But if, as is possible, the son had been driven to take the vows in consequence of any harsh over-exertion of paternal authority, how severe must have been the final punishment!

The Trappists derive their name from the Abbey of La Trappe, which is situated four leagues from Mortagne, in Perche, on the southern borders of Normandy. It was founded by one of the Counts of Perche in the year one thousand one hundred and forty, during the pontificate of Innocent the Second and the reign of Louis the Seventh. La Trappe was at first celebrated for the holiness of its early devotees, but they fell away sadly from their strict profession. The abbey was several times plundered by the English during the terrible wars of the time. The monks had the courage to remain for a while; but the continuance of the peril compelled them to leave. On the conclusion of peace they returned to their monastery, but with the relaxed ideas which they had acquired in the world. In one thousand six hundred and sixty-two the Abbé de Rancé, converted—after the sudden death of Madame de Montbazou, of whom he was the favoured lover—introduced the most austere reforms into the monastery of La Trappe. The lives of De Rancé written by his partizans and by gross flatterers of Louis the Fourteenth are such unsatisfactory reading, that no dependence can be placed upon them. He died in one thousand seven hundred at the age of seventy-four; after having abdicated his charge, and wishing to resume it. His whole career is full of inconsistencies. He translated Anacreon, and then became the instrument of enforcing the most austere discipline.

And who are the men who voluntarily join the Trappists of the Mont des Cats and elsewhere? "Hither retreat," says the *Encyclopédie*, "those who have committed secret crimes, remorse for which torments their heart; those who are troubled with melancholy and religious vapours; those who have forgotten that God is the most merciful of fathers, and who only behold in him the most cruel of tyrants; those who reduce to nothing the sufferings, the death, and the passion of

Jesus Christ, and who only regard religion in its most fearful and terrible point of view." A friend stated to me that many here are devout-minded Flamands, who have been crossed in love or thwarted in something which they think necessary to their happiness, and who then, in the bitterness of their wounded feelings, cast themselves into the convent for life. Others, who feel within themselves something discordant with, and anomalistic to, the every-day world. The problem is not very easy to solve, and no one solution will apply to all cases. So we will refrain from discussing the difficult question propounded by the youth:

"What is life, and which the way?"

"To be, or not to be, a Trappist?" was of course one of the grave interrogatories:

"To which the hoary sage replied,
'Come, my lad, and drink some beer.'"

A REFERENCE TO CHARACTER.

FIVE years ago my brother William and myself started as wholesale merchants in Honeysuckle-lane, City, with limited warehouses and still more limited capital. Had our commercial prospects not been any more cheering than the prospect from our little cobwebbed counting-house, we should indeed have had small encouragement. I remember discussing with my brother, during the first week of our career, the style of our domestic establishment, and the extent of our personal expenditure. We mutually agreed, in order to throw as much capital into our business as possible, to dispense with the services of a cat on the premises; and, both of us being about the same height and build, that one best suit of clothes and one visiting best hat should suffice for us both. It is true our hat used frequently to slip rather suddenly over William's eyes whilst nodding to a friend in the street; and that the fit of the coat, on him, was slightly baggy; but he bore it cheerfully.

The first year of our little business went on placidly enough. We felt our way gradually; and found that in business, as in other things, discretion is the better part of valour. We became known at the end of the second year amongst the trade; and, before the end of our third year, we actually possessed two real cats, and I'm afraid to say how many hats and coats; besides being acknowledged throughout the length of Honeysuckle-lane, as rising, and safe young men.

I think it was about this time that we started a small horse and a light cart; just the patient, meek animal that would not object to go in a gig on Sunday, if requested to do so. But with the increase in our business came a growth of vigorous cares and anxieties that seemed to spring up like rank weeds. Our first griefs came in with the goose-

berries, about June. William took it philosophically. A few bad debts, a customer or two in the Gazette; but on striking our periodical balances, we became quite reconciled to the frowns of fortune.

Gooseberries had gone out. Apples were in. It was in one of the blandest months of autumn that we were favoured with an extensive order—considering our then status—from a stylish person, verging on the flashy, but still within the bounds of apparent respectability. We were of course glad to do business. The terms were agreed on: one month's credit and no discount. The affair seemed all but settled, when William hinted that perhaps our new friend, being a perfect stranger, would not object to give us a reference. Certainly not—quite proper—not the least objection—owed endless apologies for not having been the first to suggest it. The reference was given, and we parted, well satisfied with each other. The reference was a man who had purchased and paid cash for several parcels of our goods; so that the newly-ordered articles were sent to the neighbourhood of Kensington with a feeling that we had perhaps been a little too strait-laced and particular in the transaction. A perfect gentleman, really.

When the month's credit had expired, and our customer called to settle the account with a bag of bright shining sovereigns, I did feel that we had been over nice. But when—pleasant, gentlemanly person as he was—he chatted about the weather, the hard times, and the crops, throwing in here and there a little flattery of our liberal and punctual mode of doing business, and the excellence of our goods, I suffered the remorse of the basest ingrate. After our patron had dashed off a few more pleasant remarks about the expansion of the Colonial trade and the tightness of the money market, he turned to business again, and delighted us with a commission for treble the amount of the previous transaction. The goods were put in hand forthwith—delivery having been promised within a day or two—and our ware-rooms became quite exhilarated with the warmth and bustle of that extensive order.

I can hardly remember how it first occurred to me; but, when the pangs of conscience for our unjust suspicions had had time to subside, the idea flashed across my mind that our customer sported too many rings on his fingers, and that there emanated from him too strong and stale an odour of bad tobacco for him to be a thorough man of business. Mere misgiving arose at length to grave doubt. This I mentioned as a matter of course to William; who, though not quite thinking with me, agreed that a little caution would be well employed; for the amount of the order was a serious consideration to us.

We were novices in the police of the commercial world; and, being utterly at a loss how to proceed, I stepped over the way to a

sturdy Manchester warehouseman, and begged his advice how to proceed with prudent secrecy. Our neighbour at once relieved a good part of my anxiety by telling me, that I ought at once to enrol our firm as subscribers to Perry's Bankrupt and Insolvent Registry Office, where we should be certain to obtain the fullest and most valuable information regarding all suspected or improper characters.

I took down the address; and, without pausing to tell William my mission, made my way directly to King's Arms Buildings, Change Alley. I had been through the Alley hundreds of times; yet had never caught sight of this office. Even now that I went in search of it in broad mid-day, it was no such easy matter to find it. Turning sharp round that corner of the paved court which is graced by dozens of gaudy frames enclosing pictures of enormous mansions, with parks, fish-ponds, and a lady gracefully leaping a six-barred gate, on a thorough-bred hunter with a neck like the middle arch of London Bridge, (which I in my early days believed were the actual representations of the many fine properties advertised for sale at Garraway's close by,) I found myself ascending a wide, dark and dingy staircase. The strange old edifice abounded in lofty ornamented ceilings, carved waincoats, and heavy creaking doors. Once it had been a City Hotel; and when I turned in through the wide folding doors and looked about me, I saw that the apartment had been, in days long past, a concert and ball-room. How changed since then! The little raised orchestra was piled up with dusty records of insolvency: the fiddles and fifes were replaced by files of the London Gazette and reports of police cases. The sounds of mirth and revelry were exchanged for a word or two murmured through that enormous old room from one of the few clerks as though they proceeded from a defunct or smothered trombone. The whole place appeared gloomy and mysterious. An enclosure warded off all visitors from the interior. From one end to the other nothing was visible but books—solid, grubby, hard-fisted books. They looked—frowning solemnly down upon me—like the condemned ranks in Dante's *Inferno*, bidding me take warning; or winked at me, as if to lure me on to knavery, from miles of shelves. They beckoned to me hideously from acres of tables. Puckering up their parchment fronts, or turning upon me their forbidding backs, I felt myself tempted and menaced by turns; and, surrounded by lost characters and dead reputations, fancied I had got into a Chamber of Commercial Horrors, or an Old Bailey with all its sentences ruthlessly docketed, and ready to be put in force at a minute's notice by the Recorder himself, who stood beside me, calmly waiting to execute judgment.

And his clerks, how solemnly they went about their work!—stealthily, suspiciously—as if they expected to find runaway bank-

rupts hidden between the leaves of the ledgers. How they kept moving about from one solid book to the other! now making a scratch or a mark in some page; then entering a note in a memorandum-book. And I watched them thus until I began to think that they might be unhappy insolvents, placed in this Basinghall Street Penitentiary, to expiate certain offences against the commercial code by the contemplation of ponderous loads of debt which they were unable to bear. Then I wondered whether the Sybilline Books could have been anything like those they were slaving at; for, if they were, I didn't wonder at the Roman king not liking the look of them.

In the midst of these reveries I was aroused by a mild voice at my side requesting to know my pleasure. An elderly placid looking man was before me clad in black, with waistcoat buttoned close to his chin. A single glance convinced me that he was the person I wanted: and I was right. He was the principal of the establishment; the Recorder. My errand was soon told, and as readily comprehended; for, when I hinted that I thought the affair I had come about would occasion some difficult and troublesome inquiries, he smiled, and assured me that he had had dozens of inquiries far more complicated than mine, almost daily, since his registry was first opened forty odd years ago.

Had he been so long engaged in that particular occupation? Yes, he commenced his registry office so long since as the year one thousand eight hundred and ten, when business was not conducted to a tithe the extent it is now, and when there was not nearly the same necessity for protection to the honest trader against swindlers and reckless dealers; for that was the object of his institution.

Leading me inside the railing and within the long ranges of tables and desks, he assured me that, so perfect were all the arrangements connected with his business, that not a single bankruptcy, insolvency, or composition with creditors had occurred; not a single commercial fraud had been committed, nor one isolated case of swindling since one thousand eight hundred and ten, which was not to be found duly recorded and indexed with all particulars in his books.

Were *those* the records of misfortune and fraud? I pointed to a vast collection of ponderous tomes spread along three or four massive tables.—O no! those thirty-five huge volumes, of a thousand pages each, formed simply the *index* to Mr. Perry's general sets of books.

To give me some idea of the extent and system of his business he flung open one of those gigantic volumes. It yawned, and creaked, and groaned, as if it had been a bankrupt taken in execution. Such an array of Joneses and Browns and Smiths as were digested within it, I never before witnessed. The Post Office Directory is the

merest child's spelling-book beside these prodigious alphabets. Page after page contained nothing but William Browns and George Greens; and, as for the Smiths, I thought the man would never leave off turning the pages of Smiths over. There were upwards of five hundred John Smiths, more than three hundred William Smiths, and a host of George Smiths, to say nothing of Alfred Smiths, Benjamin Smiths, Charles Smiths, David Smiths, Edward Smiths, Francis Smiths, Henry Smiths, and armies of more Smiths whose Christian names were initialed by every other letter in the alphabet. Then came the Smiths with a difference (a good many of them aliases) such as Smithes, Snyths, and Smythes. I felt quite bewildered amidst all this crowd of names, and was at once impressed with the wonderful power of this one man by the aid of his enormous books.

He need not have told me that those indices were never removed from their tables; for not only was there no room on any shelf to receive them, but I could see no machinery by which such masses of hide and paper could be lifted to any distance: as to the clerks attempting to shift any of them, that was simply absurd. I could but wonder what would become of them in the event of a fire, and began to reckon how many of Pickford's largest waggons would have been required to remove them at two tons to the load.

In the strange excitement of the moment I entirely forgot the business which brought me to this office; and, absorbed in the bewilderment of ledgers, gazettes, and police reports, I followed my informant to another part of the room. He paused before a deep, well-filled recess to point out to me a complete set of the Imperial Gazettes, beginning with the first number as printed at Oxford during the Great Plague. Further on were perfect sets of all the Post Office, London and Provincial Directories that had ever been published. Every city in the United Kingdom that publishes a periodical list of its inhabitants, was there represented; as well as many of the Continental capitals. On several tables at the remote end of the room beyond the abandoned old orchestra, were ranged books more enormous than any I had yet seen; voluminous monstrosities. They were old newspapers strongly bound, and used as day-books of a peculiar description for a particular purpose. On the right hand side of each of the wide leaves of these volumes was pasted, day by day, every police case involving a fraud on a tradesman, or a mal-practice connected in any way with trade. The immense collection I there saw was a proof of the enormous extent of current swindling, even in these days of vigilant police.

To satisfy my curiosity, Mr. Perry pointed out, on the face of each of these cases, a number, which indicated the volume and folio where every one of them were posted up

into his criminal ledger, with as much regularity as a banker's cash-book. And here he begged me to observe that, although it formed his duty to obtain and classify information throughout the country regarding trading and other defaulters for the purpose of protecting the interests of commerce; yet a very large number of those who came under his notice were persons of irreproachable character. It was his chief object to classify all bankrupts and insolvents; and, by keeping a record of the honest and the dishonest bankrupts, to put the fair dealer on his guard against the one, and, when in his power, to befriend and maintain the character of the other.

I was anxious to see and understand how all this could be accomplished with such a mass of crude materials, and with the certainty of which he spoke. Mr. Perry explained. Opening one of the many volumes before me—number one hundred and thirty-seven, only—I there saw regiments of columns of various widths ruled from one side to the other. These columns were a complete key to each person's character and career. His name and residence at different times; the various years in which he had become bankrupt or insolvent; the amount of dividend, if any, and if all of each dividend had been paid; the class of certificate granted, if any; the particulars of any fraud with which he may have been connected, referred to by a mark of direction to the exact page in the Criminal Ledger, and thence to the Police Case Book; with my fictitious names by which he may have been known.

He had that day, he said, put a tradesman on his guard against a reckless character, who had thrice made very unsuccessful appearances in the Court of Bankruptcy; having paid—somewhere in the provinces—but one dividend of ninepence in the pound; and who had, at Colechester, seven years ago, made away with his creditors' property, and appropriated the proceeds to his own unlawful purposes. The man was now at Glasgow at his old tricks; but Mr. Perry's faithful records warned his Scotch subscriber of the character of his customer in time to save him a heavy loss.

This reminded me of my own affair; and, without further delay, I gave my guide comforter and friend all the particulars; the name, address, professed business, amount of order, name and address of reference, and some other items of intelligence respecting our jewelled and fumigated patron. Away went the Recorder like a very vigilant cat after a mouse; scratching, and burrowing, and tumbling, and tossing, and ticking off endless indexes, ledgers, day-books, gazettes, Criminal Ledgers, and Police Books. These researches were made with such a bright pair of spectacles, that in a few minutes my attention was directed to the whole history of our customer drawn up in one long line

of words, letters and figures, and stretching quite across two pages of volume number one hundred and thirty-seven.

It was evidently a bad case. The real name of "the party" was pointed out; he had given us one of his favourite *aliases*. He had been, according to Mr. Perry's detective ledger, a clerk in the Post-Office, was discharged for dishonesty which could not be legally proved, had been in the Gazette in one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, and again in one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, his entire estate and effects sufficing to offer to his creditors exactly nothing in the pound. He had been insolvent more than once, and made his second bow to the Commissioners for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors on the very day before he obliged us with his first order. He had been, according to the Police Book, concerned in a cloud of swindling transactions, chiefly comprised under the head of obtaining money or goods under false pretences; but had always proved himself "too many" for the swindled, for the police, and for the magistracy. I thanked my informant sincerely, and congratulated myself on our fortunate escape. "Yet why," I asked, "did he pay for the first order?" Ah, a lure; a bait; a sprat to catch a whale.

I of course enrolled our firm amongst the subscribers to the institution, and found our names coming after no fewer than twelve thousand others, bankers, merchants, solicitors, traders, agents, secretaries of public companies, and, strange to say, clergymen! What could clergymen want Mr. Perry to do for them? I felt puzzled, and wondered if they were ever troubled with insolvent churchwardens, bankrupt vestry clerks, or fraudulent sextons. He explained that clergymen, of all other classes, need the most advice and protection in money-matters. They are so easily misled, so little acquainted with the most ordinary business transactions, that money-lending sharpers always found them the easiest and readiest of their dupes.*

Only a week or two ago a curate from the vicinity of the metropolis had sought Mr. Perry's assistance in what was by no means an uncommon case. The reverend gentleman being in want of sixty or seventy pounds for some immediate purpose, answered one of the many tempting advertisements in the newspapers, wherein the public are informed that loans of money to any amount will be granted on the slightest possible security. He had an interview with the very liberal advertiser, at what appeared to be an office, in a quiet street. The most minute inquiries were made in regard to the clergyman's references; great caution having been professed by the capitalist; and when all the pretended scruples were quieted, the borrower was told that seventy pounds was much too insignificant a sum for people of the enormous

capital which the lender had at command to think of; but that if the borrower would make it two hundred, or even one hundred and fifty, the transaction might be effected. The clergyman hesitated; but at length yielded, and placed his name to a bill at short date for one hundred and fifty pounds. He could of course repay the amount when it suited him. The financier left his victim to bring the money; but, in the course of ten minutes returned with a very long face; and, pointing to a sheet of paper in his hand quite bathed in ink, told him, with many expressions of regret, that he had accidentally upset his inkstand over the document, and would have to trouble him to sign a fresh paper. The clergyman made no objection. The inky paper was burnt before him, and another bill for a hundred and fifty pounds was signed. Again the capitalist left the acceptor anxiously waiting for the money; but neither man nor money was forthcoming.

At the date of maturity, the distressed curate was called upon to meet *two* bills amounting together to the sum of three hundred pounds. Chancing to hear of the Bankrupt Register office, the victim sought the advice of Mr. Perry; who, without any difficulty, traced out the swindler and his confederates' complete identification; gave him their history, and sent him to a respectable solicitor; who, by dint of threats of exposure, succeeded in obtaining peaceable possession of the two bills. This Mr. Perry assured me was only one out of innumerable cases of a similar character.

Before taking my leave of this Registrar-General of misdeeds and misfortune, I learned that as subscribers to his establishment we were entitled to receive every week a copy of a paper printed for circulation amongst his clients, and called the Bankrupt and Insolvent Gazette: a periodical which has now attained its twenty-ninth year. In it are chronicled not only every event of the previous week connected with bankruptcy and insolvency, but every meeting or official occurrence happening during the week ensuing in every part of the United Kingdom.

I joined my brother full of the news I had gathered, and we both congratulated ourselves on the narrow escape we had had. Our customer did not inquire for his goods; and we learnt shortly afterwards that he had left his premises rather suddenly, forgetting to settle many heavy accounts, and altogether omitting to mention to a single neighbour where he might be found.

On other occasions we have consulted our friend of King's Arms Buildings, and always with satisfactory results. Sometimes suspicions we entertained of new customers were happily dissipated by Mr. Perry. Gentlemen have sent us orders soon after we knew they had undergone bankruptcy; but our Registrar-General was able to give us,

* See "A Clergyman in Difficulties:"—Household Words, vol. ii., p. 636.

notwithstanding, a good account of them. They had paid handsome dividends promptly and honourably, receiving from the court first-class certificates.

We never think of entering upon any new business without a walk up to the great old-fashioned concert-room, and a gossip with the genius of the place. We could not conduct our business in safety, enlarging as it constantly is, without his aid. That respected and useful person has become to us what he is to half trading London, and a good part of the provinces—a daily necessary of commercial life.

GENTLEMEN IN HISTORY.

Cicero defines the Gentiles as those whose ancestors had always been free, and who had never forfeited their civil rights as citizens; therefore the expression *sine gente* meant those who were ignoble by parentage. Thus the gentleman was originally a slave-master, who prided himself upon a broad distinction between his free blood and the base blood of his dependents. But the gentleman in those days had many attributes of true gentility. He was an educated man; he had polished and gentle manners at home, and was as brave as a lion abroad on the field of battle. Compared with the *plebs* whom he trod under foot he was a scholar, and a man with noble aspirations. First, then, the gentleman in his very early days was not altogether unlike Cincinnatus. In this period of his existence he dropped the plough-handle to lead the Roman legions. He led them to victory, then put aside the sword, and went on with the furrow in which he had left his plough. The trumpets of Rome had no magic notes for him: he was a simple-minded man who did his duty, and was satisfied with the congratulation of his own heart. The gentleman did not, however, long continue to resemble Cincinnatus. He moulded himself to suit the times. For many years he was understood to be a man sprung from a gentle stock, whose necessities did not require labour (except on the battle-field;) who would not brook an insult; who valued his honour more than his life; and whose manners were in accordance with those of his contemporary leaders of fashion. He had a stronger admiration for personal courage than for the most splendid scholarship: he loved a strong arm better than a subtle brain. His lady love preferred to see him a bleeding knight at her feet, rather than a philosopher conquering thought in his closet. And, even now, how many gentle hearts think of him, and wish that he were here, in this present century, with the broken lance buried in his side. He did not learn to read then, but he sat a horse exquisitely.

Presently he began to give a careless glance occasionally at the mysterious letters and the curious crutches which, hitherto, he

had left in contempt to the care of monks and traders. About this time the gentleman grew into something not remotely resembling that Howard, Earl of Surrey, distinguished by Camden as "the first nobleman that illustrated his high birth with the beauty of learning;" who contrived to spread abroad the power of his lance, and to defy the world to find a fairer woman than his Geraldine. Amid all this noise and bombast—this love-sickness and this lance-breaking, he managed to write verses that smoothed with Italian grace the rugged English of the old fathers. Camden repeats of him: "He was acknowledged to be the gallantest man, the politest lover, and the completest gentleman of his time." He and his co-gentles lived in a time when the civilised states were struggling to emerge from the barbarisms of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—when the study of law was coming into rivalry with the practice of arms—when the rude pomp of ancient chivalry was giving way before more rational manners—and Petrarch's songs were drowning the savage din of shields and lances. At this time the gentleman began to show faint signs of weakness, signs indeed that did not in the least raise fears for his safety. And, true enough, he recovered sufficiently to display his ancient lineage; to dabble many times in blood; to play false to many women; to kick aside the alphabet and the grammar; and to love liquor. But he had, taken altogether, improved vastly. He began to keep his hands clean from slaughter, and even to pride himself on the appointments of his apparel.

About this stage in his career the gentleman often put aside his sword and lance, to take up the courtier's wand of office—even to throw down his cloak that his sovereign's feet might not be soiled. All these were signs of approaching dissolution. Men began to meddle with him, and to ask impertinent questions about his qualifications. All his long, long life he had been accustomed to work out his own will with his own sword; to assault any dependent with whom he felt displeased; and, in other ways, to prove his gentility; but now, it seemed, men were arising to doubt whether the little plebeian, in his coarse swaddling clothes, was not the natural equal of the little patrician muffled in lace?—whether by dint of hard study and natural intelligence, little *pleb* might not be a better gentleman than little patrician? These questions were raised when the gentleman of the old heaven was visibly declining, day by day; when coarse oaths no longer fell from his lips; when he could not consume his full quantity of sack; when rust had gathered upon the points of his lances; and when his dependents forgot to place their necks under his gentlemanly foot. In this melancholy time of the gentleman's existence, men began to sum into one dreadful catalogue the dreadful deeds of which he had been guilty. They allowed

that, in the intervals to which I have referred—when he became conspicuous for occasional grace or shining virtue—he had done great good to the State; but when, against these few intervals of light, they began to unfold the dark shadows that belong to the older years of his existence, he began to be looked upon as a monstrosity. It was said that he had committed all the worst actions of a thousand years; that he had seldom respected the women of whose graces he had pretended to say pretty things; that he had sacked cities; had turned his sword against the people; had subjected the interests of tens of thousands to his avarice; had blinded the eyes of the many, that only he and his might take advantage of sunlight. This was a terrible stage in the career of the gentleman: a stage to which the present gentleman sometimes looks back with a feeling of profound commiseration.

About the year sixteen hundred and twenty Henry Peachum published *The Compleat Gentleman*; and ten years afterwards Richard Brathwait gave to the world his *English Gentleman*. Brathwait, in his dedicatory preface, holds virtue to be “the greatest signal and symbol of gentry;” while Henry Peachum discoursed learnedly on the heraldic distinctions of gentility: Brathwait says that the gentleman is rather manifested “by goodnesse of person than by greatnesse of place.” “For, however,” he continues, “the vulgar honour the purple more than the person, descent more than dessert, title than merit—that adulterate gentility which degenerates from the worth of her ancestors derogates likewise from the birth of her ancestors. And there be such whose infant effeminacie, youthful delicacie, or native liberty, hath estranged them from the knowledge of moral or divine mysteries: so as they may be well compared to the ostrich, who (as the naturall historian reports) hath the wings of an eagle, but never mounts: so have these the eagle wings of contemplation, being indued with the intellectual faculties of a reasonable soul; yet either intangled with the lightnesses of vanity, or trashed with the heavy poises of selfe-conceit and singularity, they never mount above the verge of sensuall pleasure.” So far back, then, as the reign of Charles the First men began to assert—to the extreme annoyance of the gentleman—that refinement and moral rectitude were the chief attributes of gentility; that a man might have a great many quarterings and a great many vulgarities; be the son of a lord and the son of a sot.

At this time the vigour of the gentleman began to decline; “I am here,” said Brathwait, “to tender unto your honour’s judicious view a gentleman quite of another garbe: one, whom education hath made formall enough, without apish formalitie, and conceiving enough without selfe-admiring arrogancie. A good Christian in devout practicing, no lesse

than zealous professing; yet none of the forward’st in discoursing of religion. For hee observes (as long experience hath brought him to be a judicious observer) that discourse of religion hath so occupied the world, as it hath well near driven the practice thereof out of the world. Hee esteemes such only happy who are of that number whom the world accounts fooles, but God wise men. He observes the whole fabricke of humane power, and he concludes with the preacher: *Ecquid tam vanum!* He notes how the flesh, becoming obedient, behaveth herselfe as a faithfull servant to the soule: this governeth, the other is governed;—this commandeth, the other obeyeth. This is the gentleman whom I have presumed to recommend to your protection;—and to you he makes recourse, not so much for shelter as for honour; for his title it exempts him from servile bashfulness,—being an English gentleman.” And then he continues to rate the ancient gentleman on his haughtiness to the “groundlings.” He reminds him of his follies and his sensual debasement, and tells him, after Phavorinus, that they who suck sows’ milk will love wallowing in the mire.

All these hard things the gentleman of the olden time could not take in good part. He felt that his end was approaching; that for him and for those like him, these subtle reasons and poor phantasies of poetie minds were not proper food: and so he laid aside his lance, broke up his helmet, lowered the crest that had never quivered before a foe, gave his gauntlets to his servants, his jewelled sword-handle to his mistresses, his drinking cup to his oldest retainer, and with a proud look expired.

The modern gentleman was born in an age of millinery, to succeed the ancient gentleman. In his greenest youth he had the milliner’s taste of Charles the Second, the spirit and grace of Rochester, and the vices of both. He only wanted virtue to make him perfect. Yet, had he been virtuous, the gentleman in those days would have cut a sorry figure at Court. At one moment he actually did threaten to become virtuous and patriotic; but he was warned by the axe that gleamed over the heads of Algernon Sidney and Lord William Russell. He prided himself on his smart sayings. He took particular pride in personal adornment; adopted satins and lace and powder, and wore patches. But even then, in his foolish youth, he was a visible improvement upon the older gentleman. He drank less; he swore less; he treated his inferiors with better grace; and he began to pride himself upon his intellectual accomplishments. Selden, in his *Titles of Honour*, describes his youth very closely. In default of tournaments, he took to a long credit with his tailor. He laid down laws for the government of his toilette; and finally succeeded in establishing a tyranny which

he called Fashion. All this occupied some years; but presently he grew into a shape resembling that of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. And now I find him describing graceful manners as the great essential for a man of the world, and recommending a course of gentlemanly irregularities. Samuel Johnson, who came across him, said of him, with his severe frown, that he was a wit among lords and a lord among wits; and of his advice, that he taught the morality of a profligate, and the manners of a dancing-master.

But the gentleman, having once become a dandy and a loose courtier, could not long resist those extravagances to which his precepts naturally tended. Accordingly I find him at Bath, the monarch of fashion, in a coach—t'at would rouse the envy of any Lord Mayor—preceded through the streets by trumpeters, courted by thousands of ladies, and laying down the laws of a ball-room with the arrogance of an autocrat. Here is the Modern Gentleman in his early manhood, in a white cocked hat, paying for his golden coach at the gaming table; and here, shortly afterwards, is Blackstone, trying his hand at the portrait: "Whosoever studieth the laws of the realm; who studieth in the universities; who professeth the liberal sciences; and (to be short) who can live idly and without manual labour, and well bear the port, charge, and countenance of a gentleman, he shall be called master, and taken for a gentleman."

Thus the true gentleman was not permitted to work, except at the law: he might gamble, but he could not keep accounts; he might repeatedly become bankrupt, but he might not know how to register his debts and assets. The gentleman had money left him that had been made in trade; but he could not be a trader and remain a gentleman. It was reported that one of his relations was in business; and this report would have excluded him from a club at which his name had been proposed, had not a friend explained that although the father was in business, he could assure them on his honour that if the son met the vulgar fellow in the street he would not so far forget himself as to speak to him. This explanation sufficed; and the junior gentleman became a member of the Salt-Club.

Time wore on—and ventured to touch once more the features of the gentleman. Like the ancient gentleman, he changed with the world. Successively I find him nearly resembling the "most finished gentleman in Europe"—and Beau Brummel. He paraded his gentility in satin smalls, in diamond epaulettes, in designs for coats. If he had faith in anything it was in clothes. He studied every attitude, until he took off his hat and bowed to the admiration of a most critical world. He was up to the ears in debt, and he looked every inch a prince. When he had

no further need of his friends, he put them on one side, as he threw his gloves to his valet. When a question bored him, he answered it with adroit evasion.

But he has survived many of these falsities and absurdities; yet the gentleman of to-day challenges criticism in many respects. Even now he is not very mindful of his debts; unless he contracts them at the gaming-table. He retains a strong antipathy to retail traders; but waives his objection to trade when the dealer is a rich wholesale man; and has no objection to appear at a police-office. Strange remnants of the ancient gentleman and of the modern gentleman's own youth cling to him still. He has become more liberal; but he still loves to paint his shield up all over his house without showing that he is worthy to wear it.

We have hedged round certain classes with a spurious code of honour; the noble may sneer at the tradesman, and the tradesman pass the sneer on to the mechanic; yet are we wrong if we decide that gentlemen are to be found in every rank—are sheltered as well under a thatch, full of sacred robins, as under a gilded dome! The humble-minded, the enduring, the charitable and the chaste, we may take to be the gentlefolk of the world; and their homes may be the mud-huts that skirt our public roads, as well as the lordly castles which frown from the steepest hills. Who can dissent from Tennyson when he sings—

"How'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood?"

EXPRESS.

WE move in th' elephantine row
The faces of our friends retire;
The roof withdraws; and quainly flow
The cartsyng lines of magic wire.
With doubling and redoubling beat,
We swiftly glide, ever more fleet.

By flower-knots, shrubs, and slopes of grass,
'Cut walls of rock with ivy stains,
Through winking arches swift we pass,
And flying, meet the flying trains:
Whirr——gone!
We hurry on.

Trim corn fields; kine in pleasant leas;
A hamlet lane, or spire, or pond;
Long hedge-rows; counter-changing trees;
The blue and steady hills beyond.
House, platform, post
Flash—and are lost.

Smooth-edged curds; and mills on brooks;
And granges, busier than they seem,
Rose-crowned; or of graver looks,
Rich with old tile and moorley beam.
Clay ridge.
Hollow bridge.

Grey vapour-surges, whirled by wind
Of roaring tunnels, dark and long;
The sky and landscape unconfined;
The scattered towns where workers throng:
The whistle shrill
Controls our will.

Broad vents, and chimneys tall as masts,
With heavy flags of streaming smoke;
Brick mazes; fiery furnace-blasts;
Walls, wagrons, gritty heaps of coke;
And now our ponderous rank
Glides in with hiss and clank.

Swift was our boldly-measured course
Athwart a tranquil, busy land,
Subdued by long and painful force
Of plotting head and plodding hand.
Men neither strong nor sage
Have wondrous heritage!

JUSTICE FOR "NATIVES."

AFTER a few years' residence at Calcutta, I accepted an invitation from my excellent friend Mornington Jumps, Esquire, Collector and Magistrate at Fuzzulpore, to pay him a visit and have a little "pig-sticking"—the vernacular for hog-hunting—in his immediate neighbourhood. Jumps had been fortunate. Connected with illustrious Anglo-Indian families, he had only been ten years climbing from the bottom of the ladder of promotion whence a "writer" starts to the exalted post of revenue collector and magistrate. His course of preparation for fiscal and judicial functions having been his service as under secretary to a board of salt, opium and arrack; as deputy postmaster; as assistant deputy secretary to Government in the military department; and as deputy assistant in the office of the Civil Auditor. Thus capacitated to hold the scales of justice with an even hand, and to penetrate the dark mazes of native evidence, he had accepted the office of magistrate because it was, by rule and usage, the pendant to what his instructions told him is considered a much more important post—that of collector of taxes. From all I could learn, Jumps really did not perform his duties in a much worse manner than many of his colleagues; although, as a dispenser of civil justice, there was one special defect in his previous training;—he had never studied law.

Twenty-four hours' *dawk* (palankeen travelling post) carried me to the bungalow of Mornington Jumps. Breakfast discussed, he led me into his stable; bade me admire "Goolaub," a filly he was training for the Fuzzulpore planters' cup; showed me his wife's favourite Arab; pointed to a leopard chained up in the *compound* (yard) which he kept for deer-hunting; and, after giving some biscuit to his dogs, proposed a game at billiards, a cigar, and then that I should accompany him to the "Cutcherry" or magistrate's office.

Twelve o'clock was the ordinary business hour; but, on this day, my host's courtesy

induced him to extend his absence to one p.m. when he drove me in his buggy to the hall of justice.

Were the forms of Indian law as simple as the buildings which are supposed to be filled with the spirit of Equity, our mustlined fellow subjects would have little to complain of. A whitewashed and thatched or tiled building, consisting of two or three rooms, and a broad verandah all on one floor, constituted the *Adálut*, or court;—from *adál*, Hindostanee for justice. As we approached—heralded by two or three mustachioed peons bearing broad shoulder-belts with polished plates, on which the nature of the office to which they belonged was inscribed—the loud chattering which had been carried on in the verandah was hushed through the instrumentality of various *brijobassies* (armed policemen), rejoicing in curly black beards, swords, shields, and pikes. Several gentlemen wearing singularly white turbans and tunics, with shawls over their shoulders or girded round their loins, with furtive looks and a singular pliancy of back, bespeaking them the *Omlah*, or officers of the court, approached to make their salaam, as we alighted and walked into the court. An old woman, whose visage presented a strange amalgamation of agony and persuasive entreaty, broke the temporary silence by an appeal to the *huzoor* ("The Presence"—the magistrate himself), and was immediately *choopraoed* (hushed) by the united efforts of two *brijobassies*, a clerk, and a peon.

I could not help taking a survey of the motley assemblage as we slowly adjusted ourselves—the magistrate in his own chair, on a platform raised a couple of feet from the ground so as to give him a view of the Court, and impress the spectators with just notions of his exalted position (to say nothing of increasing his chances of long life from not sitting upon a damp floor)—and I, seated upon his left hand. In the verandah were crowds of miserable, half-nude objects, male and female, of every variety of wretchedness. These were the plaintiffs, witnesses, and their friends and families, who had been forced away some fifty miles from the labour on which alone they depended for daily bread. Among them—now administering a kick to impose silence, and anon listening with a degree of attention proportionate to the fee put into their palms—were *chowkeydars* (constables), *sircars* (clerks), and similar functionaries, each of whom the unhappy crowd believed to have some influence with the magistrate.

The punkah swings over the head of Mornington Jumps and his guests; the obsequious *hookahburdar* (pipe-bearer) administers the amber mouth-piece crowning the serpent-hookah, which is coiled beneath the left arm of the chair. "*Choop!* (silence!)" ejaculates the chief of the *burkundazes* (lightning throwers!—another branch of the police force), and the Nazim or principal officer of

the court begins to read the *Roolookarree*, or report, sent in by the *Thannadar*, or inspector of police, of the crime charged against Peer Bux—a naked semi-savage who stands with legs fettered and hands clasped in a pitiable attitude in front of “The Presence.” The report, in high-flown Hindostanee, sets forth how the *Thannadar*, a perfect miracle of zeal, had received intimation that a murder had been committed in a sugar-cane plantation, a mile or two from the village where he had his head-quarters—said village being forty-seven miles from the magistrate’s station; how he, the *Thannadar*, animated by a laudable anxiety to discover the perpetrator of the foul deed, had employed every art, not omitting the agency of fees (which he trusted the magistrate would reimburse him), that could conduce to that end; how, after unwearied perseverance, sustained by the good fortune of the magistrate himself—whose shadow, *Thannadar* humbly hoped, would never undergo diminution—he had succeeded in finding the dead and mangled body of the murdered man; how he had likewise been able to collect the evidence of several persons of credit, a cowherd, a husbandman, a grain-seller, and a peon, each of whom had heard cries and seen a man, whom they will swear is the prisoner at the bar, running away; how the man himself, after being caught some days later in the bosom of his family, hypocritically affected ignorance of the circumstances alleged against him; but admitted that he and the deceased had had a quarrel about a patch of sugar-cane; and finally, how he had confessed his crime, and thrown himself upon the mercy of the *Thannadar*, whose stern sense of duty forbade his yielding a point which would have compromised the future safety of the lives of the villagers. All this—read in a drowsy tone to the accompaniment of the “hubble, bubble” of the hookah, the soft creaking of the punkah, and the murmurs and wails of the crowd in the verandah, occasionally broken by the sharp injunctions of the *Burkundaze* that silence should be preserved—has a peculiarly mesmeric effect upon me; and I am only aroused from the comatose state by a nudge from the Collector and Magistrate, who informs me that he is going to examine the witnesses. The depositions are before him, and he forthwith commences a species of cross-questioning which elicits a multitude of very crooked answers.

“Ameer Singh!”

The cowherd is placed in the witness box. He is a Hindoo. A bottle of *Ganga panee* (the water of the Ganges) is placed in his palms, and he swears by its pure and holy influence to speak the truth.

“What do you know about this business?”

Ameer Singh glibly tells the tale, deviating very slightly from his deposition.

The Presence calmly puffs his hookah to the end of the story.

“Now, on what day was it that you heard the cries ‘*Wah wah*—I am murdered!’”

“My lord knows that it was on the twelfth of May, as your slave has said.”

“At what time of the day?”

“Your slave did not notice the time. The sun was shining.”

“Might it not have been at the sun setting?”

“It might, my lord.”

“On your oath—was it not during the night?”

“How can your servant say? It may have been in the night.”

“The middle of the night?” (*Hubble.*)

“As your lordship pleases.”

“And what were you doing in the fields at the time?” (*Bubble.*)

“What should your unworthy slave do but tend his cows?”

“Are they not driven home at night?” (*Hubble.*)

“Your lordship has said it—it is my lord’s pleasure.”

“You swear then,” said Jumps, without smiling, “that in the middle of the night while you were tending your cattle in the fields, which were at home, you heard cries in the day-time?” (*Hubble, bubble.*)

The witness, in a state of bewilderment, repeated that what he had said was the truth. *Thannadar* knew his family; Mann Sing, Jemadar, his cousin’s brother, had heard these things.

“Stand down.”

Murdaree, the husbandman, is next placed on the floor, with the ordinary exhortations to veracity.

Magistrate—“You have heard the deposition?”

“Cherisher of the poor—the words are truth.”

“When you heard the cry of ‘Murder!’ what did you do?”

“Your Highness’s slave stood surprised.” (*Great sensation.*)

“Why did you not run after the prisoner and seize him?”

“The blood of your slave was turned to water, and he feared to encounter the assassin.”

“But did you not report the circumstance? Did you not give the alarm?”

“Why should I deny it? Is it not written by the *Thannadar* that I informed Mahomed Khan, the village watchman?”

“When? at what time?”

“Your lordship’s slave waited till the night; and, when he had returned home and said his prayers, he called Mahomed Khan and informed him of what he had seen.”

“That same night?” (*Bubble.*)

“As your lordship speaks—that night.”

“Stand down.”

Mahomed Khan, a handsome young Chowkeydar, is called, and sworn on the Koran. He folds his arms (a mark of respect), twirls his moustachios, and slightly hems.

"Now, Mahomed Khan, when did you hear from Murdaree of this homicide?"

"What shall I say to your Highness but the truth? He came to me three days after the deed was done—in the morning—when I was going to make my report to the *Darogah*, of the night's general occurrences."

"What did you, then?"

"I informed the *Darogah*, and he made a report to the Thannadar; and his Highness sent a Jemadar and four burkundazes to find the body in the sugar cane *khet* (plantation)."

"Did you find it?"

"By God's favour, and your lordship's fortune, the body was found."

"Was it still warm and bleeding?"

"Your slave saw that it was warm and bleeding." (*Hubble, bubble, bubble.*)

"As if life had only just left it? Perhaps the murdered man moved?"

"He might have moved. He did move."

"And this was three days after the event?"

Mahomed Khan looks a little white—as white as a black man can look. He hems again with difficulty.

"Look at the prisoner at the bar. Did you take him into custody?"

"He was taken by me. I found him in his house with his family. I knew he was the murderer by Ameer Singh's description."

The prisoner here bursts out, "Ah Bapree, bap, the Ameer Singh is my enemy, Mahomed Khan is—"

"*Choop!*" interposes the burkundaze—a friend of Mahomed's.

Mahomed Khan continues his story—"I called Ishmael, another peon, and we took him to the chowkey. He said, at first, he was not the murderer, but Ameer Khan was sent for and saw his face, and then the prisoner offered money and told the truth that he was the murderer—wherefore the Thannadar made the report."

The unhappy creature in the fetters makes two or three spasmodic efforts to be heard; but the voice of authority stifles his insolent attempts to deny what is so very clear.

The grain-seller's evidence did not vary very materially from that of the cowherd. They were only at issue upon the point of time. The grain-seller vowed he heard the cries in the evening.

The Magistrate paused, turned over the depositions and smiled. Then addressing one of the court functionaries, he bade him ask the unhappy prisoner what he had to say; cautioning him against self-condemnation. The poor man, holding up his hands, commenced a rambling protestation of his innocence—"God is above, and your lordship is below! What shall I say but this is all false? I am very poor—Mahomed, peon, wanted four rupees—where was I to get four rupees? I know nothing of this business. Some tiger killed the man—Ameer Khan is my enemy—I have five children—" Here the

vociferations of the culprit's wife are heard in the verandah, warmly supported by those of some female friends who had accompanied her to the court, and all the graves of all the ancestors of all the witnesses are metaphorically defiled, and their mothers and aunts and sisters and brothers' wives and cousins covered with verbal opprobrium.

The Magistrate, turning to me, now observed that this was one of those perplexing cases which his old friend Currie would have settled by tossing up a rupee, leaving the guilt or innocence of the prisoner to the issue of heads or tails. It was clear there had been a murder, but he "couldn't be bothered," sifting it more closely. He should send the case to be tried by the Zillah judge. The man couldn't be worse off in jail than he would be if back at his village with the odium of crime upon him; and, to be acquitted by the superior court would be of more use to him than a magisterial dismissal of the case. To the discrepancy in the matter of the time of the alleged murder he attached no weight, because natives never seemed to have clear ideas of time or distance. Nor did the imputation of a wish for a bribe on the part of the police officer influence his judgment; for, in every case, all the limbs of the law demanded fees of the guilty, of the innocent, of the witnesses subpoenaed, of the witnesses who did not wish to come, of the people who knew all about it, and of the people who knew nothing about it. *Buxis* and a feast of sweetmeats were levied from some one, whenever a Thannadar had to report upon a great murder, robbery or burglary. The native officers were so badly paid by the Government that they could not afford to be honest. I listened with respectful astonishment, and presently heard the Magistrate decree the reference of the case to a higher tribunal.

A highway robbery, or *dacoity* case, next came on. The witnesses were numerous; one half diametrically opposed the statements of the other half; perjury was established against three of them, and Mornington Jumps, in despair of reaching the truth, dismissed the charge.

The scene that I had witnessed did not impress me with a very favourable opinion of the manner in which the law is administered in the *Mofussil*, or interior of India; and I could not help expressing, on our way home, my satisfaction that the fates had decreed my residence within the jurisdiction of the supreme court at the Presidency, where English lawyers, albeit once the most briefless of the Inner Temple, administer justice something after the mode of Westminster Hall. My excellent friend laughed at my simplicity, as he was pleased to call it, and asked if I had never heard of the "glorious uncertainty?"

"What," said Mornington Jumps, "would you have? Here are a handful of English administering justice"—he *would* say justice

—“justice to upwards of one hundred millions of people. Each man armed with judicial authority has an area of nearly four thousand square miles for his operations! Were he a piece of ornithology of the Boyle Roach genus he could not be everywhere. He *must* delegate four-fifths of his functions to natives; and as these deputies are wretchedly paid, removed from the possibility of control, and are terrible amongst the natives they are intended to protect, bribery, corruption, falsehood, chicanery, and oppression must be universal.”

At this moment, a respectable-looking Mussulman ran up to the side of the buggy; and, in an imploring tone, begged of the Magistrate to take a paper which he held in his hand, and which he declared to be a petition proper to himself. Mornington drew rein, received the document with a condescending salaam, and we drove on.

“There,” said he, “is an illustration of our precious system. That man was not long since a Thannadar, or police inspector, in a remote district. He followed the example of his predecessors and contemporaries, was bribed—and found out. He was, consequently, dismissed to make room for as great a scoundrel as himself.”

“What was his special offence?” I inquired.

“It was a small matter, as far as comparative crime goes; but how often does it happen that your greatest thief gets transported for simply abstracting a handkerchief? This Thannadar received information that a murder had been committed in a solitary house on the skirts of a *bajere* plantation. He set forth, on a majestically caparisoned horse—he manages to keep two horses in addition to himself and family on twenty-five rupees (two pounds ten shillings) per month—and, arriving at the village nearest to the scene of the alleged homicide, condescendingly partook of a feast of sweetmeats, which must have cost the shopkeepers a subscription of ten rupees, previously accepting a complimentary *muzzur*, or present, in the shape of fifteen rupees handed to one of his train. My friend, having satisfied the inner man, went forth to hold an inquest on the murdered body. He met the father of the boy alleged to have been slain, and asked where his child was lying. The father pointed to the boy playing in the road. ‘What! was he not murdered by his master?’ asked the Thannadar. ‘No, he was beaten by Girdaree, because he did not do his work, and he deserved it.’ The boy was called up to the Thannadar: ‘Why did you call out, “Murder!” Girdaree is killing me?’ The boy answered, ‘That he might not give me any more of it.’ The Thannadar immediately fined the father nine rupees for having been in such a desperate hurry to announce his boy’s murder to the police. He further fined Girdaree fifteen rupees for so unmercifully beating the boy, and made them pay *instantly*, under the alter-

native of being sent off forty miles to the magistrate: and, after a pipe with the shopkeepers, the functionary remounted his charger, and returned to head-quarters. This is an every-day occurrence; but when it was brought home to this fellow, no resource was left but to dismiss him. To mulet a village nearly five pounds for nothing at all is never to be borne—when it is found out; which is not often.

“These affairs, you say, are common in the Mofussil, or country districts?”

“It would be a happy thing if the case I have related were among the enormous crimes of the police. It is one of the slightest. The grand source of extortion is the fear the people entertain of being sent to the Cutcherry at a distance. They will pay any amount of money within their competency rather than be removed from the scene of their industry, to the derangement of their family affairs, and the possible loss of caste from some accidental pollution. I have known half the inhabitants of a village pay fines rather than be sent to a magistrate’s abode to give evidence in a case of which they knew nothing. Bribery is the quarry of the whole race of constables. From the Thannadar or Darogah down to the Pyke, all are as vigilant as cats ‘to steal cream.’ There is an amusing case mentioned by Shore, which is only one of a thousand. A Chowkeydar was sitting under a tree by the road-side, concealed from view by a small clump of young bamboos. He saw an old man riding quietly along on a pony; a fellow rushed at him, terrified him, robbed him of some money and a ring, and then ran down the road, passing the tree. The Chowkeydar, a stout fellow, armed, pounced upon him, and held him till the old man came up, the pony, in the mean while, wandering into a neighbouring field. Here was a clear case for the magistrate, and so, of course, the Chowkeydar told the man who had been robbed. But the latter felt that of the two evils the robbery was the least; so, in order to continue his journey, he gave the Chowkeydar hush money, the thief restored the property and paid the constable sundry rupees because he was let off, and the pony having been impounded by the head of the village, the traveller was further made to pay for its release!”

We reached the bungalow soon after the story had been told, but at dinner the subject was resumed. “Would better pay,” I asked, “put an end to the system of extortion? Would a more general distribution of active European agency operate as a check upon venality?” “No doubt,” answered Mornington, “the combination would do a world of good; but as long as millions are wanted for foreign wars we must not expect such a liberal augmentation of the salaries of the police as will place them beyond temptation. Until the finances of the country very much improve,

'Deputation' will be the only remedy in our hands."

"What's Deputation?"

"You shall see. In a few days I assume my collectorate character, and go into the districts to gather revenue, or to receive claims to remission. You shall accompany me."

The weather was beautiful—the month December—a delicious month in Upper India, when the cool breezes from the north mitigate the fierceness of the sun. The order had gone forth that, on the fifteenth, the Collector would move from Fuzzulpore into "the districts," the nearest halting-place being seventy-three miles from the station. The tents and the provender having been got ready, and the guard from the police battalion under arms, we set forth, our palankeens accompanying the procession; which consisted of native clerks on ponies or in palankeens, servants (some fifty), tent Lascars, police peons, grooms, and an indescribable rabble who calculated on subsisting upon the camp. Mornington Jumps preferred riding on horseback because it gave him an opportunity of diverging from the main road to see how all the improvements in his district were going on; for, be it known that, to the ordinary functions of a Collector of revenue and a dispenser of law, were added the superintendence of the construction and repair of bridges and roads, the cutting a canal, the looking after gaols and hospitals, the control of a botanical garden, the establishment of village schools, and a few other functions. We were often stopped by some miserable petitioner, and assailed upon the highway by the diatribes of old women and demented faquirs, who are the vehicles for the abuse of disappointed suitors and victims of the bribery system. In fact, it seemed to me that my friend Jumps was looked upon as the despotic Sovereign of the Empire, to whom everybody addressed their complaints, and on whose shoulders all the responsibilities of government rested.

After three days' journeying we made a permanent halt on the margin of a mangoe grove, near to a Hindoo temple, to which was attached a magnificent tank of water. In the neighbourhood were grain and cotton fields, separated by hedge rows of formidable cacti from the *maidaun*, or open space where the tents were pitched.

The camp equipage having preceded us, we found, on our arrival, some two thousand persons assembled. A motley crowd it was of landowners and villagers; of police officers and beggars; of grain sellers and watermen; of sweetmeat venders and women of all ages, with a colloquial power that rivalled the famous Arab females of Suez, of whom it has been said that they can, at a push, utter five hundred words in a minute. The clamour was terrific: attempts to stifle it absurd. Jumps, accustomed to such scenes, walked

quietly to his own large and handsome tent, which did duty for a Cutcherry, and there, while he received petitions, reports, returns, letters, and complaints, I took a survey of the camp. Beneath umbrageous mangoe trees sat Sircars, Moonshees, Keranees, and all the other tribes of hired quill-drivers, preparing *durkasts* or petitions from squalid creatures who had given them their last rupees to have set forth, in all the hyperbolic phrasology an abject condition suggests, the nature of their claims upon the compassionate attention of "The Presence." Here sat a pompous Nazir Sahib—a superior officer of the court of the Collector and Magistrate—partaking of a feast provided by some zemindar, who was a suitor for a remission of rent. Not far from him a Thannadar was collecting reports from subordinate peons, all of whom had some difficulty in keeping off a crowd of fifty wretches; each jabbering his own story, or making a special appeal to the humanity and influence of the police magnate. Under a peepul tree the guard had piled their muskets; a sentry being placed at the entrance to the Cutcherry tent, and another over the treasure chest. In many parts of the field near the impromptu bazaar chiefly composed of grain and *metai* (sweetmeat) vendors, culinary operations were going on. The borders of the tank were lined with bathers and water-carriers. Numerous horses were picketted near the cactus hedge: cows, goats and poultry were herded close to the cotton field. Now messengers are seen to quit the Cutcherry, mounted on fleet horses, to bring in some absentee zemindar, or jemadar of police, who had pleaded illness, that explanation may be given of ambiguous and disputed reports; now Chuprassies with long *lutties* (sticks) belaboured groups to prevent too great a pressure on the Huzoor; now Mornington Jumps was lost in a maze of correspondence; and, in spite of the soothing properties of the ever-present hookah, or "gentle Havannah," he could hardly resist the inclination to curse the multitudinous details which beset him. When the dawk came in, at least twenty letters from all quarters had to be opened and read immediately. One contained a "wiggling" from the Commissioner because the Collector was not sufficiently *puckah* (severe); another was a dispatch from the major of a regiment, who wanted supplies for his sepoy; a third was from a judge, demanding explanations on certain appeals from the magisterial decision; a fourth an overland letter from Mr. Jumps's mother; a fifth an angry communication from an indigo planter, who had a hundred unredressed wrongs on hand. Thus overwhelmed, it was impossible that Jumps could look into everything minutely, and here the agency of the Omlah (or native officials) found its profit. Such cases only were brought forward as had been well "silvered o'er" with the current coin of the realm. Every

petition had travelled upward, paying toll as it passed from the peon to "The Presence;" and even when the decree was pronounced, its speedy execution or its boundless delay, would be regulated by the means of plaintiff or defendant to see the officers entrusted with the fulfilment of its provisions.

When we sprang into our saddles for a ride across country in the evening, Jumps remarked, "This day is the sample of to-morrow, and to-morrow will be the duplicate of to-day. You may conceive what a monstrous amount of injustice I cannot help committing under such a system. Yet the system must continue, until the door is opened wide to the better classes of natives. Give them, in promotion to the highest offices, a motive for integrity—reform the Hindoo and the Hindoo character by removing the broad distinction between the European conqueror and the native subject; make their interests identical with ours, and they will become just administrators of the law, and originators of a vigilant and honest police. Add to this, railways and roads; increase the facilities of control; abate the land tax; and improve the pay of all classes of officers, and a Cutcherry will cease to be the temple where justice is mocked, and where human nature is degraded."

MORE MODERN MUNCHHAUSENS.

A SORTU German, writing in an Augsburg paper (he means well in the main, and we will not give his name—because we do not know it), tells us of several things about our great country of which we were ignorant; notwithstanding—or perhaps for the reason—that we have lived in it all our life.

Like all Germans he is great at philosophical deductions: and, because the chance plebeian in London seems to have laughed at his moustache (an ornament which he says excites in London as much public attention as a procession of camels and elephants in the heart of Bavaria), he is struck with the "innate conservative instinct of the English national character." Some Italians assisted him in making a sensation: "We were in an omnibus," he says, "and all classes, from the peeress and her daughter taking an airing in Hyde Park, to the lady's maid at the windows of the mansions of Hyde Park Gardens, were equally unreserved in expressing their astonishment at the 'fur.' The maid (for English ladies never look out of a window; and although I am much about town, and familiar with all its features, I have never seen anything lady-like looking out of a window)—the maid, I say, made a grimace, while the disgust of the peeress was expressed by a glance of pity, mixed with alarm."

The exception to the great rule of conservatism in England (according to the writer) is when there arises a question of money—to procure which, "an Englishman is open to

innovations, however hostile he may be to foreigners and foreign habits in the affairs of social life." In all other respects the Englishman is the Chinaman of Europe; and clings to institutions and habits thousands of years old. The South German cannot understand why our coats have no loops to hang them up by (for who ever saw such a thing?) why our windows want wings, our ink-stands sand-boxes, and our dinners the dessert. He complains too of the English behaviour in respect of mourning. We carry our mockery of woe to the extent, not only of *black stays* (which he seems to have met with in a mourning warehouse), but also of widows' caps made in a certain manner to indicate that the lady is open to another engagement. Further, that in religion the English are only decorous hypocrites; with regard to morals, that the prudery of the women "is put out of countenance by the lowness of their dresses;" and that the Germans, besides being more religious and more moral, are, as far as manners are concerned, "certainly less servile, though more polite."

The English ladies do not seem to have treated the countryman of Werther with great distinction, for he is particularly severe upon them. English women are frequently drunk, and a German can have no "idea of the want of regard which is generally shown to the female sex." Their toilet is the very ideal of ugliness and bad taste; for "the flowers in the bonnets of the most lady-like ladies in the drive of Hyde Park, would suffice for the supper of a cow and two innocent calves, provided the said flowers were real, and not artificial flowers."

In the dress of the English ladies, it appears, according to this authority, the most violent combinations of colours beggar all description. The Berlin work on the Continent is especially made to meet the extravagance of British tastes. The "plaid is the only elegant article of dress that England produces, and the fact that it is scarcely ever worn in London is a convincing proof of how little it is appreciated. It is most unfortunate too for English ladies that the German does not like their mouths nor their eye-brows; and complains that they bring all their "back" hair to the front to make a superficial show; and that what is left of the "back hair" in question is pulled up with "flowers, ribbons, and lace." This unholy intruder into sacred mysteries also objects to tight lacing (it is really impossible to please him); and in paying a delicate compliment (his solitary one) to the English complexion, he makes the gratifying admission that its beauty almost excuses the eternal low dresses, which, however, he never will consent wholly to excuse.

English gentlemen having no "back hair" (in a technical and lady-like sense), and nobody caring particularly what they wear or how they wear it, our impartial friend finds other grounds of complaint for their benefit.

Among that unfortunate class "individual egotism assumes its most revolting form. Nothing can be more disagreeable and disgusting to the foreigner than this intentional and boasting regardlessness in individuals, for which the term of rudeness is by no means too strong." * * "Hence their class distinctions. It would take a volume to say who, or what is a gentleman. But, in England, everybody says, 'I am a gentleman, and all beneath me are the mob.'" And further on the writer informs his countrymen that England is the very country they ought to go to, if they would learn how they ought *not* to behave; and that just as in Germany every one pretends to be enlightened (*aufgeklart*), so in England every one believes himself to be a gentleman, and to conduct himself in a "gentlemanlike manner."

A German must give a reason for everything, and the writer accordingly discovers that our national peculiarities are all founded upon the fact that we are a nation of sailors. Our language (and in support of this assertion Madame de Staël is cited as an authority), our habits, our domestic arrangements, and our opinions upon things in general, are influenced by the insulated position of our country; they are those of a sea-faring people. Hence the economy of space in the construction of our houses; the steep, narrow stairs; the absence of ante-chambers, the frequency of sky-lights and of oil-cloths; our mode of shutting ourselves up as in ships' cabins, either at home or in the boxes of coffee-rooms; the bluntness of our general bearing, and the worse than vulgarity of our pleasures.

It is very kind of the German to find so good an excuse for us being a bad people. And it is pleasant to find that he has devoted some attention to the means of what is popularly called "ameliorating our condition;" and that the labouring classes in particular have excited so much of his sympathy—an article of which he must have had a great deal to spare after his other experiences. He appears, from philosophical or other motives, to have dined at the East end of the town miscellaneously among the masses (even while fresh from Soyer's Symposium); to have partaken of what he calls the "fourpenny-plate" with the labouring man; and to have made his repast even at those "peripatetic kitchens," where, he tells us, oysters, soups, coffee, and similar refreshments are prepared for those who can only spend a halfpenny for their daily meal (!); but which desirable dinner was "almost spoiled" by the aspect of surrounding misery, and the destitution which "stared him in the face from every quarter of this, the wealthiest of all the cities on the face of the earth."

As a set off against this most undesirable state of things, the writer admits that great wealth will attract great pauperism, and that the "poor in London are generally better off than the corresponding classes on the Con-

tinent; that destitution in this city is more 'staring,' but that the misery of the poor in Germany is more intense." But the Germans want less. "The same classes here make greater pretensions to comfort. Saxony is a wealthy country, but meat is scarcely ever given to its farm servants. Many of the public-houses for workmen in London are much better furnished than the best hotels of the German provincial towns. There are carpets and mahogany furniture everywhere. These pretensions to good living, and their obstinate indulgence, lead to destitution, and this destitution is, in thousands of cases, hopeless and appalling. Every little street or lane, some in the vicinity of the most populous quarters, show to what a minimum of animal comforts the poor are screwed down. In these lanes there are men who sell roast meat (the leavings of large shops) fixed on wooden skewers. * * Such a skewer of meat costs a penny, or even a halfpenny, and the profits of the trade are something like a hundred per cent."

We can only add, in reference to this last piece of experience, that the writer seems to have been dining with some particularly luxurious rogues, in whose pleasant society we cannot do better than leave him.

As a contrast to that of the philosophical diner out, the work of Max Schlesinger, *Wanderungen durch London*, is well worth attention; but being generally truthful it is generally dull; and would certainly be out of place here. But even this sensible gentleman has extraordinary notions of the dignity and all-conquering potency of the London "Policemen," and cannot be persuaded that the sun ever shines upon its eternal bricks and mortar. He tells us, too, an obviously veracious anecdote of a barber of loyal tendencies who is determined to see the Queen pass Hyde Park corner to the Exhibition. He is shaving a friend of the author's (who tells the story), and says that he "knows how to manage it."

"You know how to manage it, my dear Mr. Robinson? Has the Duke of Wellington reserved a balcony for you at Apsley House?"

"No, not exactly that, you see; but"—and here he put his hand into his coat-tail pocket—"but it's just as certain"—and then he showed me a long stout strap.

"With this strap," said he, "I shall go to bed to-night, and start at four o'clock in the morning to Hyde Park, and wait till the gates are opened; with this strap, sir, I shall fasten myself tight to one of the posts of the Park, and then they may push and crowd and shove as much as they like, and won't move me. We shall see!"

"On the second of May, at noon," continues the narrator, "I had the honour of seeing Master Bob again. He was rather pale, from excitement; had a little cold, from standing so long in the morning mist; a pain in the stomach, scarcely worth speaking of,

probably from the strap; and a very slight soreness of the feet, from twelve thousand persons treading on his toes; but was, nevertheless, radiant, excited, and glorious. He had seen Her! and Prince Albert, and the Princess Royal, and the Prince of Wales—"capital boy that." He had seen them twice, as they went there and back, through Rotten Row, and had shouted so tremendously, that he was still warm with it; and he shaved me in such a state of happiness, that had I been suddenly named Finance Minister of Austria—of which I am always in fear—I should have had nothing to do, before taking up the portfolio with proper ceremony, but to have performed the painful operation all over again. But I readily forgave him, and forgive all Robinsons, Browns, and Smiths, who have never been more than twelve miles from Hyde Park Corner, for being so proud of their Queen. And yet, ill-natured people call me a Radical!"

If we might be excused for making, for once, a not very original remark, we should draw the following distinction between French and German writers: it applies generally, but more particularly to describers of national characteristics. Both fall into not dissimilar errors, but from entirely distinct causes; the one because he does not see far enough, the other because he sees too far. The Frenchman judges by immediate impressions, which are sure to be wrong;—the German, in his anxiety to be right, reasons and deduces with such tortuous ingenuity, that the result, though delightful as a logical argument, is absurd as a matter of fact. Of the two, perhaps the Frenchman is more practically philosophical: like the German, he realises nothing but base metal—but then he has not had the trouble of digging for it.

Be it from what cause it may, we confess to a preference for the French writer as a greater master of the art of misleading.

"His stream glides along in a blithe gurgling error,"

with which the more laborious blunders of the German cannot compete. The two are like the fabulous and familiar hare and tortoise: they are equally sure of arriving at the mistake, but the German takes longer about it. The one has to plod on a great many wearisome steps in the wrong direction—the other accomplishes his false conclusion in a hop, skip, and a jump.

To return, then, to our favorites, the French, with whose erroneous progress it is almost impossible to keep *au courant*. Here is a veracious account of a sitting of the House of Commons, from a very recent *feuilleton* by the very amusing Monsieur Méry. He tells us that:—

"Speeches are delivered in a psalm-singing tone; members sleep here and there, and everybody yawns; the speaker does not use a bell, and nobody is ever called to order; there is never any agitation on any

of the benches; *cannon* rains in torrents; Whigs and Tories share among themselves badly-baked biscuits; a great deal of Barclay and Perkins's porter is drunk; members go out every moment to swallow basins of turtle soup; on their return they turn over collections of caricatures; ministers play at short whist in a corner; those who are not asleep read a romance of Dickens; speakers seem not to care about being listened to."

While noting a few of the thousands of examples of similar ignorance among French writers, we must not omit to mention that the principal comic journal of France, the *Charivari*, is among the most flagrant of the offenders. If we had a file of the journal at hand, and simply wished to cover paper, we might fatigue our readers to any extent, simply by citations. A chance number before us, however, furnishes rather a mild illustration of the mode in which the greatest (presumed) wits in France deal with an English subject. It describes the society for the Protection of Animals holding a *séance* at Tremorne Gardens, under the presidency of a mysterious "Sir Kripps," to ascertain the amount of pain endured by an animal sent up in a balloon upon the plan of the ingenious M. Poitevin. For this purpose a director is suspended from the car, carrying a young lady upon his back (like the Poitevin pony), and reports the result of his experience during the voyage, which is made the foundation of a petition to Parliament. Of course the thing is intended as a joke, but the want of knowledge of the circumstances to be joked upon is no less apparent.

Apropos to the *Charivari*, it may not be amiss to observe here what does not seem to be the impression in England, that the journal in question, the principal organ of the most *spirituel* writers in the most *spirituel* country in the world, is a most unfortunately dull and prosaic affair. It may be said that it is dull to Englishmen because they do not understand the local allusions and intricacies of the language. But the reverse of this is the fact. The *Charivari* has a high reputation in England, because the English do not understand its full meaning, and are content to take it for granted with the same amiability which makes them indulge in demonstrations of ecstasy at very mild jocularities in the French Plays. Those who have lived long in France, who know the politics, character, language, and daily life of the country—those, in fact, who can properly appreciate the *Charivari*—know it to be puerile and ponderous.

Yet we cannot forget that, not many years ago, when it was proposed to establish an English *Charivari*, the notion was ridiculed in sagacious quarters. Wise men shook their heads, saying, "We are a serious people. We want the vivacity, the humour of the French; they are so effervescent, there is such a delicacy in their satire. The thing can never do, in

fact; it is opposed to the whole spirit of English character."

The English Charivari came out for all that, and was pronounced by people who knew nothing about the matter to be an imitation of the French Charivari, which we must do it the justice to say it never was in the slightest or remotest degree; and what is the result? That the publication was recognised by people of all classes as the representative of a predominant portion of British character, as supplying, in fact, a distinct requirement; that it flourished, and has become one of the institutions of the country. If it had not been beyond all comparison above the Charivari, it would have failed miserably; but that would be no reason for considering the English less *spirituel* than "our lively neighbours."

SHOPS.

I PITY the man who cannot be astonished. Yet there are many such men—people of so non mirabolant a nature, so cold-blooded, so fishy in temperament, that they marvel at, are perplexed, or are bewildered by nothing. If the ghost of their grandmother were to rise before them, they would request the apparition to shut the door and be seated. If the sky were to rain potatoes, they would simply thank Heaven for its bounties; and perhaps give themselves the trouble to entreat that, next time it rained, it would rain upwards instead of downwards. As Murat said (or is said to have said) of Talleyrand—you might kick them in the back for hours without the slightest change of countenance passing over them. An earthquake in Regent Street, a maelstrom in Chelsea Reach, a sirocco in Pall Mall, the sea-serpent in the Fleet Ditch, an alligator in Fetter Lane, snow in July, and sun-strokes in January—all these marvels would draw from them no observation more denoting agitation than a languid "Dear me!" or a feeble "How curious!" If the earth were to stand still, and the sun to turn green, they would, with a minute's reference to their almanacks, take the phenomena for granted. With them the world is a ball on which they live; and what there may be inside it, or underneath it, or above it, is no concern of theirs. In society they are known as "people who mind their own business;" and, being a rather numerous class and comprising within their ranks many peers, landed proprietors, bankers, and merchants, are highly esteemed and respected for their want of curiosity and their discreet immobility. They make money; and as for the poor people who can be and are astonished, and whose astonishment leading them from inquiry to discovery, and thence to the invention of machines, to the elucidation of scientific truths, and to the perfection of the arts which adorn and humanise society—they live up steep flights of stairs, and don't dine every day.

As for me, I cannot walk a hundred paces into the street without seeing something to be wonder-stricken and amazed at. I am astonished at the ways of men, women, and children, and at the astonishing clothes they wear; at the ways of dogs, errant and stationary; at the ways of the noise, the dust, the rain, the heat; the frantic turmoil and straining moneywards and pleasurewards; the rags and the velvet; the gold and the dirt; the jewels and the sores; the rattling of patent-axled wheels and the paddling of bare feet. Are not these enough to fill me with amazement—to cause me to be bewildered, perplexed? I wonder at the day, at the light, at the bridge, at the river; the houses standing so bravely upright, and so seldom tumbling down; the countless vehicles, so seldom running foul of one another; the countless pedestrians, so seldom run over. I wonder at Myself—why and what, and who and how I am, and why my feet love more to press City stones than verdant fields; at other people—who they are, what they are, where they are going to, and why they are all in such a hurry; until, astonished and wonder-filled at everything, I become somewhat dazed; and turning into a shop to collect and to rest myself a little, begin to be astonished harder than ever at Shops.

To the serene orders of mankind a Shop is a shop—a room, tenement, messuage or holding, containing, on the shelves and counters and in the windows thereof, certain goods and merchandises; which, for a specified money-consideration called a price, you may carry away, or cause to be conveyed to your own messuage or tenement. The proprietor of the Shop is a Shopkeeper; and his assistant is a shopman; and the youth who carries your parcel home is a shopboy; and you have been shopping—and that is all. Your Serenity sees nothing to be surprised at in a Shop. Why should your Serenity? Your Serenity takes Shops—as it takes life, love, children, riches, place and power—as certain things proper to Be, and therefore Being; for you created and by you enjoyed. What can it matter to your Serene Opulence where the worm came from from whose cocoon your purple robe was woven—or whence the slaves came who spun your fine linen? What has your Unmoved Complacency to do with the goldsmiths who welded your chain of office—or the artificers who cut, and set, and fashioned your signet-ring? Why should your composed Urbanity—your Immobile Gentility, that wonders at nothing, not even at kings, or coronations, or funerals, condescend to wonder at shops? Low, vulgar places with iron-stanchioned shutters, kept by varlets in aprons; with tills, and scales, and day-books in which they register their gross transactions.

Napoleon called us a nation of shopkeepers. Right or wrong (wrongly, I think,

for the shopkeeping element cannot be stronger than in France, where, besides, it never goes beyond shopkeeping; while ours carries us on to mercantile operations on a gigantic scale), the appellation has stuck to it. Still, with all our devotion to shopkeeping, we are apt to feel a little sore, and a little humiliation, at our connection therewith, and strive to sink the Shop at every convenient opportunity. Few terms in the English language are taken in so contumelious and insulting a sense as shopboy, shop-walker, or counter-jumper: the press and the caricature-sheets teem with poignant satires on such degraded beings, who become lord mayors, aldermen, merchant princes not unfrequently. Those of us who do keep shops are prone to conceal our servile avocation under some pseudo-classical cognomen. We call our shops warehouses, emporiums, repositories, stores, pantechmicons, establishments, *magasins*, anything but what they really are—Shops. Our shopkeepers are merchant tailors, *chemisiers*, artists in hair, purveyors, costumiers, corsetiers—anything but tailors, shirt-makers, hair-workers, grocers, or stay-makers. Why is this? Why, as we have hinted in a previous page, should it be considered mean and paltry to make a gentleman's coat, and something high and genteel to manufacture the cloth the coat is made from. The Leeds clothier is a gentleman, a county magistrate perchance, and a master of hounds; the Pall Mall tailor is a snip, the ninth part of a man, a beast with a bill. Sir Muscovado Cane (of the firm of Cane, Lump, and M'Trash, of London and Cutchemapoore) is senior partner in a great East Indian house, dealing in rice, sugar, pepper, and spices. Thomas Sandygrits, proprietor of the original golden teapot, in High Street, Shoreditch, deals also in sugar, pepper, and spices; yet what an almost immeasurable distance there is between the two shopkeepers:—the one whose shop has a plate-glass frontage and a mahogany counter, and the one whose goods are stored in a musty, rat-infected warehouse up goodness knows how many flights of stairs, with great cranes like gibbets outside the windows. Sir Muscovado is a director of the Bank of England, and at his country residence at Putney he rears the finest hot-house grapes in this realm. He goes to court in a golden coach and a golden coat; he dines with Cabinet Ministers. Sandygrits is simply an elder of Little Rabshekah Chapel, hard by, smokes his pipe nightly in the parlour of the Hog and Tongs public-house, and has serious thoughts of marrying his daughter Jemima to young Joseph Sweetbread, the butcher of Kingsland. Can you, without being astonished, view the enormous social gulf that yawns between these two men, brothers in calling, aspirations, and sympathies—for both yearn but for one great object: to buy their sugars and rice in the cheapest market, and

sell them in the dearest? Yet do you imagine that the head of the great Cutchemapoore firm would ever take, in public or in private, the slightest notice of the grocer—that Lady Cane would sit in the same apartment, eat at the same board, as Mrs. Sandygrits? Why? Is it more honourable to sell a hog-head of sugar than a pound—a bale of cloth than an ell? Why is there such an enormous social disparity between Mr. Sheriff Slow who contracts to supply the Horse Guards with jack-boots, and Mr. Crispin Snob who mends my bluchers? Who made all these rounds of the social ladder?

Of the infinite variety of shops which afford scope for criticism as to their internal economy and exercise for the faculty of astonishment, I now propose to select a few; and among these I shall be careful to select those in which I can exemplify the influence which this age of progress has made or failed to make in shops as well as men.

Take the Everything Shop. It was situated three or four miles from London, on the highroad. The one I take for a type, and with which my earliest recollections are entwined, was situated somewhere on the road to Edgware—not more than a mile and a half, I believe, west of that ghastly range of villas where years ago the mutilated trunk of Greenacre's victim was discovered, sewn up in a sack. Jerry Nutts kept this shop. He was a weird old man, horrible in aspect, and, to my young mind, shared with the goblin potman at the Black Lion opposite all the attributes of "Bogy." Jerry Nutts's face was, I remember, of an unwholesome pasty hue, like a half-congealed suet-pudding. The anatomy of his face seemed all wrong, for where you expected bones there were deep hollows in his countenance, and where you looked for flesh, osseous protuberances. He had inflamed pink lines for eyelids. He had a dreadful old semi-bald head, where the sutures of the skull were minutely defined in inlaid dirt, and at either lateral extremity of which a flabby ear kept watch and ward like a scarecrow to frighten the hairs away. A rimy stubble upon his lips and chin; two purple marks on his cheeks, as if all the blood he had had in his cheeks had gathered there and stagnated; a filmy eye; an indescribable leer of malice and ill-temper; and teeth yellow, crooked, and wide apart, gave this old man such a vicious, unsightly aspect, that he was the terror of all the children who were his customers. I never heard of anything unfavourable to Jerry, however. Beyond his general forbidding demeanour he was reported to be a hard man: that is, he never gave any credit, and usually refused to subscribe to any incidental charity or testimonial; but he paid his way, and sold good articles, and was, take him all in all, a quiet, civil neighbour. So Jerry prospered.

Jerry sold everything, almost. Linen-draper, hosiery, stationery, confectionary,

grocery, toys, books, hats, caps, and bonnets. If we were good, Jerry sold the marbles, tops, and story-books with which we were rewarded. If we were naughty, from Jerry's shop came rods and canes wherewith to chastise us. Were we in good health and in rejoicing mood, Jerry had low-priced fireworks, or bandits, and Red Rovers, and portraits of the champion at the Coronation for tinselling, or of the Seven Champions, bound in marble paper covers, for us to con and glory over. Were we ill, and peaking, Jerry had store of villanous pills and draughts, and powders more villanous still (which were taken in sweetmeats, confound them! and have made us loathe jam and marmalade ever since); and worse and more abominable and abominated than all and any, sold Jerry the much-detested oil of the accursed eastor—that filthy amalgam of oleaginous globules that floats purulently on the top of a cup of coffee, or in a wine-glass, to horrify and awe helpless little children.

When I knew Jerry first, these were the wares he sold. His Everything Shop was by no means an extensive repository, being, indeed, a little nook of a place, wedged in between the baker's and the butcher's shops. It had not been painted, glazed, decorated, or cleaned within the memory of man, and its window-panes were of some curiously dingy bottle-glass, with bulls'-eyes in the centre. On the cornice frieze above the frontage Jerry had formerly designed to have his name painted in full: but the artist had stopped short at "JEREMIAH NU"—and had never got any further. There was, indeed, no need for Jerry's Christian or surname to be painted above his store. He was as well known as the butcher's trotting pony, the baker's bandy-legged terrier, or the potman at the Black Lion; and if any of our servants, or children, or adults, went, or were sent to fetch anything from Nutts's, they would find Nutts's without the name being painted above the lintel in Roman capitals, I'll warrant you. The exchequer requirements touching the license to sell tea, tobacco, snuff, and pepper—all of which Jerry sold—were satisfied by a little mortuary-looking inscription, which few could read, and nobody did read, on one of the door-jambs; and this, saving some disparaging epigrams in chalk upon Jerry himself, due to some juvenile Juvenals of the neighbourhood, formed all the writing displayed upon the doors, walls, or shutters of the Everything Shop. One of my earliest and chiefest marvels at Jerry and his establishment was that he never seemed to be "out" of anything. If you asked for some recondite article, such as a pair of scalpels, or an ounce of Tincture of Benzoin, Jerry would produce the one or the other with as much alacrity as though you had ordered a halfpenny ball of twine, or a hank of tape. His merchandises, also, though arranged in seemingly the most

heterogeneous and helter-skelter manner, seemed all marvellously susceptible of being found when they were wanted, and put away when they were done with. At first sight, you would take his shelves to be a confused mass of red herrings, variegated ribbons, story-books, glazed calico, arrow-root, Everton toffee, drugs, children's socks, sugar-candy, beaver hats, butter and cheese, tracts, York hams, Irish poplins, band-boxes, fiddle-strings, japanned tea-trays, raspberry jam, and pickled anchovies, all thrown together without order, arrangement, or regularity. There was a place for everything, and everything had its place in Jerry's shop; and though, from the intensely amalgamated nature of the stock, there was certainly a somewhat saccharine flavour about the salt, a cheesy twang in the sugar, a slightly snuffy odour about the butter, and a sort of olla podrida perfume about the woven and textile fabrics, everything was as neatly stored and arranged in Jerry's shop as in the store-room of a man-of-war, or the pledge department of the Mont de Piété in Paris.

Jerry had no wife alive. "His missus," he condescended to say when he was conversational, which was not often, "died a many years since;" and he was wont afterwards to jerk his thumb towards a painted abomination in oils in an ebony frame, wherein a woman, with a face like a sheep, and a hat and feathers like a negress, was grinning like a baboon through what appeared to be a hole in a red curtain. Her neck being bare, and encircled by a preposterous necklace, and her waist about half an inch lower than her armpits, this performance was conjectured to be a portrait of the late Mrs. Nutts, and the period of its execution somewhat proximate to one thousand eight hundred and two. Nothing more, however, was known of the deceased lady, save that she was supposed, at some period or other anterior to her demise, to have given birth to Jerry's daughter, Julia—a pretty, fair-haired little mite of a thing of some eighteen summers, who would have been the belle of the village without appeal or opposition, had she not, poor soul! been afflicted with some constitutional weakness of the limbs, which constrained her to wear a grisly apparatus of irons, and crimson leather, and Heaven knows what belts and bars. It was very melancholy to see this poor helpless, fair-haired child sitting inertly in her chair in the little parlour behind the shop, so beautiful yet so crippled; while her old father, with his weazened, ill-favoured face and shrunken limbs, skipped about as actively as a veteran ape. Jerry was very fond of his daughter, and if she could have eaten gold, or all the pickled anchovies and orange marmalade (things by which he set as great a store, almost, as money), he would, I believe, have given it her to eat. Jerry even went to the length of taking sanitary journeys with her, leaving his shop to the care of his apprentice. He took

her to Brighton, to Bath, to the famed waters of Harrogate; to an infallible curer of limb affections, who scrubbed his patients with a tooth-brush; to one who scraped his with an oyster-knife; to another who rubbed his with a horse-hair glove; and finally to one (in high repute just then) who stuck his patients all over with diachylon-plaster, and then oiled them with linseed oil and beeswax. Finding these hygeian excursions somewhat to interfere with his business, (being indeed, moreover, apprehensive of the blunders of his apprentice,) Jerry summoned from the depths of the north country a sister of his late wife—also sheep-faced, but reduced to the most dilapidated state of ewedom, yet attired in a sort of scarecrow lamb fashion. To this relative poor Julia was confided, once more to resume her travels in search of health; and astounding rumours were current at the bar of the Black Lion, and at garden-gates among the housemaids, who slipped out to purchase a "mossle of ribbing," about nine of the clock at night, of Mr. Nutts's unheard of liberality; of how he had said to his sister-in-law, "Bring her back well, Judy, and I'll make a lady of you;" likewise, and at repeated intervals, the much meaning words, "Spare no expense."

Julia Nutts came back in about nine months or a year, not quite strong and well, but without the ghastly irons. Whether for this comparative cure the sheep-faced aunt was made a lady or not, I am unable to state; but it is certain that she was seen in our neighbourhood no more. Julia never relapsed into her helpless state again; but she was always delicate, languid, and ailing. She was well enough, however, two years afterwards, to be married, as you shall briefly hear.

I have said that Nutts had an apprentice. He was a varlet some seventeen years of age; the greatest lout, the most incorrigible sluggard and idler, and the most indomitable thickhead you can conceive. His name was Martin Duff. He had a bullet-head, a snub-nose, beefy pendulous cheeks, pig's eyes, a widemouthed waddling frog's mouth, and two great red ears, which were continually galled and chafed by a pair of gigantic and preternaturally stiffened shirt-collars which he persisted in wearing. His stupidity and dulness were beyond human capacity to calculate or comprehend. He was not ignorant, he was ignorance itself—ignorance so crass that you might almost fancy sowing seed and growing mustard and cress in it. He inked his fingers and smeared his apron. He wore his shoes down at heel, and could not part his hair straight. His amusements were puerile, consisting in cutting out paper figures, or playing with boys ridiculously smaller than himself. He could remember the names of

no articles, no prices, no customers. He was a fool, sir!

Between this youth, Jerry, and every cane, rope, and offensive missile in the house there had been for years a union and understanding of the most intimate nature. But Jerry was at last obliged to give in. Of all the multifarious modes of correction he had tried, the experience he had gained only amounted to this: that the back part of a scrubbing-brush rapped violently on the boy's occiput would extract an answer when he was most obstinate; and that a pegtop dug violently into his elbow or shins would cause him to utter an ejaculation of pain. Beyond this the seed he had sown produced no fruit. The lad went on as usual for a couple of years more; droning, dawdling, serawling inane figures on the slate, mixing sugar-candy with gum-Benjamin, and sassafrass with floss-silk, till it became noised about one Saturday night that young Duff at Nutts's was growing a pair of whiskers. With the whiskers, which were of a scrubby, irregular kind, came apparently Martin Duff's intellect or his wise teeth. His genius flowered late, but flowered at last. He took to wearing tail-coats, and shirt-collars larger than ever, and was perpetually studying a big book with a calfskin cover—by some averred to be *Walkingame's Tutor's Assistant*; by others, *Mamder's Treasury of Knowledge*. Be it as it may, Martin Duff grew bright to the extent of weighing, tying up, and charging correctly for half a pound of tea—a thing he had been totally incapable of doing before; and so rapid was the progress of his genius, and consequent advance in the estimation of society and of his master, that none of us were very surprised to hear that the long apprentice was about to be married to Julia Nutts.

Let me see. They were married just before I went to school for the first time; but I remember it as though it were yesterday. The ceremony took place in a little church, across three fields and a stile, in the churchyard of which I have heard that Jack Sheppard, the great robber, was buried. Miss Nutts looked very pale and pretty, in slate-coloured silk; and Martin Duff was magnificently hideous in blue and brass buttons, and grey kerseymeres, and what not. Jerry Nutts for the first and last time in his life was seen in a hat (he usually wore a canvass cap with a battered peak), and from his continually frictionising his eyes with the sleeve of his coat on the road to and from church, it was conjectured that he was much affected. But the bride and bridegroom went off to some watering-place for the honeymoon; and I went to school, and from thence into the cruel world, and forgot, almost, that they or their village had being.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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MARKET GARDENS.

THE traveller by railway out of London, whether he be journeying east, west, north, or south, or to any of the intermediate points of the compass, will observe, if he be looking out of the window of his carriage, the stubborn resistance of cabbages and onions to the progress of the great brick and mortar invasion. In the battle between the houses and the market gardens, the latter have been compelled to yield bit by bit of their territory; but the enemy finds himself closely pressed on every side. Celery and asparagus have thrown up earthworks to the very walls of his fortifications. Regiments of rhubarb with waving plumes, bristling squares of onions, orderly battalions of cabbages, wild rabbles of radishes and onions, surround his outposts, and overflow every unoccupied spot—clasping his *personnel* of timber-piles and brick-heaps, hillocks of sea-sand, saw-pits, mortar-sloughs, and compo-tubs, as the water clasps the isles. Here and there the traveller will notice little patches of green enclosed by walls—detachments of the flower or kitchen garden—which the great enemy, not being able to exterminate, has contented himself with isolating, and for ever preventing from rejoining the main army of defenders. They maintain their position, in spite of the insidious attempts of the invader to foul their water and poison the very air they breathe; but traitorous negotiations are opened between the nurseryman and the builder, and their strongholds must sooner or later be capitulated. A little further will be seen suspicious-looking detached cottages stalking in a line to right and left of strawberry grounds, evidently bent on forming a cordon around their victim. By and bye, the invader's battalions dwindle down into single spies, in the form of treacherous-looking Italian villas peeping through shrubberies at the riches of the land. And now, to the relief of the peaceful traveller's mind, all evidences of the great struggle disappear; and far and wide across the level country, he observes the numerous vegetable tribes in quiet possession of the land. He is traversing the verdant zone, the broad green belt which intrepid aeronauts have seen widening and deepening every season as our vast city encroaches on its space, and the number of our

mouths increases. These are the famous market gardens around London.

Any one leaving London by any railway, on this fine dewy morning, in the month of June, may have noticed what I have seen since I left the Waterloo Bridge Station of the South Western Railway, about ten minutes since, by the earliest morning train. My destination is not half-an-hour's ride, and I feel quite ashamed of making use of a train, with two engines, and a tail like the great sea-serpent, for such a ridiculously small journey. My cheerful neighbours, a few carriages behind, in dreary prison uniform, and with their wrists all ringed and strung together on a bright steel chain, are going to Portsmouth. My opposite neighbour in the same carriage—the French lady who parted with her mother at Vauxhall, and who begins to dry her tears since the burly old farmer testifies by nods and uncouth signs his admiration of her two chubby children—will be at Southampton, aboard the steamer starting for New York, at noon to-day. The good old farmer is going (he says) to Basingstoke; but he would do well to tarry in these parts awhile, as I am about to do. My friend, Mr. Trench, the market-gardener whom I am about to visit, would be able and willing (I believe) to give him some useful hints on husbandry—to show him certain methods of cultivation, not wholly to be despised because he and his father and grandfather before him have done so long without them. This healthy-looking field of cabbages, whose orderly lines, as our train passes swiftly through them, seem all whirling in eddies, while a row of elms are making a broad sweep round them in the distance, might strike him as something different from the blue stunted specimens in his own kitchen garden at home, and perhaps suggest to him what are the true "burdens on land." Mr. Cuthill, of Camberwell, in one of his excellent little tracts upon horticulture, says, "If a farmer were to send his son to be a labourer in a market garden for a year or two, the value of such a school to him in after-life would be great to himself, his landlord, and the country at large. The expensive system of a market garden would not be required in a farm, it could not be maintained: but it would show him that one acre cultivated by the spade is equal to five by the plough."

But I should perhaps find it a hard matter to persuade my old farmer to my views between here and Basingstoke; and already I have arrived at the neat little Elizabethan station whose name corresponds to the place on my ticket, where I dismount, wishing the French lady a good voyage. I notice again the carriage full of convicts, still very cheerful, and given to play practical jokes on each other, in spite of their overseers. Most of them are gnawing hunks of dry bread with an appetite this fresh morning which quite defeats the objects of prison fare. Their attempt to give a cheer on leaving the station is suppressed; and the engine pants away, leaving me on the platform of the little Elizabethan station, the only passenger who has alighted there, with a whole ticket-collector to myself.

There are plenty of writers who will prove that kitchen-gardening is the very noblest occupation of man. They will demonstrate (like Mr. Comte, the French philosopher) that the History of Civilisation has just five phases, of which gardening is the culmination and climax. They do not care a radish about the ancient prejudice which associated philosophy with cold water and a diet of roots. They will draw you a dreary picture of the original man, compelled to depend for existence upon the spontaneous productions of uncultivated wilds, and unable to obtain from a whole acre of ground more than enough for a single meal. The savage, the shepherd, the ploughman, the trader, and the spade-man, or market gardener, symbolise, according to them, the successive epoch of human progress. They can show the intimate connection between kitchen gardens and free institutions; between wholesome vegetables and good government; and will pooh-pooh—perhaps very justly—all the so-called glories of Louis Quatorze, because “he never placed a single additional cabbage or potatoe upon the tables of his subjects.” While other men do nothing but grumble at their trades or professions, the gardener is generally enthusiastic for his. What luxuriant phrases have I been reading about scarlet runners! what weighty arguments about carrots and turnips! what gushes of eloquence in favour of vegetable marrow! I should find it a hard matter to name from memory a score of different kinds of vegetables which appear on an English dinner-table; yet how many volumes, pamphlets, and tracts have, to my knowledge, been written, besides weekly and monthly magazines, to whom these few vegetables alone furnish an endless theme. The ordinary reader would scarcely believe how chatty a writer may be upon rhubarb; or what pleasant anecdotes may be told about asparagus.

The bare mention of a kitchen-garden will suffice to one enthusiastic writer for an allusion to the wars of the Red and White Roses. In the mind of another, potherbs are associated with all the glories of Oriental fiction;

for did not the renowned Caliph Haroun Al Raschid teach his trusty and well-beloved brother, the Emperor Charlemagne (to whom he was personally known, and was perhaps no more a hero than King George the Third to his valet-de-chambre), the value of potherbs generally, and how to cultivate them? Turnips suggest Charles Townshend, King George the First's foreign secretary, called Turnip Townshend by the foolish wits about Court, because he noted the mode of cultivating that vegetable in Hanover, when attending the king on an excursion thither, and afterwards induced his countrymen to adopt it. The annual value of the turnips chiefly grown on stony lands or on lands exhausted by previous crops in England, which but for Townshend's efforts would have lain fallow, or remained totally uncultivated, is now estimated at fourteen millions sterling. Surely here was a benefactor to the human race whose monument history has raised, by calling him “Turnip Townshend.”

It is worth remarking that very few of those vegetables which are now so common among us are natives of these isles. The potatoe—still a valuable servant, though much broken up in constitution of late years—comes, as every one knows, from America. The common pea is supposed to be only strictly at home in Syria. Beans are from Egypt or Persia. Onions, in all their varieties, are also from the East. Even the cock the Welchman has no right to stick in his hat as a national emblem; the same being a native of Switzerland. The Cos lettuce ought to be a native of the island of Cos. Cauliflowers and garden cress are from Cyprus; spinach from Western Asia; endive from Japan; radishes from China; rhubarb from Tartary; artichokes from the shores of the Mediterranean. Jerusalem artichokes are not from Jerusalem, but from South America, the word Jerusalem being a mere corruption arising from an accidental resemblance in sound between that word and their Spanish name. Turnips and carrots are found wild here; but experiments have proved that cultivation could not have converted the native variety into that which we are accustomed to eat. The Flemish refugees in Queen Elizabeth's time brought the carrot with them, and planted it first at Sandwich. The turnip probably found its way hither by the same means. There is a tombstone to be seen still, I believe, in the churchyard of Wimborne St. Giles', in Dorsetshire, erected to the introducer of cabbages, with a representation of a cabbage carved in stone at the foot. Potatoes are for ever associated with Sir Walter Raleigh, since whose time they have achieved their extraordinary revolution in the kitchen garden. Mr. Myatt, of Deptford, who first cultivated rhubarb for the market, is, I think, still living. Only forty years ago he first sent five bunches of this vegetable to the Borough Market; of which he prevailed upon some one to purchase three by way of

experiment. The other two he brought back unsold.

This is as much as I can tell the reader about vegetables, on my walk from the station to Mr. Trench's house. Mr. Trench (whose modesty prefers that pseudonym, and who would not be made famous on any account) is quite a model market-gardener. There are members of his profession who have nothing to tell about it, except that it is a ruinous business, to which they have moodily resigned themselves with the determination of losing their capital and bringing themselves and families to the workhouse. Some of them have been pursuing this reckless course all their lives, and are bringing up their sons to achieve the work of destruction. They are philanthropically anxious not to tell the world anything about it. Perhaps they are right and dread competition. A recital of the sufferings and privations of Robinson Crusoe has induced many a boy to go to sea. Who knows what might be the result of the most faithful picture of their laborious life, and continual losses? My market-gardener, however, is not one of these; he knows how to manage things well enough to get a comfortable income out of his capital and industry; and he does not think of making a secret that a comfortable income is to be made by such means. The table in Mr. Trench's cool and shady sitting-room is bestrewn with letters and papers; books lie about there everywhere; and portraits ornament the walls, as well as one or two testimonials from certain societies, framed and glazed. A fresh smell of mould and flowers comes through the window from the greenhouse, and lingers in the room. Cowper might have written his *Task* here; and I, who am by no means poetical, feel as if I could sit down in that worn arm-chair, and while the linnet in his cage at the window chirps and pecks and drops his seed-husks on the floor, could indite something to my mistress' eyebrow, above that mediocrity which the gods abhor.

Mr. Trench offers to walk with me through his hundred acres of ground, warning me not to expect to find anything very exciting in market-gardening. I reply, that I am not in search of excitement; but only desirous of seeing with my own eyes something of the routine of those operations, of whose magical result I have heard so often. My modest friend is as anxious to repudiate the employment of magic as if King James were still upon the throne, and Matthew Hopkins a neighbour of his; and further reminds me, that only a very small part of that routine can be seen at one time, and that to understand market-gardening it would be necessary to remain there a whole year, going progressively through the Gardener's Calendar. All these objections (which I listen to as I would to the good housewife's depreciation of her own Christmas pudding), being got over, we go into a field of cabbages, through the green-

house again, and across a clean yard paved with pebbles, where men are stacking cabbages in a waggon, apparently with the ambition of the builders of Babel; and through a row of sheds, where men and women are washing and tying vegetables in bundles.

"Nothing very remarkable in a field of cabbages," says my conductor.

"Very large and healthy-looking." I note the blue bloom upon them, and the glistening drops of dew collected in the wrinkles of their leaves.

"Of course," replies my conductor. "Before this ground was planted, you see, every bit was dug up two spades deep. We never have a plough here. Then it was thoroughly manured—a good horse-load to every thirty square feet of ground."

"Rather expensive."

"Why we put as much as twelve pounds' worth of manure to a single acre. Supposing my land could be all clear, and I wanted to plant the whole of it with cabbages, I must pay twelve hundred pounds down for manure to begin with; without considering the cost of digging, and attending to the crop till it comes to maturity, gathering, taking to market, &c."

"And rent," I suggest.

"Nine pounds a year for every acre," says my friend, "besides ten shillings for tithes, which the church is none the better for."

"How many of those plants are produced on an acre of ground?"

"Nothing easier than to calculate. You see they are all at exactly equal distances. The plants are twenty inches apart, and the rows eighteen inches. That's the distance they grow best at." My conductor takes out a rule and proves the correctness of this to a nicety, which convinces me that there is no slovenliness in his ground. "That'll give," he continues—with a promptitude which makes me suspect that he must have been once a calculating boy—"that'll give seventeen thousand cabbages to an acre. I could grow near upon a couple of millions at once, if I chose."

I indulge involuntarily in Dominic Sampson's favourite exclamation; and ask, "What those women yonder are raking about for?"

"Hoing out the weeds. Every weed or blade of grass that could steal a grain of nourishment from the ground is cut down as fast as it appears: our plan is to keep all employed, ground, men, and horses. This piece of ground, for example, we shall begin to plant again the moment a portion of it is cleared."

"What will be the next crop?"

"I don't know. Whatever is ready for planting."

"But," I ask, "what is that 'succession of crops' which I have always believed so necessary, unless you follow the old plan of letting the land lie fallow? What is the 'four-course

system of husbandry,' which some farmers are tied down by their leases to follow?"

"Nothing to do with us," replies my friend, smiling; "nor with farmers either if they knew it. Those chaps who don't put a bit of manure upon their land for years, are obliged to vary their crops; for, you see, a plant with its roots takes its own kind of nourishment from the ground, just as a chemist extracts one or two components from any substance, and leaves the rest. When wheat has had its feed, the farmer knows it is of no use to sow wheat again. He plants tares which extract something of what the wheat has left; next turnips, and so on. Now we supply our soil artificially with what the next crop requires, and so can grow anything. Thus we get first-rate crops, and three or even four of some things in a year, whereas the farmer will seldom get more than a single crop."

Passing through a little patch of well pruned fruit-trees, I observe that every bit of ground beneath is planted with another kind of cabbage—coleworts or "collards," as a labourer calls them. "No space lost here," says my conductor. "These little plants, which perhaps you might take for weeds, growing in this narrow strip of ground, between the gooseberry bushes and the path, are brocoli. While they are so young they can find nourishment enough here—thick as they are. They will be thinned and planted out in the fields, very soon. Here is a patch of ground, you see, already planted with them."

"I suppose these weeds among them do no harm while the plant is so young."

"Maybe weeds there wouldn't hurt them now; for there is more nourishment in the ground than they want, planted at that distance apart. But if weeds wouldn't hurt them, we say something more useful wouldn't hurt them. This is not a weed: it is celery. They can grow very well together, till the brocoli gets bigger, and wants all the strength of the soil to itself: then we shall remove the celery."

"You take advantage of everything."

"Must do so, in these Free-trade days," says my companion, sitting down upon a hand-barrow, and rubbing the perspiration from his forehead with a pocket-handkerchief. "If we couldn't beat our neighbours in a fair trial, we wouldn't be so shabby as to ask the Government to help us: that's how I look at it. But Free-trade puts us all upon our mettle; Belgium and the South of France have sent some first-rate things to our markets this year. What do I care? I set about it and grow as good." Mr. Trench paused. "It don't do," he added, thoughtfully, "to waste as much as a leaf or a root that would go into the manure heap, I assure you. There is my neighbour, Mr. Kutch, who has been in the East Indies. He is a man of property, and it is his whim to turn

market-gardener. He makes up his books every year and finds himself just a hundred pounds out of pocket. And why? Because he's not on the ground himself, as we are, from morning till night; and doesn't take such care to prevent waste."

"This thin green down, with patches of white, here and there, as if some workmen from the lime-kilns had been trespassing in it, is onions, I suppose?"

"One kind of onions. A very different sort from those with the great seedpods at the top. It is of no use my troubling you with the various names of our things. Some have no end of varieties, chiefly named after the gardeners who have imported or produced them. Fruit-trees, as you know, change their very nature by cultivation—as for instance, the peach, whose fruit in a wild state is poisonous. So plants by cultivation change in quality, form, and colour."

"Though never their primary structure," I interrupt.

"Quite right. Now, in the rivalry going on among market-gardeners and nurserymen, constantly experimenting too as they are, infinite varieties of everything grown are necessarily produced."

"You will of course choose the best."

"Some kinds are equally good. Others are known for certain qualities, for which we choose them as we want them. Some are by their nature fit for earlier or later growing than others; and as our object is to keep the markets supplied, we grow several sorts of most things. In this way we have various crops of the same vegetable, which we know will come due every week while the season lasts."

Walking on through other gardens, all planted with the same regularity and neatness, we notice in every patch one or two labourers, chiefly women. Some are hoeing among crops so fine and thickly sown, that it is a marvel how the greatest care can prevent their cutting them down with the weeds. Others are propping bell-shaped and square glass-lights with bits of wood, to let the air in to the plants beneath. Some men are perseveringly watering, one by one, tomatoes, or love-apple plants, against a wall. Others in deep alleys, among rows of beds, as regular as a ground plan of the city of Philadelphia, are carefully picking weeds with the hand; while a few, I see on coming nearer, are cutting asparagus. Wherever a blue top has just forced its way through the mould, a woman thrusts in, sideways, a long steel instrument, notched at the end, and saws at the stem some inches under the ground. The notched cutter, I am told, leaves a ragged surface where the stem is severed, which heals more readily than a smooth cut—the mould stanching the sap more completely, and preventing it from bleeding. These asparagus roots have been three years in the ground, and have only yielded shoots strong enough to bear cutting

this year—though the soil is of course occupied by other crops during that time. The shoots grow rapidly in the season, and are cut every other day for five weeks. The “grass” is removed to the yard in baskets as fast as it is cut, to be washed and tied in bundles for the market. I learn that the long, hard, white stem—which the eater rejects for its earthy and watery flavour—is produced by earthing the shoots, or “blanching,” which is a mere waste for the sake of appearance. By simply removing some of the mould the shoots would grow up with five or six inches of eatable top, instead of that half inch of purple sprout, which would tantalise anybody but that morbidly carnivorous lady in the *Arabian Nights*. So long, however, as the public prefer the purple tip and tasteless stem, and the greengrocer refuses to buy a wholesomer kind, the market gardener is compelled to earth up, and blanch, and make pretty looking bundles. Some labourers are sprinkling lime-dust here and there, which I take to be manure; but my friend corrects me.

“The only remedy for slugs. A dust of lime when the dew is on spreads all over leaves, and kills everything without injuring the plants. These insects puzzle us. Look at the scarlet beans just coming up, and all eaten away.” While I am looking at them, my conductor pulls out a microscope in a brass tube, and begins to inspect a leaf minutely. “We have been watching this,” he continues—screwing up one eye, and wrinkling his forehead like a Scotch kale—“We have been watching this for a week past, and can’t find what it is. There is a disease among cabbages called ‘clubbing,’ which looks like the ravages of insects; but it comes from over-manuring: for you may manure too much. Some say the disease in the potatoes and cucumbers, as well as in several other vegetables lately, is from the same cause.”

“Are you much troubled with vermin?”

“Well, we keep a sharp lookout to burn or fumigate them before they’ve time to spread. Field mice eat our seeds. We take care to frighten all birds away with scarecrows, but I doubt whether we don’t do more harm than good, by preventing the birds from eating the insects, with which we are always more troubled than farmers are. I am tempted to make a bonfire of all our Guy Fawkeses one day. A friend of mine keeps young bantams, who peck up worms and slugs like barleycorns: they scratched a good deal among the crops, at first; but he got over that by putting their feet in socks.”

A bantam with his feet in socks is so difficult to imagine, that I am suspicious that my friend is mystifying; but I find him quite serious. “This little insect that rolls itself into a perfect black ball as soon as you touch it,” he continues, “is one of our most troublesome visitors. A woodlouse will eat anything, sweet, sour, or bitter. They can’t have any

sense of taste; or if they have, it is the reverse of ours. They will greedily devour a leaf that, to us, has the most nauseous flavour imaginable. I have seen three young bantams peck up a hundred of these in two minutes by the watch. Our plan for killing them in the greenhouse and cucumber frames is with toads.”

“Toads!”

“Toads. We buy toads: I have paid as much as six shillings a dozen for toads.”

There is considerable bustle in an adjoining field, where a number of women are pulling gigantic rhubarb stalks, and loading barrows. I observe a considerable difference in the rapidity with which some do their work; and my conductor confirms my observation. “That young Irish woman, yonder,” he says, “with her gown pinned up behind, and her bare arms, as brown as mahogany, will get through twice as much work in a day as some of our people. We give her two shillings a day; most of them get only a shilling or eighteenpence. How are you, Molly?”

“Very well, sir, thank you,” (without pausing in her work).

“Here’s the shilling I promised you three women.” Molly protests she “never thought he meant it:” but constitutes herself, at once, a trustee for the other two; and deposits the shilling in a large, heartshaped pocket, hanging at her side.

“How old are you, Molly?”

“Thirty, sir.”

“Married?”

“No, sir. Nobody won’t have me.” Molly’s face would certainly not be deemed equivalent to a fortune in the matrimonial market.

“She’s a good deal better off single, sir,” says an old woman. “I know that to my cost.”

Molly won’t look us in the face, but she keeps to her point, and honestly confesses her matrimonial inclinations.

“Ah!” says another—a young woman looking very flushed and heated with her work. “I never used to work half so hard as I have since I got a master. Molly oughtn’t to say a word; she’s better off than any of us.”

But Molly is very stubborn; shakes her head, and goes on with her work; evidently convinced that the married women have entered into a compact to dissuade the single women from matrimony.

I learn that about fifty of these women, with about twenty men, do the whole work upon a hundred acres of land in the busiest season. In the winter time, half that number only are employed. Women are strong enough for almost any kind of labour required, except trenching and the like. A number of supernumeraries (all women) are employed in the strawberry season, who earn five shillings a day by carrying the fruit to market on their heads. No other kind of carriage answers. Some of the best hands are retained all the

year round. In seasons when there is not much doing in the ground, they are employed in mending garden tools, painting and repairing hand-lights—three thousand in number—besides frames and other “plant.”

My conductor regrets that he has little more to tell me; but I assure him that I have heard and seen enough to convince me of the extraordinary skill and pains with which market gardens are cultivated.

“Why, sir; we do all naturally try every means for producing a good thing. Look at that field of cauliflowers, for instance.”

“Cauliflowers! I don’t see a sign of blossom on any of them.”

“No! If they were allowed to be exposed to the sun, they would turn yellow in a few days. Every morning the outer leaves of the plant are folded, one by one, over the flower. Each one, I may say, is regularly nursed and brought up by hand. My man, I’ll warrant, knows every plant individually by the shape of the head and the varied paleness of countenance. Open the leaves, and look into them. You will find the flower as white as snow. We never allow even a drop of wet to fall on it. If it were to begin to rain suddenly, you would see our people leave whatever work they might be upon, and rush away to cover them immediately with those bell-shaped glasses, which dazzle our eyes so with the sun. All the ground about them has been covered with straw, or mulched, as we call it. We use straw for everything now. Notice that acre of cucumber frames yonder: though the plants grow upon deep hot-beds, and are all under glass, we keep every frame embedded and covered with straw. The beautiful white scakade you find in the market is blanched by simply covering it with straw. That pinky rhubarb, which you see in winter and early spring, is forced by the same means. Straw is the market-gardener’s sun-blind.”

Having now made the circuit of the grounds, we pry into seed-sheds and sheds full of paint pots, and plumbers’ tools, and broken frame-lights, and into out-houses full of garden implements, and huge man-traps—some with shark-like double rows of teeth; others, of the sort called the humane mantrap, because they snap the bone of a man’s leg smoothly and do not make a compound fracture like the old-fashioned ones. These, I understand, are only to be set when that fearless aeronaut who lately trailed his grappling-iron through my friend’s cucumber frames, and attended by a numerous train of followers, accomplished an easy descent in his flower-garden, shall announce another ascent in the Royal Mammoth Balloon. Which fact we reserve to the last, in the hope that it may meet the eye of that renowned and intrepid individual, and induce him to shape his course accordingly.

The way home is through the cart-yard; where rows of waggons stacked and ready for to-morrow’s market remind me that I have

another chapter to write in vegetable history. Therefore, if there be any sluggards, who, when awakened too soon, are heard to complain, and in whose gardens the thorn and the thistle grow higher and higher, let them be warned in time that we intend to arouse them at daybreak one fine morning, with a summons to accompany us to Covent Garden Market.

THE SENSITIVE MOTHER.

“When you are married, Isabel, and have children of your own, you will then know how much I love you.”

“I know you love me, dear mother. If I did not acknowledge and understand your love, what should I be but the most ingrateful of living beings?”

“No one who is not a mother herself can rightly understand a mother’s love. What you feel for me, and what you fancy I feel for you, comes no nearer the reality, Isabel, than the chirp of the sparrow does to the song of the nightingale. The fondest child does not fully return the love of the coldest mother.”

Tears came into Isabel’s eyes; for her mother spoke in tender, querulous accents of uncomplaining wrong, which went to the daughter’s heart. Mrs. Gray was one of those painfully introspective people who live on themselves; who think no one loves as they love, no one suffers as they suffer; who believe they give their heart’s blood to receive back ice and snow, and who pass their lives in agonising those they would die to benefit. A more lonely-hearted woman never, in her own opinion, existed, although her husband had, she thought, a certain affection from habit for her; but any real heart sympathy, any love equal to her fond adoration of him, was no more like her own feelings than stars are equal to the noon-day sun.

“Not a bad simile, my dear,” Mr. Gray once answered, with his pleasant smile, “since the stars are suns themselves; and if we could change our point of view we might find them even bigger and brighter than our own sun. Who knows but after all, I, who am such a clod compared to you—who am, you say, so cold and unimaginative—that my star is not a bigger, stronger sun than yours.”

His wife gave back a pale smile of patient suffering, and said sadly: “Ah, Herbert! if you knew what agony I endure when you turn my affection into ridicule, you would surely spare me.”

The frank joyous husband was, as he expressed it, “shut up for the evening.” And then Mrs. Gray wept gently, and called herself the “family kill-joy.”

With her daughter it was the same. Isabel’s whole soul and life were devoted to her mother. She was the centre round which that young existence steadily revolved. The daughter had not a thought of which her

mother was not the principal object, not a wish of which her mother was not the actuating spirit: yet Mrs. Gray could never be brought to believe that her daughter's love equalled hers by countless degrees. Isabel worked for her, played to her, read to her, walked with her, lived for her. "Duty, my Isabel, is not love, and I am not blind enough to mistake the one for the other." This was all the reward Isabel received. When she fell in love as she did with Charles Houghton, Mrs. Gray's happiness was at an end. Henceforth, her life was one long, weak, wail of desolation. She was nothing now; her child had cast her out of her heart, and had given the dearest place to another; her own child, her Isabel, her treasure, her life, her soul. Her hour had passed; but even death seemed to have forgotten her. No one loved her now. She was a down-trodden worm; a poor despised old woman; an unloved childless widow! Ah! why could she not die? What sin had she committed to be so sorely tried?

Isabel had many sorrowful hours, and held many long debates with her conscience, asking herself more than once whether she ought not to give up her engagement with Charles Houghton if its continuance made her mother so unhappy; also whether the right thing was not always the most painful. But her conscience did not make out a clear case of filial obligation to this extent, for there was a duty due to her betrothed; and Isabel felt she had no right to trifle with any man after having taught him to love her. She owed the first duty to her parents; but she was not free from obligation to her lover; and, even for her mother's sake, she must not quite forget this obligation. So her engagement went on, saddened by her mother's complaints.

"My love," said her father, "Houghton has been speaking to me of your marriage, to-day. Come into my study."

Isabel, pale and red by turns, followed her father, dreading both his acquiescence or refusal. In one she heard her mother's sobs, in the other her lover's despair.

"He says, Bell, that you have been engaged above a year. We must not be hard on him. He is naturally desirous to have the affair settled. What do you say? Will a month from this seem to you too soon for your marriage?"

"As you wish, papa," said Isabel, breaking up a spray of honey-suckle.

"No, no, as you wish, my dear child. Do you think you would be happy with Houghton? Have you known him long enough?"

"Yes, papa; but—"

"But what, love?"

"I hesitate to leave mamma," (her head sorrowfully bent down).

"That is the trial of life, my child," said Mr. Gray in a low tone; his face full of that

quiet sorrow of a firm nature which represses all outward expression, lest it add a double burden on another. "Yet it is one which, by the nature of things, must be borne. We cannot expect to keep you with us always; and, although it will be a dark day to us when you are gone, yet if it is for your happiness, it ought to be so for ours. Tell me, Bell. What answer do you wish me to give?"

"Will he not wait a little time yet?" and the girl crept closer to her father.

"I see I must act without you," he said, smiling and patting her cheek.

"Poor Charles!" she half sighed.

Her father smiled still, but this time rather sadly, and said, "There go back to your mother, child. You are a baby yet, and do not know your own mind better than a girl who has to choose between two toys. You do not know which to leave and which to take. I must, it seems, choose for you."

"Oh, papa!"

"Yes—you need not look so distressed. Trust to me and meanwhile—go: your mother will be wearying for you."

Although this little scene had sunk an old sorrow deeper into his heart, Mr. Gray was, when he joined the family, calm, almost merry. He challenged Charles to a game of bowls on the lawn, and ran a race with Isabel round the garden. When he returned to his wife she told him pettishly, "that it was a marvel to her how he could be so unfeeling. See how she suffered from this terrible marriage! And yet she had no right to suffer more than he; but," sighed the lady, "no man ever loved as much as woman loves!"

"And don't you think I feel, my dear, because I don't talk? Can you not understand the duty of silence? Complaints may at times be mere selfishness."

He spoke very mournfully. She shook her head. "People who can control themselves so entirely," she said, "have seldom much to control. If you felt as I do about our darling child, you could neither keep silence nor feign happiness."

Herbert smiled, but made no answer; and Mrs. Gray fairly cried over Isabel's hard fate in having such an indifferent father.

It was all settled: Isabel was to be married in a month's time. Charles mildly complained of the delay, and thought a fortnight ample time for any preparations; but Isabel told him that a month was ridiculously soon, and she wished her father had doubled it; "only I long very much to see Scotland." They were to go to the Highlands to spend their honeymoon.

Mrs. Gray was entirely inconsolable. The poor woman was not well, and her nerves were more than ordinarily irritable. She gave herself a good deal of extra trouble too—much more than was necessary—and took cold by standing in a draught, cutting out a gown for Isabel; which the maid would have done

a great deal better, and would not have complained of the fatigue of standing so long; which Mrs. Gray did all day long. Her cold and her grief and her weariness made her the most painful companion; especially to a devoted daughter. She wept day and night, and coughed in the intervals. She did not eat, and answered every one who pressed any kind of food on her reproachfully, as if they had insulted her. She slept very little, and denied even that little. She was always languid, and excess of crushed hopes and unrequited affection stimulated her into a fever.

The marriage-day drew nearer. The preparations plentifully interspersed with Mrs. Gray's sighs, and damped by her tears, savoured less of a wedding than of a funeral, at which Mrs. Gray was chief mourner. The father, on the contrary—to whom Isabel was the only bright spot in life, and who would lose all in losing her—was the gayest of the party. Isabel herself, divided between her lover and her parents, was half-distracted with her conflicting feelings, and often wished she had never seen Charles Houghton at all. She told him so once, to his great dismay, after a scene of hysterics and fainting-fits performed by her mother.

It wanted only a week now to the marriage, when Herbert Gray came down to breakfast alone.

"Where is mamma?" asked Isabel.

"She is not well, my dear, and will have breakfast in bed."

"Poor mamma!—how long her cold has continued. What can be done for her?"

"We must send for Doctor Melville, if she does not get better soon. I am quite uneasy about her, and have been so for some time. But she did not wish a physician to be sent for."

"There is no danger?" asked Isabel, anxiously.

Her father did not answer for a moment; then he said, gravely: "She was never strong, and I find her much weakened by her cough."

By this time breakfast was ready, and Isabel prepared to take up her mother's tray. She looked at her father lovingly when she passed him, and turned back at the door and smiled. Then she softly ascended the stairs. A fearful fit of coughing seemed to have been suddenly arrested as she entered her mother's room. She placed the tray gently on the dressing-table.

There was a faint moan; a moan which caused Isabel an agony of terror. On tearing back the curtains, she beheld her mother lying like a corpse—the bed-clothes saturated with blood. At first she thought of murder, and looked wildly round the room expecting to see some one again clutch at that sacred life; but Mrs. Gray said faintly, "I have only broken a blood-vessel, my love; send for your father." A new nature seemed to be roused in Isabel. Agitated and fright-

ened as she was, a womanly self-possession seemed to give her double power, both of act and vision, and to bury for ever all the child in her heart. She forgot herself. She thought only of her mother, and what would be good for her. As with all strong natures, sympathy took at once the form of help rather than of pity. She rang the bell and called the maid. "Go down and tell my father he is wanted here," she said quietly. "Mamma is very ill. Make haste and tell my father; but do not frighten him."

She went back to her mother's room, quietly and steadily, without a sign of terror or bewilderment. She washed the blood from her face, gently; and, without raising her head, she drew off the crimsoned cap. Not to shock her father by the suddenness of all the ghastly evidences of danger, perhaps of death, she threw clean linen over the bed, and placed wet towels on her mother's breast. Then, as her father entered, she drew back the curtains, and opened the window, saying softly, "Do not speak loud, dear papa. She has broken a blood-vessel."

Herbert Gray, from whom his daughter had inherited all her self-command, saw at a glance that everything was already done which could be done without professional advice; and, giving his wife's pale cheek a gentle kiss, he left the room, saying simply, "God bless you!" and in less time than many a younger and more active man could have done it was at Doctor Melville's door.

All this self-possession seemed to Mrs. Gray only intense heartlessness; and she lay there brooding over the indifference of her husband and child with such bitterness, that at last she burst into a fit of hysterical tears, and threw herself into such agitation, that she brought back the bleeding from the ruptured vessel to a more alarming extent than before. She would have been more comforted, ten thousand times, if they had both fallen to weeping and wailing; and had rendered themselves useless by indulgence in grief. Love with her meant pity and caresses.

"Oh, child!" gasped Mrs. Gray, "how little you love me!"

Isabel said nothing for a moment. She kissed her mother's hand; and with difficulty repressed her tears. For it was a terrible accusation, and almost destroyed her calmness. But, fearing that any exhibition of emotion would excite and harm her mother, she pressed back the tears into her inmost heart, and only said, "Dearest mother, you know I love you more than my life!"

But Mrs. Gray was resolved to see in all this calmness, only apathy. She loosened her daughter's hand pettishly, and sobbed afresh. If Isabel had wept a sea of tears, and had run the risk of killing her with agitation, she would have been better pleased than now. Isabel thought her mind was rather affected, and looked anxiously for her father.

"Don't stay with me, Isabel! Go—go—

you want to go," sobbed Mrs. Gray, at long, long intervals. "Go to your lover, he is the first consideration now."

"Dear mamma, why do you say such terrible things?" said the girl, soothingly. "What has come to you?"

"If you loved me," sighed Mrs. Gray, "you would act differently!"

At this moment Herbert Gray and Doctor Melville entered. Having examined the patient, the doctor at once said,

"You have done everything, Miss Isabel, like the most experienced nurse. You deserve great praise. Had you been less capable or less self-possessed, your mother might have lost her life."

He said this to comfort the patient; but she turned away sadly, and murmured,

"My child does not love me; she has done her duty; but duty is not love!"

Mrs. Gray recovered from this phase of her illness only to fall into another more dangerous. In a few weeks she was pronounced in a deep decline, which might last for some years, or be ended in comparatively a few days—one of those lingering and capricious forms of consumption, that keeps every one in a kind of suspense, than which the most painful certainty would be better.

Of course Isabel's marriage was postponed to an indefinite time, and Charles Houghton murmured sadly, as was natural. He proved to Isabel in most conclusive logic, that the kindest thing she could do for her mother, and the most convincing proof of love she could give her, was to marry him at once, and then she would have a great deal more time to attend on her; for now his visits took up so much time, and all that would be saved. His logic failed; and then he got very angry. So that between her mother and her lover, the girl's life was not spent among roses. She went on however doing her duty steadily; turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, but acting as she felt to be right.

Her mother's querulous complaints used always to be most severe after some terrible scene with Charles, when perhaps he had been beseeching Isabel not to kill him with delay.

One day Charles came to the house, looking very pale.

"You are ill!" she said anxiously.

"I am, Isabel, very ill."

She took his hand and caressed it in both her own, looking fondly into his face. He left his hand quite passive. To say the truth frankly, although he looked ill he looked also sulky.

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Everything, Isabel," he said abruptly—"Marry me."

She tried to smile, but her lover's gravity chilled her.

"You can do all for me, and you do nothing."

"I will do all I can. But if a greater duty—"

"A greater duty!" Charles interrupted. "What greater duty can you have than to the man you love and who loves you, and whose wife you have promised to be?"

"But Charley, if I were your wife, I should then have, indeed, no greater duty than your happiness. As it is, I have more sacred ties—though none dearer," she added in her gentlest voice.

"I also have superior duties, Isabel."

She started; but after a moment's pause she said,

"Certainly." The young man watching her face intently.

"And how will you feel, Isabel, when I place those ties far above your love, and all I owe you, and all that we have vowed together?"

"Nothing unkind towards you, Charles," Isabel answered, her heart failing her at the accusing tone of her lover's voice.

"But Isabel, you will not let me go alone!" he cried, passionately. "You cannot have the heart to separate from me—perhaps for ever!"

He threw his arms round her.

"Go alone—separate—what do you mean? Are you going anywhere? or are you only trying me?"

"Trying you, my dear Isabel?—no, I am too sadly in earnest!"

"What do you mean then?" tears filling her eyes.

"You know that my father's affairs have been rather embarrassed lately?"

"No," she said, speaking very rapidly.

"Yes, his West India property is almost a wreck. He has just lost his agent of yellow fever, and must send out some one immediately to manage the estate. It is all he has to live on unless he has saved something—and I don't think he has—when he can no longer practise at the bar. It is too important to be lost."

"Well, Charles?"

"I must go."

There was a deep pause. Isabel's slight fingers closed nervously on the hand in hers; she made a movement as if she would have held him nearer to her.

"And now what will you do, my Isabel? will you suffer me to go alone; will you let me leave you, perhaps for ever—certainly for years—without the chance of meeting you again, and with many chances of death? Will you virtually break your engagement, and give me back my heart, worn, and dead, and broken; or will you brave the world with me, become my wife, and share my fortunes?"

"Charles; how can I leave my mother, when every day may be her last; yet when, by proper care and management, she may live years longer? What can I do?"

"Come with me. Listen to the voice of your own heart, and become my wife."

Isabel sunk back in deep thought. "No," she whispered, "my mother first of all—before you."

He let her hand fall from his. "Choose then," he said coldly.

She clung to him; weeping now and broken. He pressed her to his heart. He believed that he had conquered.

"Choose," he again whispered. "If you have not chosen already;" and he kissed her tenderly.

"Oh, Charles! you know how dearly I love you."

At that moment her mother's cough struck her ear. The windows were open, and it sounded fearfully distinct in the still summer air. Isabel shuddered, and hid her face on her lover's shoulder, resting it there for many minutes.

"I have chosen," she then said, after a long long pause. She lifted her head and looked him in the eyes. Although pale as a marble statue, but quiet and resolved, she never looked so lovely, never so lovable. There was something about her very beauty that awed her lover, and something in the very holiness of her nature that humbled and subdued him,—only for a moment; that passed, and all his man's eagerness and strength of will returned, and he would have given his life to destroy the very virtues he revered.

He besought her by every tender word love ever framed, to listen to him and to follow him. He painted scenes of such desolation and of such abject misery without her, that Isabel wept. He spoke of his death as certain, and asked how she would feel when she heard of his dying of a broken heart in Jamaica, and how could she be happy again when she had that on her conscience? And although she besought him to spare her, and once was nearly fainting in his arms from excessive emotion, yet he would not; heaping up her pile of woes high and still higher, and telling her throughout all, "that she did not love him now."

After a fearful scene the girl tore herself away; rushing as if for refuge from a tempting angel, and from herself, into her mother's room; busying herself about that sick bed with even greater care and tenderness than usual.

"You have been a long time away, Isabel," Mrs. Gray said petulantly.

"Yes; I am very sorry, dearest mamma. I have been detained." Isabel kissed her withered hand.

"Detained—you don't deny it, Isabel."

"I am very sorry."

Tears trembled in her mother's eyes as she murmured, "Sorry!—Don't stay with me, child, if you wish to go. I am accustomed to be alone."

"I entreat you not to think that I wish to leave you for a moment."

"Oh yes, you do, Isabel! I dare say Charles

is below stairs—he seems to be always here since I have been ill. You have a great deal to say to him, I am sure."

"I have said all I had to say," answered Isabel quietly.

She was sitting in the shadow of the window curtains; and, as she spoke, she bent her head lower over her work. Her mother did not see the tears which poured down fast from her eyes.

"Oh, then it was Charles who kept you! I can easily understand, my love, the burden I must be to you. I am sure you are very good not to wish me dead—perhaps you do wish me dead often—I am in your way, Isabel. If I had died, you would have been happily married by this time; for you would not have worn mourning very long, perhaps. Why have I been left so long to be a burden to my family?"

All this, broken up by the terrible cough and by sobs and tears, Isabel had to bear and to soothe away, when she herself was tortured with real grief.

Charles departed for Jamaica. The thick shadow of absence fell between their two hearts. Henceforth she must live on duty and forget love; now almost hopeless. A stern decree this for a girl of nineteen.

For the youth himself, the excitement of the voyage, the novelty of his strange mode of life, and the distractions of business, were all so many healing elements which soon restored peace to his wounded heart. Not that he was disloyal, or forgetful of his love, but he was annoyed and angry. He thought that Isabel might have easily left her mother and go with him, and that she was very wrong not to have done so. Between the excitement of new scenes and new amusements, and the excitement of anger and disappointment, Charles Houghton recovered his serenity, and flourished mightily on Jamaica hospitality.

By the end of that year the invalid grew daily weaker and weaker. She could not leave her bed, now; and then she could not sit up even; and soon she lay without motion or colour—and then, on the first day of spring, she died. She died on the very same day that Charles Houghton entered the house of the rich French planter, Girard, and was presented to his heiress, Pauline.

Pauline Girard! a small, dark, gleaming gem—a flitting humming-bird—a floating flower—a firefly through the night—a rainbow through the storm—all that exists in nature most aerial, bright and beautiful; these Charles compared her to and a great deal more; that is—when they first met. Charles, with his great Saxon heart, fell in love with her at first sight. It was not love such as he had felt for Isabel. It struck him like a swift disease. It was not the quiet, settled, brother-like affection which had left him nothing to regret and little to desire; but it was a wild fierce fever that preyed on his

heart and consumed his life. He would fly; he would escape; he was engaged to Isabel. It must be that she did not love him, else she never could have suffered him to leave her; yet he was bound to her. Honour was not to be lightly sacrificed. Would Pauline, with her large passionate eyes, have given up her lover so coldly? Still he was engaged, and it was a sin and a crime to think of another. He would fly from the danger while he could; he would fight the battle while he had strength. He was resolved, adamant. One more interview with Pauline and—but Pauline presented herself accidentally in the midst of these indomitable projects. One glance from her deep sapphire eyes put all his resolutions to flight—duty, like a pale ghost, passing slowly by in the shade.

When fully awake to the truth of his position, Houghton wrote to Isabel. He wrote to her like a madman, imploring her to come out to him immediately; to lay aside all foolish scruples, to think of him only as her husband, to trust to him implicitly, and to save him from destruction. He wrote to her with a fierce emphasis of despair and entreaty that burned like fire in his words.

This letter found Isabel enfeebled by long attendance on her mother; unable to make much exertion of mind or body, and requiring entire repose. That she should be restored to her lover; that she should be happy as his wife, was, for a moment, like a new spring-tide in her life to dream. Then she remembered her father, her dear patient, noble, self-denying father, to whom she was now every thing in life; and she wrote and told Charles that she could not go out to him; but reminded him that his term of absence had nearly expired; and that, when he returned, they should be married, never to be parted again. Why should they not be married in England rather than in Jamaica?

"Thank God I am free!" Houghton exclaimed, when he had read the letter. It dropped from his nerveless hand. He ordered his horse, and rode through the burning tropical sun to Pauline Girard. Not two hours after the receipt of Isabel's letter he was the accepted lover of the young French heiress.

Poor Isabel! at that instant she was praying for him in her own chamber.

News came to England in due time. Charles himself wrote to Isabel, gently and kindly enough; but unmistakably. It stood in plain, distinct words, "I am to be married to Pauline Girard;" and no sophistry could soften the announcement. He tried to soothe her wounded feeling by dealing delicately with her pride. He had been, he urged, only secondary in her heart. She placed others before him, and would make no sacrifice for him. What had happened was her own doing entirely; she had not cared

to retain him, and he had only acted as she would have him act, he was sure of that, in releasing her. And then he was "hers very affectionately," and "would be always her friend."

Isabel did not die. She did not even marry another man out of spite, as many women have done. She looked ill; but was always cheerful when she spoke, and declared that she was quite well. She was more than ever tender and attentive to her father; and she went out much less amongst even the quiet society of their quiet home; but read a great deal, and without effort or pretension she lived out her sweet poem of patience and duty and womanly love.

A GOLDEN COPPERSMITH.

On the twenty-third of March last, the Imperial French Theatre of Moscow (in which one hundred and fifty persons resided, and which gave employment to more than a thousand) took fire at ten in the morning. The flames spread with such rapidity that sixty pupils of the Conservatoire, who were at the time attending the dancing classes, were saved with difficulty; some of them wounded and bruised. Several children were thrown from the windows and caught on sheets held out by the people below. The denseness of the smoke paralysed the exertions of the firemen; and in three hours the building was a black ruin. Eleven individuals perished, and some escaped only by a miracle; among them a man who was rescued by an act of heroism, of which the following is an account:—

Basile Gavriloff Marine, a Crown slave belonging to the village of Evséievaïa, and by trade a coppersmith, was, at the beginning of March, returning to St. Petersburg from visiting his family at the village. He arrived at Moscow on the night of the eleventh, with ten of his companions; and as the railway train was already gone, they were obliged to pass the night there, and remain till three the next afternoon. "The villagers are curious," Marine himself relates, "and as we had never been at Moscow before, we determined to see all the curiosities of that ancient town. We entered the Cathedral of the Assumption, and kissed all its holy relics. We ascended to the top of the belfry of d'Ivan-Veliky, and then proceeded to the Bird-market. Here we heard that a terrible fire was raging—that the Great Theatre was burning. As it was only noon, we determined to be spectators, and hastened to the spot." They arrived just as the fire was at its height: the theatre burnt from the interior, and the flames spread rapidly, bursting from the roof and the windows in savage fury. At the time the fire broke out, three workmen were engaged at the top of the building: it gained upon them so fast, they had only time from a window to reach the roof; when they frantically

rushed about without hope of escape, surrounded by the flames, which each moment gained upon them. Two of them in wild despair threw themselves from the roof and were killed on the pavement below. The third remained; and, suffocating with the smoke, screamed for assistance in a manner that struck agony in the hearts of all who heard him. His death seemed inevitable. There was not a ladder of sufficient length to reach the roof of the building, and the miserable man had the alternative of perishing by the flames or leaping down, as his comrades had done. But even in this extremity his confidence did not forsake him, and he sought refuge on that side where the wind blew the flames away from him. *Marine* and his companions all this time were spectators of the scene. "I held my tongue," said *Marine*, "but my heart beat painfully, and I asked myself how I could save this poor soul."

"Companions," cried the brave fellow, suddenly, "wait for me here while I try and save that man." His comrades looked at him with surprise, but without dissuading him from his purpose. "God be with you," said they, "for it is a good deed you are about to do." Without losing another moment, *Marine* approached the authorities present, and solicited permission to try and rescue the man from the frightful death which menaced him. Permission obtained, he took off his cap and sheepskin coat, and confided them to the care of the police. Accompanied by his brother, and provided with a stout cord, he rushed to a ladder that was placed against the wall, but which was very far from reaching the roof. *Marine* made the sign of the Cross, and began to ascend. When he reached the summit, he fastened the cord around his waist, and, once more devoutly crossing himself, began to climb one of the pipes that led from the roof. The crowd below, breathless with astonishment and fear, eagerly watched each movement. Around him the flames were playing with intense fury; and above the terrible noise of the falling timbers were heard the fearful shrieks of the unfortunate man; who, though he saw assistance coming to him, dreaded it might be too late. Nothing daunted, *Marine* continued his perilous ascent. "It was cold," said he, "and there was a terrible wind, but yet I felt it not; for, from the moment I determined upon trying to save the fellow, my heart was on fire, and I was like a furnace." His burning hands kept continually sticking to the frozen pipes, which somewhat retarded his progress; but still he courageously continued his way. "The pipe cracked," said he; "it was no longer firm—this dear pipe; but happily I arrived at the cornice, where there was foot-room."

His brother, who had remained all this time on the ladder, had made a hook fast to one end of the cord. *Marine* passed it to the man on the roof, and desired him to

fasten it somehow securely; this he did by fixing it round one of the ornaments of the cornice. *Marine* doubled it, to make it more secure, and then made him slide down the pipe, holding the cord in his hand, and his knees firmly round the pipe—himself giving the example. At the moment *Marine* reached the ladder, and the man he had so nobly preserved was seen to glide down in safety, a remarkable movement was manifested by the crowd—a movement truly Russian—all heads were simultaneously uncovered, and all hands made the sign of the Cross. When *Marine* reached the ground, the man was already half-way down the ladder, and out of all danger. "I had hardly reached the ground," relates *Marine*, "when a gentleman, in a cloak and military casque, approached me, and gave me twenty-five silver roubles." A great number of others surrounded him, and each gave him according to his means—some ten copecks silver, others a rouble, and some only copper. "Thanks, brave man!" was cried on all sides; "you are a courageous and good Christian; and may God long grant you health, and bless you!"

"What became of the man I rescued," said *Marine*, "I do not know; but that is not my affair. Thanks to God, he is saved. A gentleman—an aide-de-camp—came to me, gave me a ticket, and took me in his sledge to the office of the Chancellerie, where he wrote down all that had taken place." During this time *Marine* did not lose his presence of mind; he was only anxious about one thing—that the railway should not leave without him. At three o'clock he was in the waggon; and, on Friday, the thirteenth, he arrived at his destination, where he was waited for by his master, *Monsieur Flottot*. He requested permission for one day's leave, to visit his aunt, who kept a small shop in the *Vassili Ostroff*, which was readily granted; when, leaving her to return home, he was astonished at being called to the house of the Grand Master of the Police, who accompanied him to the palace. The courage of which he had so lately given so strong a proof, had been brought to the knowledge of the Emperor, who desired to see him.

Never had he thought, even in his wildest dreams, that such an honour would be accorded to him, a simple man of the people. The Emperor received *Marine* in his cabinet, and, with the greatest kindness, said, "*Marine*, I thank thee for the good and great action thou hast performed; but I wish to hear from thy own mouth how, with God's assistance, thou didst it." *Marine* related the adventure to him in his own simple manner, and, when he had finished, the Czar, who had listened to him with the greatest attention, embraced him, and said: "My son, may God bless you! and remember, if you ever stand in need of my assistance, come to me and it shall be accorded you." The Emperor then

presented him with a medal and one hundred and fifty silver roubles. Marine left the Emperor's presence a happy man.

SCHOOL AND SUMMER.

STUDY to-day ! those children twain
Bend o'er the unlearn'd task in vain,
But only with their eyes ;
Each little heart is out of doors,
Bounds e'er the blooming earth, or soars
To yon rejoicing skies.

Hard to sit still, while thus around
Motion and sparkle so abound,
To charm the childish sight.
Soft music floats through dell and green,
Even the very floor is seen
To undulate with light.

While, like a welcome from the woods,
Streams the fresh smell of bursting buds
The open windows through,
And on the sea—that lies asleep,
Yet dreams of motion—light waves leap
Distractingly in view.

And who o'er musty rules could pore—
While waving boughs of sycamore
Drip sunshine on the book ?
Catch now and then on each dull word
The fitting shadow of a bird—
Without a rueful look ?

Not there they seem constrained to talk
Of flower and fount, and forest walk,
And oh ! if they could dwell
Like pretty Maia in the wood
Beneath a leaf, and drink their food
From each wild blossom's bell !

Come, let the weary lessons end,
The fair young Summer must not spend
Her holiday alone ;
And once beneath the open skies
Surely those changed, uplifted eyes
The same bright hue have won.

Oh, happy creatures ! scarce they pass
A daisy, pink, or flowering grass,
Without a burst of joy.
A smooth grey pebble is a prize ;
The glancing of the butterflies
Enchants them, girl and boy.

What deep delight to stand and hear
The linnet tremulously clear,
The droning of the bee ;
That sound of waves, so soft in swell,
As loud might issue from a shell,
That whispers of the sea.

To gather, in the deep green lane,
The hawthorn blossoms that remain,
Last month's delicious boon ;
And feel it as the perfumed breath,
The shade of May that lingereth
Upon the skirts of June.

See, the wild rose buds crimsoning ;
It is the blushing of the Spring
Neath Summer's earliest kiss.
The children's shout seems wildly fit,
The thrill of life is exquisite
On such a day as this.

At last we reach a still retreat,
Cushioned with moss and scented sweet,
A forest parlour fair ;
Soft jets of sunshine pouring through
Its emerald roof, and Heaven's calm blue
Just glimpsing here and there.

While each a wild wood garland weaves
Beneath the flickering of the leaves,
How fair they seem and still !
A moment more both laughing stand
And shake for sport, from hand to hand,
The silver of the rill.

And now a fairy measure tread ;
Anon the tiny feast is spread,
And while the day goes by,
The echoed voice of each gay elf
Returns, as though e'en Silence' self
Laughed back for sympathy.

Say'st thou the day was idly spent,
Its beauty all ineloquent,
Good lessons to impart ;
That, looking at the unfathomed sky,
No holy sense of mystery
Would settle round the heart ?

Or will they love each other less
For seeing Nature's lovingness ;
Or more ungrateful prove
For having joined a childish lay
With her thanksgiving psalm to-day,
To her great King above ?

Nay ; but whate'er their future lot,
The memory of that verdant spot,
The coolness and the calm,
Upon worn spirits tired of life,
Or through the fever of the strife,
Will fall as soft as balm.

Oh ! we should steep our senses dull
In all the pure and beautiful
That God for them hath given ;
Creep into Nature's heart, and thence
Look out with gratitude intense
On life, and up to Heaven.

BOOKS FOR THE BLIND.

It occasionally happens that the exertions of those who are showing kindness towards their fellow-creatures are rendered inefficient by a want of co-operation and harmony. This is, to some extent, the case in respect to the admirable systems for teaching the blind to read. The solicitude displayed towards the afflicted is noble and touching ; but the same degree of care, and the same amount of subscriptions, would have produced better results for the blind, if the various institutions had acted upon some one combined plan. Our reference is chiefly to the kinds of Alphabets employed in teaching the blind to read ; some of these cannot be understood by the pupils at institutions in which the other systems are in use ; and others cannot be understood by persons possessing ordinary eyesight.

Some years ago, David Macbeath, a blind

teacher in the Edinburgh Blind Asylum, invented an ingenious String Alphabet. It consists of a cord on which knots are tied, the knots having differences in shape, size, and position, sufficient to indicate different alphabetic or verbal sounds. One knot is round, another the drummer's plait, a third the simple noose, a fourth the net knot, a fifth the twisted noose, and so on. The knotted cord is wound upon a vertical frame, which revolves and passes from the reader as he proceeds. Considerable portions of the New Testament have been set up (to use a printer's phrase) in this manner. The pupil reads by feeling the knots upon the string; but the process is necessarily very slow.

One of the earliest inventions for teaching the Blind to read consisted of moveable wooden letters, placed on small wooden tablets grooved to receive them, on a principle similar to that adopted in some children's toys. It is said that by such a method Archbishop Usher was taught to read by two relations who were both blind. Moveable leaden letters were afterwards cast for this purpose, by Moreau of Paris.

Mr. Gibson of Birmingham has invented an ingenious mode of enabling the Blind to write and to keep accounts. Every letter or figure is represented by a small cube of wood or other soft material, with a type on its upper surface, and a similar type on its under surface formed of needle-points. If a piece of paper be laid on a cushion, and the cube be pressed upon it, the needle-points will make impressions which can be felt in relief on the other side of the paper. If two or three sheets of paper be placed on the cushion, two or three copies of the same entry may be obtained at once. The type on the upper surface of each little cube guides the pupil in his selection; while the needle-point type at the lower surface produces the record or impression. Mr. Gibson also devised an apparatus for working arithmetic. It consists of a flat surface divided into rows by elevated slips of wood, along which the types are made to slide. These types have no needle-points on the under surface, the process being for temporary working and not for permanent record.

The French have largely used a plan of Dr. Guilli's for teaching geography by relief maps. The map of a country is pasted upon thick pasteboard; a wire is bent round the curves of the coast, and along the courses of the rivers; these wires are fastened down, and a second map, in every respect similar to the first, is pasted over it; when this is pressed, the windings of the wire will be easily traced by the touch. An American improvement has been made on this system, by having a metal plate engraved with all the lines, elevations, bearings, positions of towns, &c. From this plate impressions are struck in pasteboard, which produce an em-

bossed map. Some of the excellent German relief maps, made for the illustration of physical geography, have also been rendered available for teaching the Blind; and an obvious extension of the same system has been made to the production of orreries, planetariums, and maps of the heavens.

Perhaps the best opportunity ever afforded for studying and comparing these and similar ingenious contrivances was at the Great Exhibition in one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one. Mr. Hughes, governor of the Blind Asylum at Manchester, exhibited a portable typograph to enable persons who can read the common embossed letters, to communicate one with another. The paper to be written upon is placed within a portfolio, one side of which is made of semi-carbonized paper, as an humble substitute for an inking-roller. This paper is beneath a sort of graduated circle; the pupil turns an index-hand to any required letter (which he can easily feel); and, by a slight pressure brings down a type upon the paper, which thereby acquires a slight blackened mark on the other surface sufficiently distinct to be read. The embossing produced enables the writing to be read by blind readers, while the blackening renders it readable by all who can see. There is very simple mechanism by which letters are printed in proper order in a line, and the lines in proper order in a page. It has been pointed out that a blind person might usefully print labels for museums, &c., by this apparatus.

Those who remember the French department at the Exhibition, will call to mind a blind man who, surrounded by sympathising visitors, printed his thoughts on slips of paper, which were distributed to those interested in them. This was M. Foucault, the inventor of the instrument by which the result was produced. The instrument is very remarkable. It contains about thirty vertical brass rods, ranged in two rows. At the top of each rod is engraved, in bold relief, a letter of the alphabet, or a grammatical stop or sign; and at the bottom is a corresponding character formed of ordinary type. A piece of blackened paper, with white paper beneath it, is placed underneath the rods; and, on the pressure of any rod, a black type-printed mark appears on the white paper. Ingenious mechanism enables the blind printer to arrange letters and words in symmetrical lines.

Mr. Thompson, of the United States, produced an instrument for teaching the Blind geography, writing, drawing, and mathematics. There is a tablet covered with white leather, capable of yielding to the pressure of a style without retaining the impression; the style employed may be made of any hard material capable of receiving and retaining a rounded smooth point. A sheet of paper is laid upon the leathern tablet; the writing, or figures, or diagrams, are marked

on this paper with the style, producing an embossment sufficient to be felt by the finger of the blind pupil. The leather recovers its former smoothness in a short time, and is ready for further service.

Several other exhibitors displayed the results of their ingenuity in this class of invention. Thus M. Legrand, of Paris, had type-plates to print in relief. M. Marchesi, of Lodi, had a writing machine, producing the characters in black or in relief; the letters were formed with pin-points. Messrs. Fehr and Eisenring, of Augsburg, had a system of metal plates, with letters and characters in relief, something similar to that of Legrand. Mr. Hughes displayed a machine for writing in raised characters without types; a machine to write with a pen or pencil in skeleton Roman capitals; a machine to practise arithmetic by tangible characters; and a machine for writing and copying music on paper. Mr. Gall, of Edinburgh, one of the most successful caterers for the Blind, exhibited specimens of his triangular alphabet as well as his writing apparatus. This consists of a stuffed frame, on which the paper is placed; a cover, with bars to guide the lines; and small stamps, with the letters formed of common pins, which are pricked through the paper and read on the opposite side. By means of certain register-points the paper may be written or pricked on both surfaces without confusion.

Nor did the various Institutions fail to afford illustration of the modes in which their useful labours are conducted. The Society for Teaching the Blind to read, whose asylum is in Avenue Road, Regent's Park, exhibited embossed books; cyphering boards perforated with square holes, in which simple types may be placed; maps, in which cities, mountains, rivers, and boundary lines are represented in relief; geometrical boards; writing boards, with provision for arranging the writing in paralld lines; embossed music, in which the characters are so shaped as to indicate the duration as well as the pitch of each note, thereby dispensing with the necessity for the staff; and chess-boards and men, in which the black squares are distinguished from the white by being raised, and the black pieces distinguished from the white by having points at the top. The Edinburgh School for the Blind, in like manner, exhibited many ingenious contrivances; among which were Dr. Foulis's tangible ink, which contains so large a quantity of solid matter, as to leave a tangible deposit on the paper; Foulis's manuscript music notation, in which the whole of the music characters can be represented by common pins stuck into a pin-cushion, with cords run through to represent the staff; and Mr. Gall's system of arithmetic, with which a blind person can easily make calculations, by simply sticking a few pins into a pillow or the seat of a chair.

In all these excellent contrivances there

is apparatus, more or less simple, by which a blind person may obtain instruction in various branches of knowledge; and there is no reason why they should not all continue to be employed. But now comes the difficulty. We may print our thoughts by a hundred different contrivances; but in what language shall the printing be effected? A blind man may be taught to read; but in what character, alphabet, symbol, or cipher, shall the teaching be rendered? These are important questions.

The first book printed in relief for the use of the blind was prepared by M. Haüy, at Paris, in one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four. He tried various forms of letter, and ultimately decided on an alphabet neither Roman nor italic, but something midway between the two, with the usual mixture of capitals and small letters. He thus printed or embossed a grammar, a catechism, and other small books: stamping each leaf so distinctly, that the protuberances could be felt on the other side. It was afterwards found that the letters wanted the sharpness and permanence essential to their tangibility. M. Haüy was succeeded by Dr. Guillié in the management of the Blind Asylum at Paris. The latter modified the alphabet a little, and printed about twenty expensive folio volumes—which have since, in great part, been sold as waste paper, on account chiefly of the unreadableness of the embossing. Recently ten or a dozen quarto volumes of useful works, at five francs per volume, have been prepared and published by M. Dufau, whose system is at the present time the one adopted in France.

After the adoption and gradual abolition of several systems in Russia, Sweden, France, Belgium, Prussia, Austria, and Switzerland, small Roman types, with or without capitals, is now in use in those countries for Blind readers.

In England, Mr. James Gall, of Edinburgh, about the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six, produced a new embossed alphabet. There were reasons, satisfactory to his own mind, against the adoption of the Roman or the italic or any usual alphabet, and for the adoption of a new and more angular form of letters. No curves whatever were admitted into Mr. Gall's alphabet. Some of the letters resembled Roman capitals nearly, while others bore a greater similarity to ancient Egyptian or Assyrian letters. Mr. Gall considered that his letters could be easily felt and read by blind persons, a circumstance which seemed to him so important as to neutralize all objections on other grounds. His earliest book was printed with wooden types; but he afterwards employed types of metal. At first his letters were smooth; but he subsequently made them serrated or fretted, to render them more tangible. He next printed a book in small Roman, without any capitals, to

institute a comparison between different systems. After this, he modified his original alphabet, rendering it less angular than it had before been, and introducing Roman capitals at the beginning of sentences and proper names. Here then, we find, in the case of an ingenious contriver, a frequent oscillation between widely different systems. Afterwards, Mr. Alexander Hay devised an alphabet of twenty-six arbitrary characters, which by certain combinations could represent abbreviations and double letters. Types were cast in this character, but no books have been produced.

To show how great has been the uncertainty concerning the best form of letter to adopt, it may suffice to say, that in response to an invitation put forth in eighteen hundred and thirty-two, by the Edinburgh Society of Arts, no fewer than nineteen different alphabets for the Blind were suggested, of which sixteen were in purely arbitrary character. The society's prize was given to Doctor Fry of London, for an alphabet consisting of Roman capitals deprived of the serifs or small strokes at the extremities. Mr. Alston, of the Glasgow Blind Asylum, made a few slight alterations in Doctor Fry's letters, to improve the sharpness of the embossing; he printed a few elementary works; and soon after, he completed the whole of the Bible, Old and New Testaments, in nineteen quarto volumes: a great work, truly, considering that each individual letter is a Roman capital. Besides the Bible, Mr. Alston printed about thirty other works in quarto, and a small number in octavo. Meantime, Mr. Lucas, of Bristol, also had devised a new alphabet. It consists of arbitrary characters, somewhat resembling those used in Byron's system of short-hand. After Mr. Lucas had printed portions of the New Testament in his new type, the system was adopted by the London Society for Teaching the Blind to Read. This Society has printed the whole of the Bible, as well as numerous minor works. Then came Mr. Frere, with characters similar to those in Gurney's short-hand; made in a singular way. Each letter is formed by a bit of wire, bent and fixed down to a tin plate. The printing or embossing is effected by the common press. The books are read from right to left and back again, like certain ancient books. The London and Blackheath Society for Teaching the Blind to Read, have adopted Mr. Frere's alphabet, with which they have printed nearly the whole of the Bible, and a few minor works.

Another inventor, Mr. Moon, Master of the Brighton Blind Asylum has introduced an arbitrary alphabet, founded upon, but greatly differing from, the ordinary Roman alphabet. He has printed considerable portions of the Bible, and a number of small works.

Here we find that, besides minor at-

tempts, all the New Testament, and portions of the Old, have been embossed in five different systems—Gall's, Fry's or Alston's, Lucas', Frere's, and Moon's. Four of these are in arbitrary characters, and one in Roman capitals. The expense of one copy of the New Testament varies from forty shillings in the cheapest to ninety shillings in the dearest system; and it seems probable that no blind person who has learned any one system could read in any of the other four, without beginning his studies over again.

Let us now say a little concerning the United States. In eighteen hundred and thirty-three, Dr. Howe, principal of the Boston Institution for the Blind, adopted a Roman alphabet, of the small letters. He aimed at compressing the letter into a comparatively close and cheap form, which he accomplished by cutting off all the flourishes and points about the letters, and reducing them to the minimum size and elevation which could be easily distinguished by the Blind. By this means he caused a word to occupy only about half the space which it would occupy in ordinary small Roman type. This character was found so useful and economical, that it was adopted in printing a great number of works in Boston, and in other American towns. In no less than seventeen of the States are Blind Asylums in which Howe's plan is adopted; and these have followed a system excellent in a commercial point of view; for, instead of all of them printing the Bible, or all printing this or that book, some print one work and some another, and then they exchange copies. The books printed on this system are greatly more varied than those in England, embracing among others a General Atlas, an Atlas of the United States, and a twenty-volume Cyclopædia of General Knowledge. Almost all the books are stereotyped, and small editions are struck off as they are wanted. They are printed at a powerful press made for the purpose. In Philadelphia, a system of Roman capitals has been partially adopted; and in Virginia, Roman capitals at the beginning of sentences and proper names have been superadded to Dr. Howe's "lower case" alphabet; but, with these exceptions, the entire United States seem to join in the adoption of one system—that of Dr. Howe.

Surely it is worthy the attention of the benevolent persons and societies so heartily engaged in this cause, to decide whether some one system might not be profitably adopted by all. The Jury number seventeen, at the Great Exhibition, bestowed much pains on this subject. In their admirable Report (to which we are greatly indebted for many of the foregoing details) they insist strongly on the advantage of this unanimity. They point out, that while the New Testament, on one of our systems, costs as much as ninety shillings per copy, and on the cheapest system forty, the Boston New

Testament, on Howe's system, only costs sixteen. They are evidently in favour of this system, as it can be read by ordinary persons as well as by the Blind, and as it is very compact and economical. They say "this harmony of action, together with the uniformity of the typography, presents so many obvious advantages, that the Jury cannot but wish a similar system was pursued by the Institutions of Great Britain and the Continent of Europe." The Jury—while lauding, as they ought to be lauded, the untiring exertions of the late Mr. Alston—express a regret that he "should have devoted so much enterprise and money in producing the Scriptures, when he might have ascertained that they had already been printed, and could have been bought at less money than it would cost him to print them. The main difference between the Glasgow and the Boston alphabets is, that one is in the 'upper' and the other in the 'lower-case,' which difference is certainly not of sufficient consequence to demand two editions."

But it is not to advocate any one particular system that these few paragraphs are written. We venture on no opinion, further than this—that uniformity of alphabet is desirable. We have heard much of congresses lately—Peace Congresses, and so forth. Might there not be a Congress of Teachers of the Blind? Might not delegates candidly discuss all the pros and cons of every system, determining which has most advantages and fewest defects, and decide on its general adoption? And if this were done, would not the sightless unfortunates be benefitted, and would not the contributions of the benevolent be better laid out?

CHIPS.

DIGGING SAILORS.

Two sailors ran away from a ship the day after it anchored off Port Phillip, and started for the Diggings. They had no idea which Diggings to go to, but thought if they once got well out into the bush they would find some place or other where they could dig, and get gold.

They had eighteenpence between them. After a brief consultation as to the things they needed for their indefinite journey, and how far this sum would go towards what was necessary, they settled the difficulty by purchasing a bottle of ale, which just came to the money.

After roving about in the bush for some time—getting a bit of bread or meat and some tea from one drayman and digging party or the other, as they chanced to fall in with them—they eventually made their way to Geelong. Here they got a little job at hay-making from a squatter on the outskirts. The hay in a country which has so little grass worthy of the name (for the sun scorches it

up in no time), was worthy of note, even by sailors. They found it to be a mixture of wheat, oats, and barley, which had been flung about at random; and was mowed down and raked up, and carted off like hay. The squatter was so much pleased with the goodwill, vigour, and humorous adroitness of the sailors—unused as they were to any work of that sort—that he gave them an outfit—pick, shovel, tin gold-washer, frying-pan and blankets—and sent them up to the Ballarat Diggings.

A month or two elapsed. The sailors had been successful; and on their way to Geelong to sell their gold and spend the money, they called on the squatter; and, with many jovial thanks, offered him a twenty-pound note in repayment of their outfit. The squatter told them he was in no want of money; but if they were disposed to do him a good turn, he very much wanted some wooden building to be done on his station, and, as they were chaps who could turn their hands to anything in a rough way, he should like to keep them with him for a week or two. The sailors had set their hearts upon getting drunk every day in Geelong, and proposed to come back in a week or ten days, and do the timber-rig after they had spent their money—some hundred and thirty pounds. The squatter, however, by dint of a prompt production of grog and good fare, persuaded them to remain for the night, and next day he got them to work. They stayed a fortnight with the squatter, and did all he wanted. He paid them handsomely, and advised them not to go to Geelong, but to send their money to the bank, and return to the Ballarat Diggings. The regular work and living had had a good influence, and the sailors, for the first time in their lives, opened their eyes to a conception of common sense—they felt themselves to have suddenly become uncommonly wise fellows.

They returned to the Diggings, were again successful; and, at the end of three months again made their appearance at the squatter's station, mounted on fine horses. They showed him gold and notes to the value of three hundred and sixty pounds. To avoid being robbed, if overtaken and knocked down by bushrangers, they had sewed the gold in the inside of their horses' saddle-cloths, and the notes were enfolded round a forefinger, which was covered with a bloody rag, and a very bad finger it certainly seemed to be.

Our digging sailors, by dint of all this steady work, and the degree of self-government, perseverance, and prudence requisite to success, did not now talk of squandering their earnings; but asked the squatter's advice. In pursuance of this they went to Melbourne. Here they started a marine store, and made large profits; but shortly afterwards they sold the concern very advantageously, and set off to Liardet's Beach, where so many passengers now land in order

to avoid the delays and extortions of the steamboat, or the boatmen of William's Town.

At Liardet's Beach, the two sailors, having learned to build in wood, built up a large shed, called a store, for the storage of passengers' boxes, cases, and bales, who were going to the Diggings. In the town a shilling a week was charged for each box and package. The sailors at once undersold the town, and chalked up "*Ninepence a week!*" Moreover, as they caught the passengers directly on landing, and in the full excitement of "being off to the gold-fields," they soon had abundance of customers. They took payment for a month in advance—to save trouble, or change of mind. They took no responsibility; they demanded cash for six weeks in advance, where the boxes were very large, and apparently of no great value in contents. They did not guarantee against robbers, fire, water, or other casualty which might damage, destroy, or lose property; and they stipulated, as labour was so scarce (being at times impossible to obtain), that passengers wanting their luggage out of the store, should "get it out themselves." The passengers, in full drive of imagination, agreed to anything—they little foresaw what work the last stipulation might involve, as the chests, packages, and bales were all to be packed up solid, one on the top of the other.

Our two sailors have only started their store a week, and they are one-third full. This shed, when as full as it will hold—*i. e.*, packed up solid—at the rate of ninepence a week each box, bale, &c., will produce them an income of one hundred and twelve pounds a week—more, if there are a preponderance of small packages. Our sailors are, therefore, about to build another store. They have discovered that there are various means of making money in Australia, with much less labour, greater profit, and with far more certainty than digging.

COUNTRY NEWS.

Now and then there is delivered to me by the faithful postman a newspaper, published in some unknown part of England—known perhaps to somebody, but to me as Timbuctoo—within which I find, carefully coiled up, a communication from the Postmaster-General. This communication is to the effect, that several newspapers having escaped from their covers that morning, they had been recaptured, and an attempt had been made to restore them to their proper places; but that if the paper sent to me didn't happen to be the right one, the Postmaster-General deprecated malediction on my part, since the blame lay with my friends and not with him. I never once in my life did get the right newspaper in company with such an intimation. I blame nobody, but I put it

to the Postmaster-General, how he would himself have liked it, living out of town, if, when he expected to receive the Times containing Mr. Gladstone's Budget, there had been put into his hands the Kelso Warder of the previous week.

Instead of a paper that I love, which comes to me dotted over with small ships from a great seaport town, there was brought to me one day last week the Brocksop, Garringham, and Washby Standard. I never in my life was near Brocksop, Garringham, or Washby, and I know no creature living within twenty miles of any of those places. The desire to project itself into the unknown is one of the grandeurs of the human soul; I plunged at once into the Brocksop, Garringham, and Washby Standard, craving to learn something about Brocksop, Garringham, and Washby. "Let me," I said, "know the ways and wants of people who inhabit those remote regions of England. They are my countrymen, and why should we be strangers to each other? Of strange places, moreover, I may hear strange news."

So I folded the paper suitably, and nursed it on my knee, and thought I would begin with the large early gooseberries and the small paragraphs. I felt at first a little timid at the prospect of getting over head and ears into a deep article, and I said, "I will paddle and not plunge into this paper." So I began with a RARA AVIS, whereof there came news from Biddesham. For some classical reasons I had always supposed a *rara avis* to be a blackbird as big as a swan. I found, however, that the R. A. at Biddesham was like a skylark. These two little paragraphs led me on hopefully to the next below them, which, to be sure, looked rather dull and political, being headed The Coffee Question—People's Question. It led through some serious reflections to a shop of which I had read before in a discourse upon adulterations; and, as its coffee is of a kind which I suppose nobody praises but its manufacturer, I took that laudatory article to be an emanation from the counting-house, paid for in due course out of the till. In this opinion I was strengthened by the fact, that the next article was on the subject of Pectoral Candy, and the next below was an account of a surprising cure of Asthma of eighteen years standing, with wasting of the flesh. Thinking it an odd remedy for asthma to thin down the sufferer, I read that article, and found that I had totally misunderstood. Mr. Johnson has for the last four years been, he says—I quote his own words—been "so distressingly bad, that if I attempted to lie down I was in fear of being suffocated, and I became almost a skeleton from loss of flesh." The almost suffocated skeleton being given up last month—only last month—by his medical man, "was recommended to give Doodle's Asthmatic Balsam a trial." He bought a bottle of Mr. Binham, chemist of his town, only last

month; a first dose gave him relief, and "I am now," he says, "as robust as I was when thirty years of age." That is a strong testimonial, and I must beg to say that I am not inventing it. I put down the name of the medicine in my pocket-book, in case I should ever be on the point of suffocation, when I shall know what to get.

Under Doodle's Balsam I found a remarkable case of the cure of Paralysis by Galvanism. The platform fell in at a teetotal meeting; and a poor man who was standing upon it, jumped out of window. Having got through this article I stuck fast at the bottom of the column in Holloway's Ointment. That I did not read about, and do not care about, because I am considered to have very good legs.

I next opened my paper well out, and began at the top of the next column on the page with which I had set out. That was a column of advertisements, one half Pectoral Candy, the other half Dreadful Skin Disease, Ulcerated Bad Legs, and Scorbntic Humours. Rather annoyed, I tried the effect of a little generalship, and by a sudden movement, turned the paper to the right about face in search of a page of wholesome matter. What more wholesome could I want? The opposite page, one-eighth of the newspaper, I found to be wholly devoted to the business of directing the inhabitants of Brocksop, Garringham, and Washby, to the means of health. It contained nothing but quack medicine advertisements. There was "By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent. The great Lincolnshire Medicine." There must be something peculiar in the air of that county, for the great medicine required by the Lincolnshire men I found was "Wind Pills." There were Bamboozle's Bilious and Liver Pills, there was a Rapid Cure of Consumption, "Under Royal Patronage." There were certain Cures of Deafness, Pectoral Balsam (not the Candy, which is a counterfeited), and Do you want Luxuriant Whiskers? Chiefly there was a large body of that kind of vermin, with which sickly newspapers, and more or less, also, too many strong ones are infested. While there are simpletons with open mouths and pockets, there will be always cunning lies and Cordial Balms and Purifying Pills for them to swallow.

Having got so far into them, I thought that I would work my way quite through the Brocksop, Garringham and Washby advertisements. I took another page, and found the following: Guano. An advertisement in a black border, sacred to grief, of a "Mourning and Funeral Warehouse," which contained Bayadere robes, Bareges, &c., and a show-room replete with the very newest styles. A mourning show-room! O the luxury of woe! Well, that was civilised at any rate. Next followed Camphor Tooth-paste, and then "Publications" two in number—first, "A Weekly Newspaper for Twelve months, and a chance of a Hundred Pounds gratis;" (literature must really be a liberal profession); and

next, another quack puff. Then followed three advertisements of vessels sailing for Australia, offering a certain means of cure for all diseases of the pocket, shortness of cash, difficulties of payments, stoppages of meat or beer, duns, distrains, evacuation of abodes, &c. Then followed three columns of Sales by Auction, varied only by a Court of Sewers, a new Life Assurance Office, and the Galvanist's advertisement, which I had been requested on another page to see. There was a Gardener's advertisement, dated from Calcavella Nursery. There was an entire column occupied by a Manure Company, and then A Fire and Life Assurance, then a Hydro-Nitrated Compost, then an Unrivalled Sauce, or compost, for fish, game, and cold meats.

Those announcements occupied almost another page; and there was still another, namely the first, filled with matters a great deal more miscellaneous. Among them were two other long appeals to persons in want of whiskers, and the advertisement of "a lady of cultivated mind," who "would be happy" (as there are not many who are) "to enter upon the duties of a governess," and who could exclaim in the happiness of her disposition, "remuneration is no object." Had indeed remuneration been an object, she would have perhaps found nothing to make her happy in the prospect of a governess's place. Then there was a Windmill to be sold, and there was a "British Remedy for the cure of Ring-bones, Spavins, &c.," with a "Synovitic Lotion for grogginess" in horses. There were two Jew tailors, and there was an Association for the Prosecution of Felons, which would have Dinner on the Table at two o'clock, and celebrate, no doubt, a jovial anniversary.

All these advertisements made me begin to feel a little curious about the people for whose information they were issued. I could not refrain from picturing to myself a native of those parts in luxuriant whiskers, riding forth after a light breakfast of Wind Pills, on a steed watered with British Remedy, or well rubbed down with Synovitic Lotion. He would be going out to buy a windmill, or to engage a governess who did not want remuneration, and he would meet by the road, perhaps, a neighbour with magnificent legs who would talk over with him the news supplied by their gratuitous paper, and speculate upon the chance of the odd hundred pounds that might be paid them for the job of reading it. The women coming out of the show-rooms, weeping in Bayadere robes for those husbands or children who had omitted to use any Pill, Drops, Elixir, Wafers, Lotion, or Ointment, for the sustenance of existence, would also form some interesting groups illustrative of life in those comparatively unknown regions. I turned to the News department of the Brocksop, Garringham, and Washby Standard, curious to learn what sort of deeds were done in its peculiar clime.

The doings recorded in that number of the Standard were mainly those of three classes of men—soldiers, clergymen, and jockeys. It is one of the specialities of the B. G. and W. Standard to be a sporting paper; Garringham races being known to sporting men in every part of Europe. There is a separate column of sporting advertisements, which I left just now out of account, headed by the announcement of Mr. Fish that “he is appointed Turf Reporter to the London Morning Papers, in the place of Mr. Cuff, who, after a long and honourable career, retires into private life.” He is, therefore, open to receive parcels and letters at a certain colliery. I discovered, also, among those advertisements the existence of a little Austrian in England, for what else is the establishment of Messrs. Hawky and Pinnam, whose “information is eagerly sought by all the largest speculators on the Turf, who are backed by distinguished noblemen and gentlemen,” and who boast of “an establishment so complete and efficient, and at the same time so gigantic, that there is not a training stable of any importance in which they have not a vigilant though secret correspondent.” After puzzling for a short time, in the dimness of my ignorance, over the reason why certain horses are “scratched” for plates, and whether they are made more lively by scratching, I gave up the attempt to comprehend the Turf details, and turned to manly sports in general. The chief article among them was a grand match at a local game called “knur and spell.” Perfectly ignorant of the locality, I did not know the game, nor could I gather from a long report, entitled by a second heading I am sorry to say, “Disgraceful and Uproarious Proceedings,” what it might be. It appears by this account, that fifty men with stout sticks “shouted in a most alarming manner, until their voices became hoarse and their faces red,” and that they beat the shins of the front row of spectators. That “the Begby favourite was enveloped in a huge horse-cloth.” That Mannikin “gave the first rise, and scored eleven. The Begby favourite approached his own spell; and, having been disrobed of the horsecloth, he gave his first rise and registered eleven.” That there were great cheers from his backers and longer odds offered in his favour; that “he was wrapped up more carefully and paced up and down with an air of dignity;” that when Mannikin was making his second rise, a large piece of turf was thrown at him from some person behind, which had the effect of disconcerting his stroke. That there was a row, and then presently another row, and then there was a tall, facetious gentleman who prided himself in smoking a cigar, upon the Begby side, who knocked the hat of a little man of the Mannikin party, over the mannikin’s eyes, which ended in a general fight. That this was also got over, but that presently there ensued a series of fights, and clothes were much torn

and disfigured. That there were some gaming tables, including thimbles, cards, dice, & “E.O.,” and eventually, that “after the absconding of the referee, who we are informed held bets to a considerable amount, the crowds left the ground, at about six o’clock.” I also left the ground, having seen quite enough of manly sport, and turned to the military columns, over which the Brocksop, Garringham, and Washby Standard rustled.

If it is borne in mind that the Standard was a newspaper and not a flag, I shall be allowed to say that it did not only rustle but chuckled over the soldiers. I found in that copy of the paper forwarded to me by the Postmaster-General, no leading article and no pert London letter; column after column was filled by the great Garringham event—THE CAVALRY WEEK. What an article it was (in many parts Miltonic) on the mustering of the First South Blankshire Yeomanry Cavalry, in Garringham, for the allotted period of training! What a grand occasion it afforded to a newspaper anxious to show that it was equal to the vast demand upon its talent, and determined to deserve a vast demand for copies! Let all honour be paid by the local newspaper to “a band of yeomanry which,” as it eloquently remarked, “so far from being meretricious or evanescent, may be fairly deemed the characteristic of Englishmen—of that feeling which brightens the patriotic flame, and is enabled to meet whatever danger may spring up, although not apparent through the mist and obscurity of the future, yet, far from being impossible, or merely imaginary; because the destinies of a neighbouring nation, are, for the present, as has been forcibly said, enveloped in the mystery of a single mind and circumscribed by the force of a single will. While the British Government,” &c. Talking of things forcibly said, what could you find more forcible and beautiful in any of our best prose writers than this encomium on the Cavalry Week: “It is calculated to awaken those feelings of hearty recognition which are truly estimable—as worthy of encouragement, as they are pleasant in the exemplification; and while much good is diffused around, in other respects, an impression is left that is grateful to the remembrance, cherished with interest, and worthy of universal example and acceptance. Under these circumstances, the sternness of military discipline faces no element with which there is any difficulty, meets with no antagonism to increase its vigour, and finds no obstacles laid in the path of public duty. On the other hand”—&c. The people of Brocksop, Garringham, and Washby get, it is evident, powerful writing in their newspaper. Such eloquence as this is scarcely natural to man, and it occurred to me that the author of the history of the Cavalry Week had prepared himself for his work by a long course of the Great Lincolnshire Medicine, Wind Pills.

The account of the Cavalry Week I found to be divided into chapters. First there was the assembling of the regiment, and then there was the dinner at the Mansion House, with all the speeches, very full indeed of after dinner wit and wisdom. Then there was "the attendance of the regiment at divine service," including the march to church and a report verbatim of the last half of the sermon, which was not at all a special one, being addressed not to the yeomanry cavalry but to rebellious sinners in general. The next chapter discoursed upon the "Sunday evening parade." Then I read all the movements of the regiment, words of command included, the award of Prize Swords, Presentation of a Piece of Plate, amusing incidents, the Rievew, another Dinner at the Mansion House, and the Officers' Balls. In the account of the ball I admired particularly the skill with which the narrative of the supper had been laid out to the best advantage, and, in particular, the clever distinction made between chickens and fowls, and the dexterously rhetorical use made of the fact that potted meats are various in kind. "After enjoying the dance for some hours, the doors of the banquetting room were suddenly thrown open, and the company were invited to partake of a splendid supper, provided for the occasion under the able superintendence of Mrs. Pettitoe. The tables were placed the entire length of the room, and were crowded by a display of delicacies of every description, comprising guinea fowl, chickens, fowls, veal roast and boiled," (I object, however, to the idea of cold boiled veal), "ham, tongues, potted meats, including beef, veal, shrimps, &c., pickled salmon, lobsters; to these were added a profusion of rich sponge and other cakes, jellies, the far-famed Corporation tarts, trifles, fruits, &c., &c." The wines were of "the rarest and choicest kind," and as the delicacies of every description seem to have been chiefly lobsters and sponge cakes, I suppose the wines to have been port, sherry, and ginger.

Immediately after the account of the Cavalry Week, which fills up a little more than a fifth part of the *Brocksp*, *Garringham*, and *Washby Standard*, I found the report of proceedings which took place at the re-opening of Dicton church, a great clerical meeting. "The church," I learnt, "appears to have occupied a considerable time in the process of erection, and to have undergone several changes from the original style. The tower is in the perpendicular style," and so on. I was glad to find that the tower was perpendicular; but sorry to learn that the church suffered from the ravages of the Puritans, and that "tradition even asserts that the dreaded Oliver stabled his horses in the aisles." So far as my experience goes, I may observe that tradition says the same of every notable old church in which the Puritans did any image-breaking. The other clerical matter—and there was a good deal—consisted of reports

of addresses to Sunday school children, and of Whitsuntide church tea-parties. One report, however, of a different kind, quoted from a London paper, contained the account of proceedings at a northern clerical convocation, and a scene in a chapter-house, which brought back to my mind, by some evil association of ideas, the knur and spell match before-mentioned. I glanced over that hastily as distressing matter; and, getting naturally from hot water to tea, refreshed myself among the tea-parties. Pleasant it was to read how the children of the parish church of Wagsworth, after their annual "treat of tea and spice cake, tastefully and bountifully set out," were "delighted exceedingly" with games, and at last "marched to Wagsworth Hall, when each boy and girl was presented with a pasty by the Misses Jones, who, it is pleasing to say, take a great interest in the affairs of the schools."

Most pleasing! as all records are of childish happiness. But are these children to grow up into that sort of life of which we see the light reflected from the *Brocksp Standard*?—are they to be takers of quack medicine, strutters in horsecloths at knur and spell, gapers at uniforms?—will they grow up dull-witted and tedious? The little girl who dances over the spring grass to Wagsworth Hall, will she ever grow to be an old woman like the old woman of whom I found reported in the same paper, that she lived beside a sewer, and that she got a plank from the next town to put over the sewer to be a bridge by which she should go out and home, and that she summoned the overseer of the drains for kicking her plank into the sewer and causing it there to swim about for a fortnight before it was got out by two men who spent half a day over the job; and all because she would not pay, the obstinate old soul, a penny a year for the right of way? Will this plump, fresh light-hearted little beauty ever become such a cross old English woman living by a sewer?—This bold-eyed, hot-faced boy with cricket bat over his shoulder, will he ever grow to be a gamekeeper, and lay a hare-skin stuffed with straw by way of ground bait upon his neighbour's premises, as I perceived by another report in this paper that a gamekeeper did; or will he grow up such a lout as to fire at such a hare-skin, as I see by the paper a poor silly fellow did; and will Master Jones—who can now run merrily about with other children carrying his tray of pasties—will he ever be so dense a blockhead as the English justice is, who fined such a man—as I see by the paper such a man was fined—two pounds and costs for firing at the wisp of straw, "because his desire, beyond doubt, was a dainty meal from a roasted hare?" Shade of Draco! May I never think I should like game for dinner in the neighbourhood of Nosebro' within hearing of Josh. Blank, Esquire, county magistrate!

In what way will the *Brocksp*, *Garringham*,

and Washby Standard indicate the intellect and manners of those children, when their whiskers shall have become luxuriant, and they shall set themselves as men and women to the work of their own corner of the world? There will be then, as now, abundant reports of London and country markets to show that the men among them are not idle in pursuit of gain, and there will be then, as there will be for ever, visible in some corner work "from the pen of a young lady," who "will visit the far-famed castle," the show-ruin of the district, and pour out her heart in doggrel, like the "Lines addressed to Corkscrew Castle," with lovely turrets, in that one number that I have seen of the B., G., and W. Standard. The little sweetmeat of a poem is extremely nice.

"Fair Castle! Where at close of day
The sunbeams linger bright,
And wrap thy ancient ruins grey,
In clear unchequered light.

"Thy lovely turrets tipped with gold
Appear sublimely fair,
As sunset's glorious rays unfold
Thy deepening shadows there.

"Embosomed 'mid thy noble trees,
That richly clothe thy verdant foot,
Through which the gentle winds do moan
As if to chaunt a vesper song."

Perhaps that quantity will be sufficient. There can be no doubt that young ladies will never cease to make the gentle winds moan through the clothes of the verdant foot of any castle, that may happen to be fair and lovely like themselves. Country editors will always have bad poets to put into the corner. I am not rash enough to ask when there will be a change in that respect, or idle enough to hope that men will ever cease to be attentive to their business in the markets. But of the other social matters represented by the contents of the Brocksop, Garringham, and Washby Standard, I should like to know whether they can be considered indicative of quite the same amount of sense that we would like to see always prevailing in an English rural district?

SOMETHING TO DRINK.

WE all have our houses of call. Not so morosely drunken as the Russians; not so madly fond of ardent spirits as the Red Indians; not so stolidly in-beer-shop-guzzling as the Dutch and Germans; not so long-in-cuff-biding as the French; not so solitarily, morosely, Sunday-whisky-drinking as the Scotch; we are still the most addicted of all civilised nations to making tippling the great agent of social intercourse, the great binder of bargains, the great reconciler of differences, the smoother of difficulties, the pledge of sincerity, and the bond of good faith. From the days when Vortigern and Rowena exchanged their "Waes hael, trink hael" to the time when the American General Scott, finding himself in presence of

a deputation sent to congratulate him on his triumphant return from Mexico, and being a reserved man of limited conversational powers, solved the difficulty of his embarrassing position by these remarkable words, "Wal, gentlemen, suppose we go and liquor," and, thereupon, adjourned the meeting to the bar of the steamer—the men of Anglo-Saxon lineage have been men prone to meet each other over something to drink. From the Duke of Sennacherib, who lolls in the smoking-room of the Assyrian Club, to William Smith, who spends his Saturday nights at a free and easy; from Justice Oldmixon, terror of vagrants, who chirps over his port at quarter sessions' dinners or rent audits, to the needy knife-grinder, who would be glad to

"——drink your honour's health in
A pot of beer, sir,"

"something to drink," be it fermented or unfermented, as potent as metheglin or as mild as sarsaparilla, will be found to be the great watchword of Englishmen.

The last time I dealt with Liquor in these pages, it was in connection with Law. I proposed to myself, when entering upon the subject of legal houses of call, to enumerate but three; the Nisi Prius, the Police, and the Assize, thinking, vainly, to accomplish the diagnosis of three such hostleries in a single paper. I was mistaken. My ration of space was swallowed up by the Nisi Prius public alone, with the addition at least of another civilly legal little house, tacked on to its greater predecessor like a modest little codicil to a portentous will. I propose now to deal with the Police public.

Which is in a police neighbourhood—in Beak Street (not Beak Street, Regent Street), or Charge Street, or Van street, or Hadden's Gardens. The police station is on one side of the street, and opposite to that is the police-court, and next to that the offices of the relieving overseer of St. Custody's parish; next door, on the other side, the police coffee-shop, and next door to that the Police public. It has no sign. It is known to the public generally as Pybuss's; to the constables on duty, or resident at the police station, as "over the way." It has an accommodating licence, and does not close much. It seems to have a multiplicity of landlords and landladies; there being a fat man in a fur cap, a slim young fellow with a watch-chain and curly hair, a red-haired man in his shirt sleeves, and a ringletted damsel too spruce for a barmaid, who all seem to claim equal empire and authority. Everybody is as good as everybody behind the bar at Pybuss's.

Joviality at Pybuss's is the exception. Although a vast counter-trade is done, and a considerable parlour trade too, the customers are for the most part anxious and pre-occupied. The policemen drink; but not jovially. They are too busy and too conscious of the responsibility of their position to be merry. They do not speak much, but are spoken to.

No Bacchanalian song was ever heard to echo through Pybuss's premises. You seldom see a drunken man there. Moody anxious faces surround the bar. The group seldom exceed two in number, never three. No pipes are smoked in the parlour; nor are politics discussed, or general news touched upon. The all absorbing, engrossing topic, the vital subject that brings all these ravenous drinkers to Pybuss's is Law—Criminal Law, as expounded by police magistrates and their chief clerks.

Law has brought that slatternly woman-girl with the faded shawl, and the more faded baby at her breast, to Pybuss's; and it is of Law that she is so eagerly, earnestly talking with the shabby old man in the rusty great-coat buttoned up to his chin, the beer and ink-stained white hat with the limp brim, who holds a roll of greasy papers in one hand, and a rusty chisel in the other. This shabby old man is a lawyer; and if you ask me (as you might reasonably do) what on earth a lawyer could possibly want with a chisel, I cannot answer you, for I do not know. He holds one nevertheless, and always holds some such eccentric or unprofessional tool—one day a lantern, another a bundle in a blue birdseye handkerchief with him. These may be links in evidence—*pièces de conviction*, may be; but I leave you free to conjecture. For all his shabby threadbare appearance Mr. Mandate is a lawyer—a legitimately certificated attorney—in extended practice and of very considerable repute. He is (not to speak irreverentially) a first-rate thieves' lawyer—the very hope and stay of gentlemen in trouble. Let an indictment be ever so warily drawn, Mandate can pick a hole in it, if anybody can. Let a case be ever so strong against you, Mandate will find a loophole of escape, if anybody will. Hence his fame.

The slatternly woman has her hands rather full of business just now. Her Tom is in trouble. He has been wanted for a considerable time on divers little matters of larceny; but managed to evade dexterously the glance of that significant eye, which of all eyes may say "Never asleep:" the police bull's-eye. Last Tuesday, however, at the unseasonable hour of three in the morning, being found by J 86 under slightly suspicious circumstances, in the front area of a house in Belgravia, and being found to have in his possession divers articles of property—undoubtedly his own—that is to say, sundry jemmies, crowbars, and centre-bits, together with a set of skeleton keys, and a wax taper, which latter article, albeit exceedingly harmless in itself, is, when taken into conjunction with the jemmies, &c., extremely significative of housebreaking: being also found with, in addition, certain other property—undoubtedly not his own—including a silver candlestick, half a Yorkshire pie, a bottle of pickles, and fish-slice "upon" him: being moreover, unable to give any satisfactory account of himself,

more than that he "had lost his way," Tom, otherwise Thomas Hulker, but more familiarly known as "Tom the Sandman," was removed to the station, and charged next morning at the police-court with being found on certain premises, with intent to commit a felony thereon. A summary conviction involving some amount of imprisonment and hard labour would probably have fallen to Mr. Hulker's lot, had not Inspector Muffles of the A division, and Inspector Carnifex, and that active officer, Sergeant Knockles, of the detective force, all happened to have been present on business of their own that morning at the police-court; and, all wanting Mr. Hulker, and being all provided with pressing enquiries after his health (printed to make them more impressive) emanating from Colonel Verges and Sir Liector Fasces, the Commissioners of Police, did greet Mr. Hulker with so warm a reception, and gave him so strong a character that the worthy magistrate honoured him by sending his case to be investigated by a higher tribunal, and furthermore distinguished by changing the residence he had primarily fixed upon; that is to say, the plebeian House of Correction, to a more aristocratic abode—the gaol of Newgate. So, bound for Newgate in the police van, is "Tom the Sandman," this fine afternoon; and here is slatternly Sue, his patient drudge and helpmate, his constant, untiring, affectionate, disreputable partner, come to consult Mr. Mandate as to Tom's case. Tom is no stranger to Mr. M.; that practitioner has done him many a good turn—for a consideration, be it understood; but he shakes his head this time, and says he is afraid it is a bad case—a very bad case; but he will see what is to be done. Tom must expect to go across the water this time; he must, indeed. He (Mr. Mandate) will do his best to "square" it for ten years or so; but if he (Tom) escapes being a "lifer," he will only have to thank him for it. When he makes this grim announcement—when he so plainly intimates that the burglar must expect to be transported for some term of years—you should watch the expression of terrified love, and grief, and utter despair, that works fitfully, now heightening, now paling, now fighting feebly with a sickly smile of hope on the face of his miserable wife.

Slatternly Sue will wait patiently at Pybuss's bar till all the charges at the police-court are disposed of. Then she will see her Tom off in the prison van—will try to catch his sodden eye, will try to touch his manacled hand. She has very little money left; for I saw her unfold a greasy rag just now, and empty the little gold and silver it contained into one of Mr. Mandate's palms, who dropped the clinking pieces into one of the pockets of the rusty great-coat. She will walk wearily this evening as far as the neighbourhood of Brick Lane, Spitalfields, to a large public-

house frequented by a "school" or gang of Tom's friends. Here she will see what is to be done to help Tom, being in trouble—what in the way of a friendly rattle—what through the medium of a harmonic meeting; for Tom is of high repute in his profession, and his co-professionals would do much to save him from being banished.

Do you mark that inconceivably dirty yet well-dressed, slatternly yet bejewelled, cloudy shirted yet cambric clad individual, in whose motley appearance the shabby-genteel captain and the full blown gent, the aristocrat and the "raff" appear to struggle, and fiercely too, for the mastery. He has an unquestionable Lincoln and Bennett hat—yesterday no doubt the pride of that eminent firm—but to-day battered, crushed, broken-brimmed, and the nap coagulated with dried mustard and salad mixture. His shirt, a few hours ago plaited, stitched, embroidered, gold-button-wristbanded and diamond-studded, is now rumpled, torn, disordered, wine-stained. His superfine Saxony black dress coat, with silk sleeve and skirt linings, four pounds fifteen shillings (vide Mr. Crellin's little bill) is a dreadful garment; bedaubed with mud, ripped up in one sleeve, torn in one pocket, divested of half its buttons; and with its silk skirt-linings flapping in the March wind that blows through Pybuss's back-door. His white neckcloth, the tie, colour, and stiffness of which Ben Brummel would not have disdained when first donned, is now an unseemly rag, twisting like some hideous serpent round his unshaven neck: one of his shirt collars staggers limply up against his pallid cheek, the other droops over the discoloured neckcloth, as though it were quite dead beat and gone in liquor. His patent leather boots are mere cracked spoonfuls of mud. His hands, inlaid at the fingers and knuckles with mud-mosaics, yet sparkle with rings; a watchless gold chain dangles from the pocket of his embroidered waistcoat; and, saddest sight of any, a white candlestick, yesternight a snowy, waxy, beauteous trophy of Covent Garden floriculture, droops mournfully from his button-hole; its head downcast in a miserably hang-dog fashion, and its wired stem protruding from the frayed button-hole, like a rusty sword from a rotten scabbard. His face is half deadly pale, and half hecticly flushed. His chin looks as if a too plentiful crop of wild oats had been sown there, mingled with the tares of intemperance. His lips fire cracked and brown; his eyes swollen, ashy and bleary; his hair dishevelled, his ears flaming red. Every muscle seems relaxed and flaccid, and yet twitches spasmodically.

This is all that is left of Algernon de Beauvoir, fourth cousin of Lord Blackney and Kingsland; yesternight, as late as half-past

twelve, the sprucest, best dressed, gayest, most charming clerk in Her Majesty's Treasury at the evening party of Mrs. Perfectream (wife of Demy Perfectream, Esq. of the Creamlaid Paper Office, Somerset House), in Gower Street, Bedford Square. Why, at and after supper, did he drink so much of that champagne, so good in itself, but so bad (in excess) for him? Why afterwards did he, instead of walking quietly home with his galoshes and a cigar to his lodgings in Duke Street, St. James's, join Sam Bull and Jack Bear, the sucking stock-brokers; and, going down wicked streets, drink vitriolic acid at half a guinea a bottle, falsely called brandy; disturb the silence of the night; sing songs where no songs should be sung; and, finally, after a fierce altercation and personal collision, in which publicans, cabmen, and policemen passed and repassed with the rapidity of the figures in a magic lantern, find himself on a very cold wet dirty stone floor, faced by an iron-bound door, in the centre of which was a wicket, which wicket opening became furnished with a municipal face with a lettered collar, which face (by word of mouth) informed him that he was in a cell in Low Street police station on a charge of being drunk and disorderly; and, on his application for the acceptance of bail, furthermore apprised him that he could on no account be liberated until he was sober; to which state of mental composure the municipal face could not be brought to believe (notwithstanding his ardent protestations) that he had arrived.

If a dungeon could be said to flame, the squalid cell, with an unclean bench running round it, was a dirty furnace; a simoom of horrible odours careered through it, or condensing in pestiferous drips upon its white-washed walls, half lighted by the lurid glare of gas jet outside, and half by the grey light of morning that stole in coldly, feebly, timidly, as if ashamed, to illuminate this den. Algernon's agony was intensified, on discovering through the darkness visible, the propinquity of a drunken cripple bent, in his deformed and vinous stupor, into a rhomboid of rags; an ill-looking navvy with two black eyes, one broken head, one bleeding nose, and one gashed mouth, who varied short doses, half on the floor, half on the bench, by sudden rushes to the iron-bound door, at which he kicked with his heavy boots with elephantine strength, or by discordant bel-lows through the wicket, half devoted to condolence with one "Bill," supposed to be confined in an adjacent cell, half to virulent abuse of the policemen on duty; "All owing," as X 42, Reserve, mentioned to his serjeant, as he closed the cell door upon the new prisoner, "to something to drink."

Noticing the unanimous favour that has greeted our Monthly issue from all quarters, we shall hereafter discontinue the Weekly Register, and send the MONTHLY to all those who order it in place of the WEEKLY. Those who change from the Weekly for the Monthly, will be credited with the difference in price.

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